The Illustrated Edition

*VICTOR HUGO'S NOVELS*

# NOTRE DAME

VOLUME I.

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*No.* 14

NOTREDAME
VOL. I.

# NOTRE-DAME

BY

## VICTOR HUGO

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS BY VICTOR HUGO, BAYARD, BRION, JOHANNOT, AND OTHER EMINENT FRENCH ARTISTS*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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ESMERALDA.

*Some years ago, while visiting the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, or, to speak more properly, exploring every corner of it, the author of this book discovered, in a dark corner in one of the towers, this word, engraven upon the wall—*

*ΑΝΑΓΚΗ.*

*These Greek capitals, black with age and deeply cut into the stone, with certain peculiarities of form and posture belonging to Gothic calligraphy, as if to declare that they had been traced there by some hand of the middle ages, and, above all, the dismal and fatal meaning they conveyed, struck the author forcibly.*

*He asked himself, he strove to imagine, what suffering spirit it might be, who had determined not to quit this world without stamping this trace of crime or misfortune on the walls of the old cathedral.*

*Since then the wall has been washed over, or scraped—I remember not which—and the inscription has disappeared. For thus it is that the wonderful churches of the middle ages have been dealt with for two hundred*

*years past. Mutilation attacks them in every direction, from within as well as from without, the priest washes them over, the architect scrapes them, then come the people and demolish them.*

*Thus, excepting only the frail memory here preserved of it by the author of this book, nothing now remains of the mysterious word engraven in the gloomy tower of Notre-Dame, nothing of the unknown destiny which it so mournfully recorded. The man who wrote that word upon the wall, was effaced several centuries ago from among men; the word, in its turn, has been effaced from the walls of the church; the church itself will soon, perhaps, be effaced from the face of the earth.*

*It is upon the text of that word that this book has been written.*

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## VOLUME I

### BOOK I


PAGE

CHAP. I. THE GREAT HALL . . . . . 1
II. PIERRE GRINGOIRE . . . . . 21
III. THE CARDINAL . . . . . 34
IV. MASTER JACQUES COPPENOLE . . . . . 42
V. QUASIMODO . . . . . 52
VI. ESMERALDA . . . . . 60


### BOOK II


CHAP. I. FROM CHARYBDIS INTO SCYLLA . . . . . 65
II. THE PLACE DE GRÈVE . . . . . 68
III. BESOS PARA GOLPES . . . . . 73
IV. THE DANGER OF FOLLOWING A PRETTY WOMAN IN THE STREETS BY NIGHT . . . . . 86
V. SEQUEL OF THE DANGERS . . . . . 93
VI. THE BROKEN PITCHER . . . . . 96
VII. A WEDDING NIGHT . . . . . 117


### BOOK III


CHAP. I. NOTRE-DAME . . . . . 131
II. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS . . . . . 147

## BOOK IV

PAGE

CHAP. I. GOOD SOULS . . . . . 185
II. CLAUDE FROLLO . . . . . 190
III. IMMANIS PECORIS CUSTOS, IMMANIOR IPSE . . . . . 196
IV. THE DOG AND HIS MASTER . . . . . 204
V. MORE ABOUT CLAUDE FROLLO . . . . . 208
VI. UNPOPULARITY . . . . . 214

## BOOK V

CHAP. I. ABBAS BEATI MARTINI . . . . . 219
II. THIS WILL KILL THAT . . . . . 230

## BOOK VI

CHAP. I. AN IMPARTIAL GLANCE AT THE ANCIENT MAGISTRACY. . 253
II. THE RAT-HOLE . . . . . 265
III. STORY OF A CAKE . . . . . 270
IV. A TEAR FOR A DROP OF WATER . . . . . 293
V. END OF THE STORY OF THE CAKE . . . . . 303

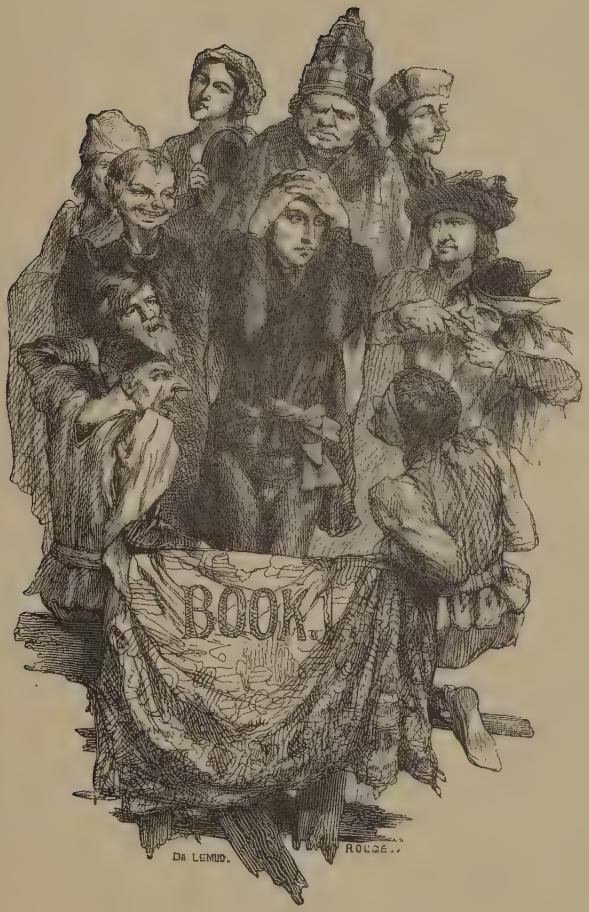
# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

## VOLUME I


| | ARTIST | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| TITLE | *Celestin Nanteuil* | iii |
| ESMERALDA | *G. Brion* | v |
| THE SPIDER'S WEB | *E. De Beaumont* | vii |
| FRONTISPIECE | *De Lemud* | xv |
| THE PALACE OF JUSTICE | *Daubigny* | 3 |
| THE GRAND HALL | *Hoffbauer & Leyendecker* | 7 |
| JEHAN | *G. Brion* | 12 |
| THE BURGHERS | *Trimolet* | 13 |
| THE RECTOR | *D. Vierge* | 15 |
| THE ELECTOR | " | 17 |
| PIERRE GRINGOIRE | *G. Brion* | 21 |
| JUPITER GIBORNE | *D. Vierge* | 25 |
| LIÉNARDE AND GISQUETTE | *Gerlier* | 27 |
| THE MYSTERY | *Ed. Morin* | 29 |
| CLOPIN TROUILLEFOU | *Lécurieux* | 31 |
| THE HOTEL DE BOURBON | *H. Scott* | 35 |
| THE FLEMISH ENVOYS | *Foulquier* | 39 |
| THE BEGGAR | *Steinheil* | 42 |
| THE BULL-DOG AND FOX | *D. Vierge* | 43 |
| THE BALCONY OF THE DIGNITARIES | *G. Brion* | 45 |
| DESPAIR | *Gerlier* | 51 |
| THE ROSE-WINDOW | *De Beaumont* | 52 |
| THE FIRST GRIN | *De Rudder* | 53 |
| QUASIMODO | *G. Brion* | 57 |
| THE NICHE OF THE VIRGIN | *Steinheil* | 63 |
| THE PLACE DE GRÈVE | *Hoffbauer* | 69 |

| | ARTIST | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| ESMERALDA | *G. Brion* | 75 |
| THE FOOL'S POPE PROCESSION | *De Beaumont* | 77 |
| THE FOOL'S POPE | " | 81 |
| PUSHING AND SHOVING | *G. Brion* | 83 |
| THE RESCUE OF ESMERALDA | *De Lemud* | 87 |
| THE NIGHT-WATCH | *Foulquier* | 91 |
| THE MATTRESS | *De Beaumont* | 95 |
| THE THREE CRIPPLES | *G. Brion* | 97 |
| THE COURT OF MIRACLES | *C. Jacque* | 99 |
| THE THREE KINGS OF BOHEMIA | *D. Vierge* | 105 |
| AT THE GALLOWS | *G. Brion* | 107 |
| WHO WANTS HIM? | *Foulquier* | 115 |
| THE BOX-BED | *De Beaumont* | 117 |
| ATTEMPT AT GALLANTRY | *G. Brion* | 119 |
| THE SUPPER | *Tony Johannet* | 121 |
| THE BRIDGE OF CHARENTON | *H. Scott* | 128 |
| THE COLONNADE | *Daubigny* | 129 |
| NOTRE-DAME IN 1482 | *Viollet le Duc* | 133 |
| THE COLOSSAL ST. CHRISTOPHER | " | 137 |
| THE HIGH ALTAR | " | 139 |
| THE RED DOOR | " | 141 |
| THE GALLERY | *Méryon* | 145 |
| THE WITCH | " | 149 |
| A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS | *Daubigny* | 151 |
| THE PORTE SAINT-HONORÉ | *Hoffbauer* | 155 |
| THE WALL OF PHILIP AUGUSTUS | *Victor Hugo* | 157 |
| THE ENTRANCE OF THE SEINE | *Hoffbauer* | 159 |
| THE PONT AUX MEUNIERS | " | 161 |
| THE GRAND CHÂTELET | " | 163 |
| THE OLD LOUVRE | " | 167 |
| THE EXIT OF THE SEINE | " | 171 |
| VINCENNES | *Old Print* | 175 |
| THE OLDEST PLAN OF PARIS | *Braun* | 179 |
| THE BELL-RINGER | *Steinheil* | 183 |
| THE FOUNDLINGS | *De Beaumont* | 185 |
| THE HAUDRIETTES | *G. Brion* | 187 |
| CLAUDE FROLLO | " | 193 |
| THE CHIMES | *H. Scott* | 196 |
| THE MONSTER AND THE ANGEL | *G. Brion* | 197 |
| THE BRONZE HIPPOGRIFF | " | 200 |
| THE READING LESSON | *Steinheil* | 205 |

| | ARTIST | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| ATTACK ON THE TAVERN | *H. Scott* | 209 |
| THE DOG AND HIS MASTER | *G. Brion* | 215 |
| THE CHURCH AND THE PRESS | *De Lemud* | 217 |
| GOSSIP TOURANGEAU | " | 225 |
| BOOKS AND ARCHITECTURE | *H. Scott* | 230 |
| THE ORIENT | *Victor Hugo* | 231 |
| KARNAC | *A. De Bar* | 233 |
| ELLORAH | *E. Thérond* | 235 |
| THE PARTHENON | " | 237 |
| THE PANDROSIUM | *Viollet le Duc* | 239 |
| CATHEDRAL OF PUY | *E. Thérond* | 241 |
| RENAISSANCE | *Victor Hugo* | 243 |
| ST. PETER'S AT ROME | *E. Thérond* | 247 |
| THE TORTURER | *De Lemud* | 251 |
| SERGEANTS OF THE WATCH | *G. Brion* | 257 |
| QUASIMODO INTERROGATED | *De Rudder* | 261 |
| THE PUBLIC BREVIARY | *De Beaumont* | 265 |
| THE RAT-HOLE | *G. Brion* | 267 |
| THE THREE GOSSIPS | *De Lemud* | 273 |
| PAQUETTE AND HER CHILD | " | 277 |
| THE GYPSIES | *Foulquier* | 281 |
| THE RECLUSE | *G. Brion* | 287 |
| "CURSED BE THOU!" | " | 291 |
| THE PILLORY | *De Rudder* | 295 |
| THE FLOGGING | *G. Brion* | 299 |
| A TEAR FOR A GLASS OF WATER | " | 301 |
| THE CHERRY-TREE | *H. Scott* | 303 |


BOOK
De LEMUD.
ROUGÉ.

# NOTRE-DAME

## BOOK I

### CHAPTER I

#### THE GREAT HALL

EXACTLY three hundred and forty-eight years, six months and nineteen days have passed away since the Parisians were awakened by the noise of all the bells within the triple walls of the city, the university, and the town, ringing a full peal.

Yet the 6th of January, 1482, was not a day of which history has preserved any record. There was nothing remarkable in the event which thus put in agitation so early in the morning the bells and the good people of Paris. It was neither an assault of Picards nor of Burgundians; nor a shrine carried in procession; nor a revolt of scholars in the *Ville de Laas*, nor an entry of *our most dread lord the king;* nor a grand hanging up of thieves, male and female, at the Justice de Paris. Neither was it the sudden arrival, so frequent in the fifteenth century, of some ambassador and his train, all covered with lace and plumes. Scarcely two days had elapsed since the last

cavalcade of this sort, that of the Flemish envoys commissioned to conclude the marriage treaty between the Dauphin and Margaret of Flanders, had made its entry into Paris, to the great annoyance of Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon, who, to please the king, had been obliged to give a gracious reception to that rude train of Flemish burgomasters, and entertain them at his Hôtel de Bourbon, with *a right edifying morality, buffoonery and farce*, while a beating rain drenched the magnificent tapestry at his door.

But on the 6th of January, that which *set in emotion the whole populaire of Paris*, as old Jean de Troyes phrases it, was the double holiday, united since time immemorial, of the *jour des rois*, or Three Kings' day, and the *fête des fous*, or festival of fools.

On that day, then, the last of the Christmas holidays, in 1482, a bonfire was to be made in the Place de Grève, a maypole planted at the Chapelle de Braque, and a mystery performed at the Palais de Justice. Proclamation to that effect had been made the day before, by sound of trumpet, at the crossings of the streets, by the provost's men, dressed in fine hoquetons, or sleeveless frocks, of violet-colored camlet, with large white crosses on the breast.

The crowd of people accordingly took their way in the morning from all quarters of the town, leaving their houses and shops shut up, toward one of the three places appointed. Each one had made his choice, for the bonfire, the maypole, or the mystery. It must be said, however, to the praise of the ancient good sense of the Parisian cockneys, that the greater part of the multitude directed their steps toward the bonfire, which was perfectly seasonable, or toward the mystery, which was to be performed in the great hall of the Palais de Justice, well roofed and windowed; judiciously leaving the poor ill-dressed maypole to shiver all alone, under a January sky, in the cemetery of the Chapelle de Braque.

The people flocked chiefly into the approaches of the Palais de Justice, because it was known that the Flemish ambassadors who had arrived the day but one before, intended to be present at the performance of the mystery and the election of the Fools' Pope, which was likewise to take place in the Grande Salle.

It was no easy matter, on the day with which our narrative opens, for a person to make his way into that great hall, although it was then reputed to be the largest single apartment in the world. It is true that Sauval has not yet measured the great hall of the castle of Montargis. The open space in front of the Palais, thronged with people, presented to the gazers from the windows the appearance of a sea, into which five or six streets, like the mouths of so many rivers, were every moment

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

discharging fresh floods of human heads. The waves of this multitude, incessantly swelling, broke against the angles of the houses, which projected here and there like so many promontories, into the irregularly-shaped basin of the Place. In the center of the high Gothic front of the Palais, the great steps, incessantly ascended and descended by a double stream, which, after being broken by the intermediate landing, spread in broad waves over its two lateral declivities—the great steps, we say, poured their stream incessantly into the Place, like a cascade into a lake. The shouts, the peals of laughter, the clattering of those thousands of feet, made all together a great noise and clamor. From time to time this noise and clamor were redoubled; the stream which carried all the multitude toward the great staircase was checked, disturbed, and thrown into an eddy. This was occasioned by the thrust of some archer, or the horse of some one of the provost's sergeants, prancing about to restore order, which admirable expedient the *provostry* has handed down to the *constabulary*, the *constabulary* to the *marshalsea*, and the marshalsea to our gendarmerie of Paris.

At the doors, at the casements and small round attic windows, and on the roofs, swarmed thousands of goodly bourgeois faces, looking calmly and soberly at the Palais or at the crowd, and exhibiting a most perfect satisfaction; for many of the good people of Paris are quite content with the spectacle of the spectators—nay, even a wall behind which something is going on is to us an object of no small interest.

If it could be given to us, the men of 1830, to mingle, in imagination, among those Parisians of the fifteenth century, and to enter along with them, all thrust about, squeezed, and elbowed by the crowd, into that immense hall of the Palais, which was found so small on the 6th of January, 1482, the spectacle would have both interest and attraction for us, for we should find around us the most striking kind of novelty, that of great antiquity brought suddenly before the eye.

With the reader's permission we will endeavor to retrace, in idea, the impression which he would have received in crossing with us the threshold of that great hall, amidst that motley throng in surcoat, hoqueton, and cotte-hardie.

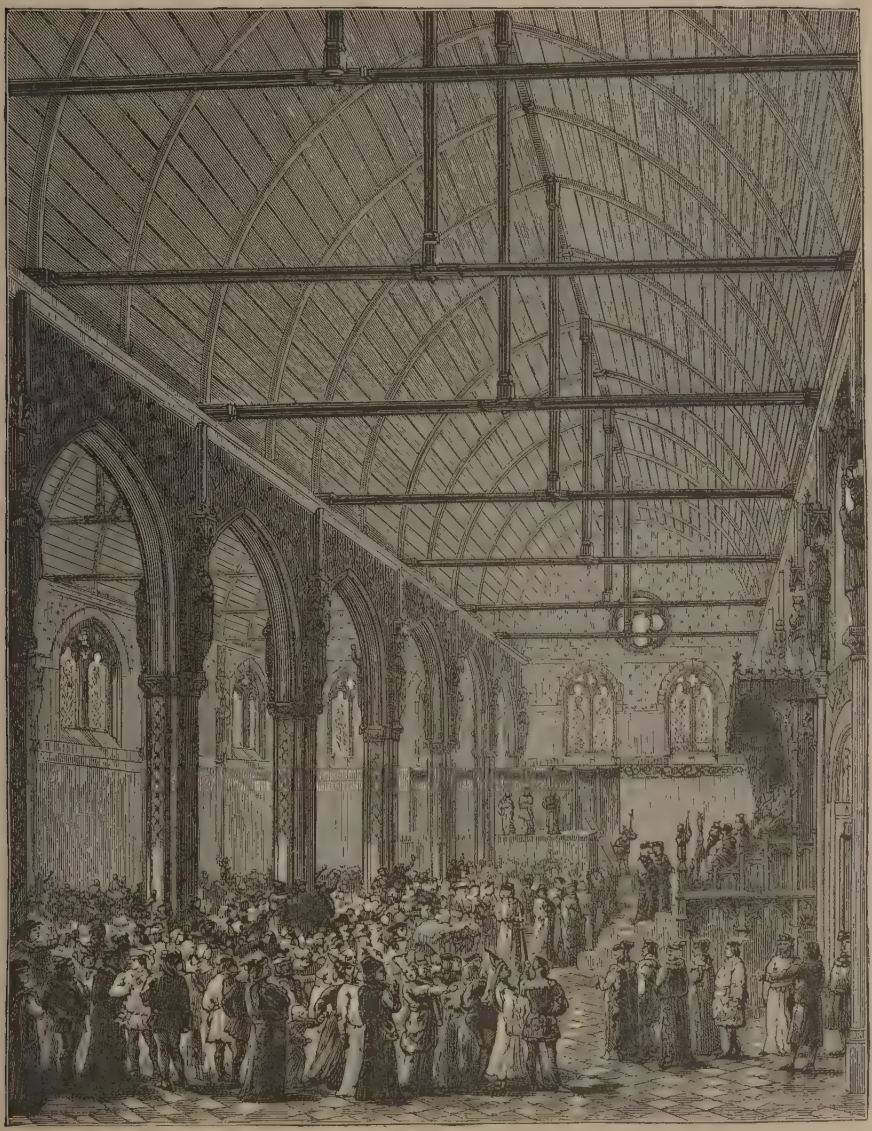
And first of all our ears are filled with the buzzing of the multitude, and our eyes dazzled by the objects around us. Over our head is a double vault of Gothic groining, lined with carved wainscoting, painted azure, and sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lis. Under our feet, a pavement of black and white marble in alternate squares. A few paces from us, an enormous pillar—then another—then another, making, in all, seven pillars in the length of the hall, supporting, in a central line,

the internal extremities of the double vaulting. Around the first four pillars are little shops or stalls, all glittering with glass and trinkets; and around the last three are oaken benches, worn and polished by the trunk hose of the pleaders and the gowns of the proctors. Around the hall, along the lofty walls, between the doors, between the windows, between the pillars, we behold the interminable range of the statues of all the French kings, from Pharamond downward; the *rois fainéans*, with their eyes upon the ground and their arms hanging down; the valiant and battling kings, with their faces and hands boldly lifted up to heaven. Then, in the long pointed windows, glows painted glass of a thousand colors; at the large entrances of the hall are rich doors, finely carved; and the whole—vaults, pillars, walls, cornices, and door-cases, wainscoting, doors, and statues—are splendidly illuminated from top to bottom with blue and gold, which, already a little tarnished at the period to which we have carried ourselves back, had almost entirely disappeared under dust and cobwebs in the year of grace 1549, in which the early Parisian antiquary, Du Breuil, still admired it by tradition.

Let the reader now imagine that immense oblong hall, made visible by the wan light of a January day, and entered by a motley and noisy crowd, pouring along by the walls and circling round the pillars; and he will at once have a general idea of the scene, of which we will endeavor to point out more precisely the curious particulars.

It is certain that if Ravaillac had not assassinated Henry IV., there would have been no documents relative to the trial of Ravaillac deposted in the registry of the Palais de Justice, no accomplices interested in causing the disappearance of the said documents, and, therefore, no incendiaries obliged, for want of any better expedient, to burn the registry for the sake of burning the documents, and to burn the Palais de Justice for the sake of burning the registry—in short, no fire of 1618. The whole Palais would have been still standing, with its old Great Hall; we might have said to the reader: "You have only to go to Paris and see it;" and so neither should we have been under the necessity of writing, nor he of reading, any description of it whatever. All which proves this very novel truth—that great events have incalculable consequences.

It is indeed very possible that Ravaillac's accomplices had nothing at all to do with the fire of 1618. We have two other very plausible explanations of it. The first is, the great fiery star, a foot broad and half a yard high, which, as every Parisian knows, fell from the sky right upon the Palais, on the 7th of March, just after midnight. The other is, this quatrain of Theophile:



THE GRAND HALL.

"Certes, ce fut un triste jeu
Quand à Paris dame Justice,
Pour avoir mangé trop d'épice,
Se mit tout le palais en feu."

Whatever may be thought of this triple explanation, political, physical, and poetical, of the conflagration of the Palais de Justice in 1618; the fact of which unfortunately there is no doubt, is the conflagration itself.

Owing to that catastrophe, and above all to the divers successive restorations which have made away with what it had spared, there now remains very little of that original residence of the kings of France, of that palace the elder sister of the Louvre, and so ancient even in the time of Phillipe-le-Bel, that it was then sought to discover in it the traces of the magnificent buildings erected there by King Robert, and described by Helgaldus. Nearly all has disappeared. What has become of the chancery chamber, where St. Louis consummated his marriage? What of the garden in which he administered justice, "clad in a cotte of camlet, a surcoat of tiretaine without sleeves, and over it a mantle of black sandal, lying upon carpets with Joinville?" Where is the chamber of the Emperor Sigismund?—that of Charles IV.?—that of Jean-sans-Terre? Where is the staircase from which Charles VI. promulgated his edict of pardon?—the flag-stone on which Marcel, in the presence of the Dauphin, murdered Robert de Clermont and the Marshal of Champagne?—the wicket at which the bulls of the anti-pope Benedict were torn, and through which the bearers of them set out on their return coped and mitred in derision, and thus making the *amende honorable* through all Paris?—and the great hall itself, with its gildings, its azure, its pointed arches, its pillars, its immense vaults all variegated with carving?—and the gilded chamber?—and the stone lion which stood at its door, with his head bowed down and his tail between his legs, like the lions of Solomon's throne, in the posture of humiliation appropriate to Strength in the presence of Justice?—and the rich doors?—and the beautiful stained glass?—and the carved iron-work, the perfection of which discouraged Biscornette?—and the delicate cabinet-work of Du Hancy? What has time, what has man done with all those wonders? What has been given us in exchange for all this, for all that Gaulish history, for all that Gothic art? In art we have the heavy, lowering arches of M. de Brosse, the awkward architect of the Porch of Saint-Gervais; and as for history, we have the gabbling reminiscences of the great pillar, still resounding with the prattle of the Patru.

Here is not much to boast of. Let us go back to the real Great Hall of the real old Palais.

The two extremities of that vast parallelogram were occupied, the one by the famous marble table of a single piece, so long, so broad, and so thick that, say the old court-rolls in a style which might have given an appetite to Gargantua, "never was there such a slice of marble seen in the world,"—the other by the chapel in which the reigning king, Louis XI., had caused his own figure to be sculptured kneeling before the Virgin, and into which he had conveyed, regardless that he was leaving two niches empty in the file of the royal statues, those of Charlemagne and St. Louis, two saints whom, as kings of France, he supposed to be very influential in heaven. This chapel, which was still quite new, having scarcely been built six years, was all in that charming taste of delicate architecture, miraculous sculpture, and bold and exquisite carving, which characterizes the close of the Gothic era, and which we find perpetuated through the first half of the sixteenth century in the fantastic fairy-work of the period of the Renaissance. The little pierced rose-window above the entrance of the chapel was, in particular, a masterpiece of grace and lightness; it had almost the airiness of lace.

In the middle of the hall, opposite to the great door, an *estrade* or short projecting gallery, covered with gold brocade, fixed against the wall, to which a private entrance had been contrived by means of a window from the lobby of the gilded chamber, had been erected for the Flemish envoys and the other personages invited to the performance of the mystery.

It was upon the marble table that, according to custom, this exhibition was to take place. It had been prepared for that purpose early in the morning; and the rich slab of marble, scrawled all over by the heels of the lawyers' clerks, supported a high wooden frame-work, the upper surface of which, visible from every part of the hall, was to form the stage, while its interior, hidden by drapery, was to serve the actors as a dressing-room. A ladder, placed, with great simplicity, outside, established a communication between the stage and the dressing-room, serving alike for entrance and for exit. No character ever so unexpected, no turn of events, no stroke of stage effect, but had to ascend this ladder. Innocent and venerable infancy of the art and of machinery!

Four sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais, the indispensable guardians of all popular pleasures, whether on holidays or on execution days, stood on duty at the four corners of the marble table.

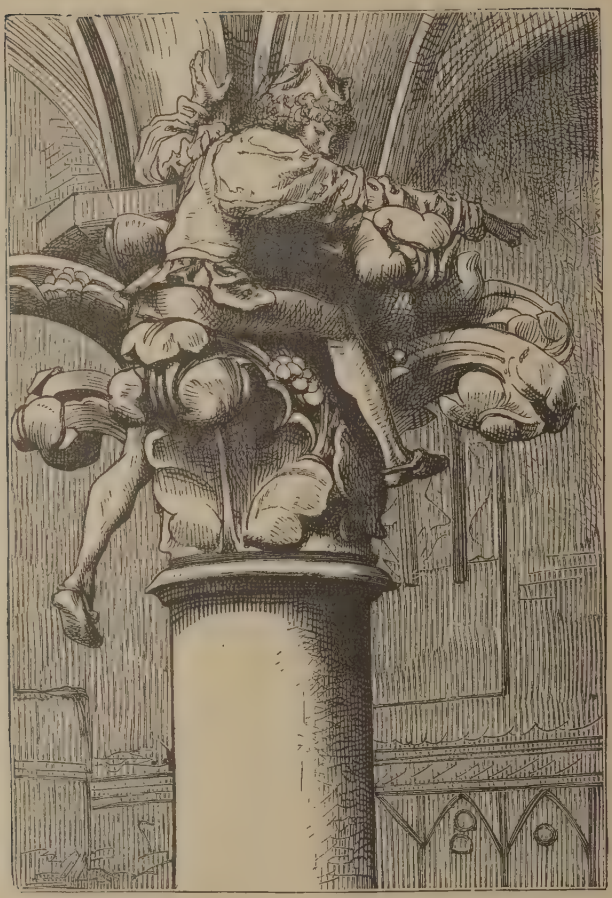
The piece was not to commence until the twelfth stroke of noon from the great clock of the Palais. This was undoubtedly thought very late for a theatrical performance; but it had been necessary to consult the convenience of the ambassadors.

Now all this multitude had been waiting since the early morning. A good many of these worthy people, in the greatness of their curiosity, had stood shivering since daybreak before the great steps of the Palais; some even affirmed that they had lain all night against the great door, to be sure of getting in first. The crowd was growing denser every moment; and, like a body of water overflowing its borders, began to ascend the walls, to squeeze round the pillars, to inundate the architraves, the cornices, the window-cases, every architectural or scriptural projection. The general impatience and uncomfortableness, the freedom allowed by a day of license, the quarrels incessantly produced by the pressure of some sharp elbow or iron heel, and the wearisomeness of long expectation, infused, long before the hour at which the ambassadors were to arrive, a tone of sourness and bitterness into the clamors of this shut-up, boxed in, squeezed, trodden, and stifled multitude. Nothing was heard but complaints and imprecations against the Flemings—the Provost of the Merchants—the Cardinal de Bourbon—the bailiff of the Palais—the Lady Marguerite of Austria—the Vergers—the cold—the heat—the bad weather—the Bishop of Paris—the fools' pope—the pillars—the statues—a door shut here—a window open there—all to the great amusement of the tribes of scholars from the University, and of lackeys from all quarters, scattered among the crowd, who mingled up with this mass of dissatisfaction all their mischievous tricks and jests, thus goading, as it were with pin-pricks the general ill-humor.

Amongst others, there was a group of these merry devils, who, after bursting out the glass of a window, had boldly seated themselves upon the entablature, and from thence cast their looks and their railleries by turns within and without the hall, upon the internal and the external crowd. By their mimic gestures, their peals of laughter, and the jocoseness with which they exchanged calls with their comrades the whole length of the hall, it was evident enough that those young clerks did not share the weariness and exhaustion of the rest of the assemblage, and that they very well knew how, for their own particular enjoyment, to extract from what was already under their eyes an entertainment which enabled them to wait patiently for the other.

"Upon my soul, it's you, *Joannes Frollo de Molendino*," shouted one of them to a little light-complexioned fellow, with a pretty, roguish face, clinging to the foliage of one of the capitals; "rightly are you called John of the Mill, for your arms and legs look very much like the sails. How long have you been here?"

"By the devil's mercy," answered Johannes Frollo, commonly called *Du Moulin*, or, of the Mill, "above four hours; and I'm in good hopes that they'll be deducted from my time in purgatory. I heard the King



of Sicily's eight chanters strike up the first verse of the seven-o'clock mass in the Sainte Chapelle."

"Fine chanters, truly," returned the other, "with voices still sharper than the points of their caps. Before founding a mass in honor of St. John, it would have been as well if the king had inquired whether St. John be fond of hearing Latin droned out with a Provençal accent."

"It was all for the sake of employing those cursed chanters of the King of Sicily that he did it," screamed an old woman in the crowd beneath the window. "What think you of a thousand livres parisis for a mass, and charged, too, upon the farm of the salt-water fish of the fish-market of Paris!"

"Peace, old woman!" replied a portly personage, who was stopping his nose at the side of the fish-seller; "it was quite necessary to found a mass. Would you have had the king fall sick again?"

"Bravely spoken, Sire Gilles Lecornu, master furrier to the king's wardrobe!" cried the little scholar clinging to the capital.

A burst of laughter from the whole tribe of the scholars greeted the unlucky name of the poor furrier to the king's wardrobe.

"Lecornu! Gilles Lecornu!" said some.

"*Cornutus et hirsutus*," answered another.

"Oh, to be sure," continued the little imp at the top of the pillar; "what have they to laugh at? Is not worthy Gilles Lecornu brother to Master Jehan Lecornu, provost of the king's household, son of Master

Mahiet Lecornu, first porter of the Bois de Vincennes—all burgesses of Paris—all married, from father to son?"

This grave appeal redoubled their gayety. The fat furrier, without answering a word, strove to escape the looks fixed upon him from all sides; but he exerted himself in vain, for all his efforts served only to wedge more solidly between the shoulders of his neighbors his great apoplectic face, purple with anger and vexation.

One of these neighbors, however, fat, short, and reverend-looking, like himself, at length raised his voice on his behalf.

"Abominable!" he exclaimed, "that scholars should talk thus to a burgess. In my time they would have been first beaten with a fagot and then burned with it."

At this the whole tribe burst out afresh.

"Hello! who sings that stave? who's that ill-boding screech-owl?"

"Oh! I see who it is," said one; "it's Master Andry Musnier."

"Because he's one of the four sworn booksellers to the University," said the other.

"All goes by fours in that shop," cried a third; "there are four nations, four faculties, four proctors, and four booksellers."

"Well, then," resumed Jehan Frollo, "we must play four hundred devils with them all."

"Musnier, we'll burn thy books."

"Musnier, we'll beat thy lackey."

"Musnier, we'll kiss thy wife——"

"The good fat Mademoiselle Oudarde——"

"Who's as fresh and buxom as if she were a widow."

"The devil take you!" muttered Master Andry Musnier.

"Master Andry," said Jehan, still hanging by the capital, "hold your tongue, or I'll drop upon your head.

Master Andry looked up, seemed to calculate for a moment the height of the pillar and the weight of the young rogue, multiplied in his mind that height by the square of the velocity, and was silent.

Jehan, being thus master of the field, continued triumphantly—

"Yes, I would do it, though I am brother to an archdeacon."

"Fine fellows, in truth, are our gentlemen of the University, not even to have taken care that our privileges were respected on a day like this: for here are a maypole and a bonfire in the Town; a mystery, a fools' pope, and Flemish ambassadors, in the City; and in the University, nothing at all!"

"And yet the Place Maubert is large enough," observed one of the young clerks posted in the recess of the window.

"Down with the rector, the electors, and the attorneys!" cried Jehan.

"We must make a bonfire to-night in the Champ-Gaillard," continued the other, "with Master Andry's books."

"And the desks of the scribes," said his neighbor.

"And the staves of the beadles."

"And the spitting-boxes of the deans."

"And the desks of the proctors."

"And the bins of the electors."

"And the rector's stools."

"Down, then," said little Jehan, in a fine falsetto, "down with Master Andry, the beadles, and the scribes—the theologians, the physicians, and the decretalists—the proctors, the electors, and the rector!"

"Ah! the world is at an end," muttered Master Andry, stopping his ears.

"Hello! the rector himself! here he comes through the Place!" cried one of those in the window-case.

They all now strove to turn themselves toward the Place.

"Is it really our venerable rector, Master Thibaut?" asked Jehan Frollo du Moulin, who, as he was clinging to one of the internal pillars, could not see what was passing outside.

"Yes, yes," answered all the rest, "it is he—he himself—Master Thibaut, the rector."

It was, in fact, the rector and all the dignitaries going in procession to meet the ambassadors, and crossing at that moment the Place of the Palais. The scholars, all crowded together at the window, greeted them as they passed by with sarcasms and ironical plaudits. The rector, marching at the head of his band, received the first broadside, and it was a rough one.

"Good-day, Rector! Hello! good-day to you!"

"How has the old gambler contrived to be here? has he really quitted his dice?"

"How he goes trotting along on his mule—its ears are not so long as his."

"Hello! good-day to you, Rector Thibaut! *Tybalde aleator!*—Ah! you old noodle! you old gamester!"

"God preserve you! did you often throw double six last night?"

"Oh! what a scarecrow countenance; all drawn and battered through his love of dice and gaming."

"Where are you going to now, Thibaut, *Tybalde ad dados*—turning your back on the University and trotting toward the town?"

"No doubt he's going to seek a lodging in the Rue Thibautodé," cried Jehan du Moulin.

The whole gang repeated the pun with a voice of thunder and a furious clapping of hands.

"You are going to seek lodgings in the Rue Thibautodé, aren't you, Rector, the devil's own gambler?"

Then came the turn of the other dignitaries.

"Down with the beadles! down with the mace-bearers!"

"Tell me, Robin Poussepain, who's that man there?"

"It's Gilbert de Suilly, *Gilbertus de Soliaco*, chancellor of the college of Autun."

"Here, take my shoe—you're better placed than I am—throw it in his face."

"*Saturnalitias mittimus ecce nuces.*"

"Down with the six theologians with their white surplices!"

"Are those the theologians? I thought they were the six white geese that Ste. Geneviève gave to the Town for the fief of Roogny."

"Down with the physicians!"

"Down with the disputations, both cardinal and quodlibetary!"

"Here goes my cap at yon chancellor of Saint Geneviève—I owe him a grudge. It is true; he gave my place in the nation of Normandy to little Ascanio Falzaspada, belonging to the province of Bourges, because he's an Italian."

"It's an injustice!" exclaimed all the scholars.

"Ho, there! Master Joachim de Ladehors! Ho! Louis Dahnille! Ho! Lambert Hoctement!"

"The devil smother the proctor of the nation of Germany!"

"And the chaplains of the Sainte Chapelle, with their gray amices, *cum tunicis grisis?*"

"*Seu de pellibus grisis fourratis.*"

"Hollo! the masters of arts! Look at the fine black copes; the fine red copes!"

"That makes the rector a fine tail!"

"It might be a doge of Venice going to marry the sea."

"Now, again, Jehan! the canons of St. Geneviève!"

"The devil take all the canons together!"

"Abbé Claude Choart! Doctor Claude Choart, are you seeking Marie-la-Giffarde?"

"She's in the Rue de Glatigny."

"She's making the bed for the king of the ribalds."

"She's paying her four deniers, *quatuor denarios.*"

"*Aut unum bombum.*"

"Would you have her pay you through the nose?"

"Comrades, there goes Maître Simon Sanguin, the elector of Picardy, with his wife mounted behind him."

"*Post equitem sedet atra cura.*"

"Courage, Maître Simon!"

"Good-day to you, Elector."

"Good-night, Electress."

"Now, aren't they happy, to be seeing all that?" said *Joannes de Molendino*, with a sigh, from his perch on the capital.

Meanwhile the sworn bookseller to the University, Master Andry Musnier, whispered in the ear of the king's furrier, Master Gilles Lecornu:

"I tell you, monsieur, the world's at an end. Never were there seen such breakings-out of the scholars! It's the accursed inventions of the age that are ruining everything—the artillery—the serpentines—the bombards—and, above all, the printing-press, that German pest! No more manuscripts—no more books! Printing puts an end to bookselling—the end of the world is coming!"

"I see it is, by velvets coming so much into fashion," sighed the furrier.

At that moment it struck twelve.

"Ha!" exclaimed the whole crowd, with one voice of satisfaction.

The scholars held their peace.

Then there was a great shuffling about, a great movement of feet and heads, a general detonation of coughing and blowing of noses, each one striving to place himself to the best advantage for the spectacle. Then there was a deep silence, every neck remaining outstretched, every mouth open, every eye turned toward the marble table—but nothing appeared. The bailiff's four sergeants still kept their posts, as stiff and motionless as if they had been four painted statues. All eyes then turned toward the gallery reserved for the Flemish envoys. The door remained shut, and the gallery empty. The multitude had been waiting since the early morning for three things, that is to say, for the hour of noon, for the French embassy, and for the mystery; noon alone was on time.

This was rather too bad.

They waited one—two—three—five minutes—a quarter of an hour—but nothing came. The balcony remained empty; the stage mute. Meanwhile impatience was succeeded by displeasure. Angry words circulated about, though as yet only in whispers. "The mystery! the mystery!" was uttered in an undertone. The heads of the multitude began to ferment. A storm, which as yet only growled, was agitating the surface of that human sea. It was our friend Jehan du Moulin that struck the spark for the first explosion.

"The mystery! and the devil take the Flemings!" cried he, with

the whole force of his lungs, twisting himself, like a serpent, about his pillar.

The multitude clapped their hands.

"The mystery!" they all shouted, "and to the devil with Flanders!"

"We must have the mystery!" immediately resumed the scholar; "else, for my part, I would have us hang up the bailiff of the Palais by way of play and morality."

"Well said!" exclaimed the people, "and let us begin the hanging with the sergeants?"

A great acclamation followed. The four poor devils of sergeants began to turn pale and look anxiously at each other. The multitude pressed toward them, and they already saw the slight wooden balustrade which separated them from the crowd bending inwards under the pressure.

The moment was critical.

"Bag them! bag them!" was shouted from all sides.

At that instant the hangings of the dressing-room which we have described above were lifted up to make way for the advance of a personage, the first sight of whom sufficed to stop the eager multitude, and changed their anger into curiosity as if by enchantment.

"Silence! silence!" was now the cry.

This personage, but little reassured, and trembling in every limb, came forward to the edge of the marble table, making a profusion of bows, which, the nearer he approached, approximated more and more to genuflexions.

Tranquillity, however, was gradually restored. Only that slight murmur was heard which is always evolved from the silence of a crowd.

"Townsmen," said he, "and townswomen; we shall have the honor of declaiming and performing before his eminence the Cardinal, a very fine morality, entitled *The Good Award of our Lady the Virgin Mary.* I play Jupiter. His eminence is at this moment accompanying the most honorable embassy from the Duke of Austria, which is just now detained by hearing the harangue of the rector of the University, at the Baudets gate. As soon as the most eminent cardinal is arrived, we shall begin."

It is certain that nothing less than the intervention of Jupiter was necessary to save the four unhappy sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais. If we had had the happiness of inventing this very true and veritable history, and had consequently been responsible for it before Our Lady of Criticism, it is not in this place, at all events, that we should have incurred any citation against us of the classical precept, *nec deus intersit.*

Besides, the costume of my Lord Jupiter was a very fine one, and had contributed not a little to calm the irritated assemblage by attracting all their attention. Jupiter was clad in a brigandine covered with black velvet and gilt nails; his head-dress was a *bicoquet* decorated with silver-gilt buttons; and but for the rouge and the great beard which covered each one-half of his face—but for the scroll of gilt pasteboard strewed with passequilles and stuck all over with shreds of tinsel, which he carried in his hand, and in which experienced eyes easily recognized his thunderbolts—and but for his flesh-colored feet, sandal-bound with ribbons *à la Grecque*—he might have borne a comparison, for the severity of his aspect, with a Breton archer, of Monsieur de Berry's corps.

PIERRE GRINGOIRE.

## CHAPTER II

### PIERRE GRINGOIRE

HOWEVER, while Jupiter was delivering his speech, the satisfaction, the admiration unanimously excited by his costume, were dissipated by his words; and when he arrived at that unlucky conclusion, "as soon as the most eminent cardinal is arrived, we shall begin," his voice was lost in a thunder of hooting.

"Begin directly! The mystery! the mystery directly!" cried the people. And above all the other voices was heard that of *Joannes de Molendino*, piercing through the general uproar, like the sound of the fife in a charivari at Nimes. Begin directly!" squeaked the scholar.

"Down with Jupiter and the Cardinal de Bourbon!" vociferated Robin Poussepain and the other young clerks nestling in the window.

"The morality directly!" repeated the crowd immediately; "begin! begin! The sack and the rope for the players and the cardinal!"

Poor Jupiter, all haggard, aghast, pale under his rouge, let fall his thunderbolts, took his bicoquet in his hand: then, bowing and trembling, he stammered out: "His eminence . . . . the ambassadors . . . . the Lady Margaret of Flanders . . . . "—he knew not what to say. But the fact was, he was afraid he should be hanged.

Hanged by the populace for waiting, or hanged by the cardinal for not having waited—on either hand he beheld an abyss, that is, the gallows.

Happily, some one came forward to extricate him and take the responsibility on himself.

An individual who stood within the balustrade, in the space which it left clear around the marble table, and whom no one had yet perceived, so completely was his long and slender person sheltered from

every visual ray by the diameter of the pillar against which he had set his back—this individual, we say, tall, thin, pale, light complexioned—still young, though wrinkles were already visible in his forehead and his cheeks—with sparkling eyes and a smiling mouth—clad in a garment of black serge, threadbare and shiny with age—approached the marble table, and made a sign to the poor sufferer; but the other, in his perturbation, did not observe it.

The new-comer advanced another step forward.

"Jupiter," said he, "my dear Jupiter!"

The other did not hear him.

At last the tall, fair man, losing all patience, shouted in his ear:

"Michel Giborne!"

"Who calls me?" said Jupiter, as if starting from a trance.

"I do," answered the other personage.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jupiter.

"Begin directly," returned the other, "satisfy the people, and I take upon myself to appease monsieur the bailiff, who will appease monsieur the cardinal."

Jupiter now took breath.

"Messeigneurs les bourgeois," cried he, at the utmost stretch of his lungs, to the multitude who continued to hoot him, "we are going to begin directly."

"*Evoe! Jupiter! plaudite cives?*" cried the scholars.

"Noël! Noël!" cried the people.

Then followed a deafening clapping of hands, and the hall still shook with acclamations when Jupiter had withdrawn behind his tapestry.

Meanwhile, the unknown, who had so magically changed the tempest into a calm, had modestly retired under the penumbra of his pillar, and would no doubt have remained there, invisible, and motionless, and mute as before, if he had not been drawn from it by two young women, who, being in the first line of the spectators, had remarked his colloquy with Michel Giborne Jupiter.

"Maître," said one of them, beckoning to him to approach.

"Hush! my dear Lienarde," said her fair neighbor, pretty, blooming, and quite courageous by virtue of her holiday attire—"it is not a clerk, it is a layman. You should not say *Maître* but *Messire*."

"Messire!" then said Liénarde.

The unknown approached the balustrade.

"What is your pleasure with me, mesdemoiselles?" asked he, with an impressive air.

"Oh, nothing," said Lienarde, all confused. "It's my neighbor here, Gisquette-la-Gencienne, that wants to speak to you."

"No, no," rejoined Gisquette, blushing; "it was Liénarde that said '*Maître*' to you—I only taught her that she ought to say, *Messire*."

The two girls cast down their eyes. The other, who felt quite disposed to enter into conversation with them, looked at them, smiling.

"You have nothing to say to me, then, mesdemoiselles?"

"Oh, no, nothing at all," answered Gisquette.

"No, nothing," said Liénarde.

The tall, fair young man now made a step to retire; but the two curious damsels were not inclined to let him go so soon.

"Messire," said Gisquette, with the impetuosity of water escaping through a sluice, or a woman taking a resolution, "then you're acquainted with that soldier that's going to play Our Lady the Virgin in the mystery?"

"You mean the part of Jupiter," returned the unknown.

"Oh, dear, yes," said Liénarde; "isn't she stupid? You're acquainted with Jupiter, then?"

"With Michel Giborne," answered the unknown, "yes, madam."

"He has a fierce-looking beard," answered Liénarde.

"Will it be very fine, what they are all going to say?" asked Gisquette, timidly.

"Very fine, indeed, mademoiselle," answered the informant without the least hesitation.

"What will it be?" said Liénarde.

"*The Good Award of Our Lady the Virgin*—a morality, if it please you, mademoiselle."

"Ah! that's different," returned Liénarde.

A short silence followed, which was broken by the stranger.

"It is a morality entirely new," said he, "which has never yet been played."

"Then it's not the same," said Gisquette, "as the one played two years ago on the day of the entry of monsieur the legate, and in which three beautiful girls performed——"

"As sirens," interrupted Liénarde.

"And quite naked," added the young man.

Liénarde modestly cast down her eyes. Gisquette looked at her, and did likewise. The other continued, smiling:

"It was a very pretty thing to see. But to-day it is a morality made on purpose for the Lady of Flanders."

"Will they sing bergerettes?" asked Gisquette.

"Oh, fie!" said the unknown. "What! in a morality! We must not confound one kind of pieces with another. In a farce, indeed, it would be quite right."

"That's a pity," rejoined Gisquette. "That day there were, at the fountain du Ponceau, savage men and women fighting, and making different motions, singing little motets and pastorals all the while."

"That which is suitable for a legate," said the stranger, very dryly, "is not suitable for a princess."

"And near them," continued Liénarde, "was playing a number of brass instruments, that gave out wonderful melodies."

"And to refresh the passers-by," resumed Gisquette, "the fountain threw out, by three mouths, wine, milk, and hypocras, and everybody drank that liked."

"And a little below the Ponceau fountain," continued Liénarde, "at the Trinity fountain, there was a Passion performed by motions without any speaking."

"Oh, yes, don't I remember it!" exclaimed Gisquette. "God on the cross, and the two thieves on each side of Him!"

Here the young gossips, getting warm in the recollection of the legate's entry, began to talk both at once.

"And further on, at the Porte-aux-Peintres, there were other characters very richly dressed"—

"And do you remember, at St. Innocent's fountain, that huntsman following a hind, with a great noise of dogs and hunting trumpets?"—

"And then at the Boucherie de Paris, those scaffolds that presented the Bastile of Dieppe"—

"And when the legate was going by, you know, Gisquette, they gave the assault, and the English all had their throats cut"—

"And what fine characters there were against the Châtelet gate!"

"And on the Pont-au-Change, which was all covered over with carpeting from one end to the other."

"And when the legate went over it, they let fly from the bridge

above two hundred dozen of all kinds of birds. Wasn't that a fine sight, Liénarde?"

"There will be a finer to-day," at length interrupted the interlocutor, who seemed to listen to them with impatience.

"You promise us that this mystery shall be a fine one," said Gisquette.

"Assuredly," returned he. And then he added, with peculiar emphasis, "Mesdemoiselles, 'tis *I* who am the author of it."

"Really!" said the young women, all amazed.

"Yes, really," answered the poet, bridling up a little—"that is to say, there are two of us—Jehan Marchand, who has sawn the planks and put together the wood-work of the theatre; and myself, who have written the piece. My name is *Pierre Gringoire*."

The author of the Cid himself could not have said with a loftier air, "My name is Pierre Corneille."

Our readers may have observed that some time must already have elapsed since the moment at which Jupiter retired behind the drapery, and that at which the author of the new morality revealed himself thus abruptly to the simple admiration of Gisquette and Liénarde. It is worthy of remark that all that multitude, who a few minutes before had been so tumultuous, now waited quietly on the faith of the player's promise—an evidence of this everlasting truth, still daily experienced in our theatres—that the best means of making the audience wait patiently is, to assure them that the performance will commence immediately.

However, the scholar Joannes was not asleep.

"Hollo!" shouted he suddenly, amidst the peaceful expectation which had succeeded the disturbance. "Jupiter! madame the Virgin! you rowers of the devil's boat! are you joking to one another? The piece! the piece! Begin! or we'll begin again!"

This was enough.

A music of high and low-keyed instruments now struck up in the apartment underneath the stage; the hangings were lifted up; and four characters in motley attire and with painted faces, came out, clambered up the steep ladder already mentioned, arrived safe upon the upper platform, and drew up in line before the audience, whom they saluted with a profound obeisance, whereupon the symphony was silent, for the mystery was now really commencing.

The four characters, after receiving abundant payment for their obeisances in the plaudits of the multitude, commenced, amidst a profound silence, the delivery of a prologue, which we willingly spare the reader. However, as still happens in our own time, the audience paid

more attention to the dresses they wore than to the parts they were enacting—and in truth they did right. They were all four dressed in gowns half yellow and half white, differing from each other only in the nature of the material; the first being of gold and silver brocade, the second of silk, and the third of wool, and the fourth of linen. The first character carried in the right hand a sword; the second, two golden

keys; the third, a pair of scales; and the fourth, a spade; and in order to assist such indolent understandings as might not have seen clearly through the transparency of these attributes, there might be read in large black letters worked at the bottom of the brocade dress, My Name is Nobility; at the bottom of the silk dress, My Name is Clergy; at the bottom of the woolen dress, My Name is Trade; and at the bottom of the linen garment, My Name is Tillage. The sex of the two male characters was clearly indicated to every judicious spectator by the comparative shortness of their garments and the *cramignole* which they

wore upon their heads; while the two female ones, besides that their robes were of ampler length, were distinguishable by their hoods.

It would also have argued great perverseness, not to have discovered through the poetic drapery of the prologue, that Labor was married to Trade, and Clergy to Nobility, and that these two happy couples possessed in common a magnificent golden dolphin which they intended to adjudge only to the most beautiful damsel. Accordingly, they were going all over the world in search of this beauty; and after successively rejecting the Queen of Golconda, the Princess of Trebizond, the daughter of the Khan of Tartary, etc., etc.; Labor and Clergy, Nobility and Trade were come to rest themselves upon the marble table of the Palais de Justice, and deliver at the same time to the worthy auditory as many moral sentences and maxims as might in that day be expended upon the members of the faculty of arts, at the examinations, sophisms, determinations, figures, and acts, at which the masters took their degrees.

All this was in truth very fine.

Meanwhile, in all that assemblage upon which the four allegorical personages seemed to be striving which could pour out the most copious floods of metaphor, no ear was so attentive, no heart so palpitating, no eye so eager, no neck so outstretched, as were the eye, ear, neck, and heart of the author, the poet, the brave Pierre Gringoire, who a moment before had been unable to forego the satisfaction of telling his name to two pretty girls.

He had returned to the distance of a few paces from them, behind his pillar; and there it was that he listened, looked, and enjoyed. The benevolent plaudits which had greeted the opening of his prologue, were still resounding in his breast; and he was completely absorbed in that species of ecstatic contemplation with which a dramatic author marks his ideas dropping one by one from the lips of the actor, amid the silence of a crowded auditory. Worthy Pierre Gringoire!

It pains us to relate it—but this first ecstasy was very soon disturbed. Scarcely had the lips of Gringoire approached this intoxicating cup of joy and triumph, before a drop of bitterness was cruelly mingled in it.

A tattered mendicant who, lost as he was among the crowd, could receive no contributions, and who, we may suppose, had not found sufficient indemnity in the pockets of his neighbors, had bethought himself of finding some conspicuous perch from which to attract the attention and the alms of the good people. Accordingly, while the first lines of the prologue were delivering, he had hoisted himself up by means of the pillars that supported the reserved balcony, to the cornice

which ran along the bottom of its balustrade; and there he had seated himself, soliciting the attention and the pity of the multitude by the display of his rags, and of a hideous sore that covered his right arm. However he did not utter a word.

The silence which he kept allowed the prologue to proceed without any distraction; and no sensible disorder would have occurred but that, as ill luck would have it, the scholar Joannes espied, from his own perch upon one of the great pillars, the beggar and his grimaces. The young

wag was seized with an immoderate fit of laughter; and, regardless of the interruption to the performance, and the disturbance to the general attention, he cried out in a tone of gayety:

"Look at that sham leper there asking alms!"

Any one that has ever thrown a stone into a pond full of frogs, or fired a gun among a flock of birds, may form an idea of the effect produced by these unseasonable words dropped in the midst of the general attention. Gringoire started as if he had felt an electric shock. The prologue was cut short; and all heads were turned tumultuously toward the mendicant; who, far from being disconcerted, found in this incident a good opportunity of making a harvest, and began to cry out with a doleful look, half shutting his eyes, "Charity! if you please."

"Why, on my soul," cried Joannes, "it's Clopin Troillefou. Hollo! friend—so thy sore wasn't comfortable on thy leg, that thou'st put it on thy arm."

So saying he threw, with the dexterity of a monkey, a small white coin into the old greasy hat which the beggar held out with his diseased limb. The beggar received without flinching both the alms and the sarcasm, and continued in a piteous tone, "Charity! if you please."

This episode had considerably distracted the auditory; and a good many of the spectators, with Robin Poussepain and all the clerks at their head, merrily applauded this whimsical duet which had been struck up thus unexpectedly in the middle of the prologue, between the scholar with his shrill clamorous voice, and the beggar with his imperturbable drone.

Gringoire was grievously dissatisfied. Having recovered from his first stupefaction, he was tearing his lungs with crying out to the four characters on the stage, "Go on!—what the devil!—go on;" without even deigning to cast a look of disdain upon the two interrupters.

At that moment he felt some one pulling at the skirt of his coat; he turned round, not without some little ill-humor, and had much ado to smile. Nevertheless he found it necessary to do so, for it was the pretty arm of Gisquette-la-Gencienne, which, extended through the balustrade, thus solicited his attention.

"Monsieur," said the girl, "will they go on?"

"To be sure," answered Gringoire, much shocked at the question.

"Oh, then, messire," she resumed, "would you just have the courtesy to explain to me——"

"What they are going to say?" interrupted Gringoire. "Well—listen."

"No," said Gisquette, "but what they have said already."

Gringoire started as if touched to the quick.

"A plague on the little stupid witless wench!" muttered he.

From that moment Gisquette was utterly ruined in his estimation.

Meanwhile the actors had obeyed his injunction; and the audience, observing that they were once more trying to make themselves heard, had again set themselves to listen—not, however, without the loss of many a poetic beauty, in the sort of soldering that had been made of the two parts of the piece which had been so abruptly cut short. Gringoire whispered to himself this bitter reflection. However, tranquility had been gradually restored; the scholar held his tongue, the beggar was counting some coin in his hat, and the piece had resumed its ascendency.

It was really a very fine composition, and we really think it might be turned to some account, even now, by means of a few modifications. The exposition, rather long, indeed, and rather dry, quite according to rule, was simple; and Gringoire, in the candid sanctuary of his own judgment, admired its clearness. As may well be supposed, the four allegorical personages were a little fatigued with traveling over the three known quarters of the world without finding an opportunity of suitably disposing of their golden dolphin. Hence a long eulogy upon the marvelous fish, with numberless delicate allusions to the young prince betrothed to Margaret of Flanders—which young prince was at that time in very dismal seclusion at Amboise, without the slightest suspicion that Labor and Clergy, Nobility and Trade, had just been making the tour of the world on his account. The dolphin aforesaid, then, was young, was handsome, was vigorous, and above all (magnificent origin of all the royal virtues!) was son of the lion of France. Now, I declare, that this bold metaphor is admirable, and that dramatic natural history, on a day of allegory and of a royal epithalamium, finds nothing at all shocking in a dolphin the son of a lion. On the contrary, it is precisely those rare and pindaric mixtures that prove the poet's enthusiasm. However, to have disarmed criticism altogether, the poet might have developed this fine idea in less than two hundred lines. It is true that the mystery was to last, according to the order of the provost, from noon till four o'clock, and that it was necessary to say something. Besides, it was very patiently listened to.

All at once, just in the middle of a fine quarrel between Mademoiselle Trade and Madame Nobility, at the moment when Master Labor was pronouncing this wonderful line,

Beast more triumphant ne'er in woods I've seen,

the door of the reserved gallery, which had until then been so unseasonably shut, opened more unseasonably still, and the stentorian voice of the usher, abruptly announced, "His Eminence My Lord the Cardinal of Bourbon!"

## CHAPTER III

### THE CARDINAL

POOR Gringoire! The noise of all the great double petards let off on St. John's day—the discharge of a score of wheel-lock arquebusses—the report of that famous serpentine of the Tour de Billy, which, at the time of the siege of Paris, on Sunday, the 29th of September, 1465, killed seven Burgundians at a shot—the explosion of all the gunpowder stored up at the Temple gate—would have split his ears less violently at that solemn and dramatic moment, than those few words from the lips of an usher, "His Eminence My Lord the Cardinal of Bourbon."

Not that Pierre Gringoire either feared the cardinal or despised him; he was neither weak enough to do the one, nor self-sufficient enough to do the other. A true eclectic, as he would nowadays be called, Gringoire was one of those firm and elevated spirits, calm and temperate, who can preserve their composure under all circumstances—*stare in dimidio rerum*—and who are full of reason and of a liberal philosophy even while making some account of cardinals. Invaluable and uninterrupted line of philosophers—to whom wisdom, like another Ariana, seems to have given a clew, which they have gone on unwinding from the beginning of the world through the labyrinth of human affairs. They are to be found in all times, and ever the same—that is to say, ever conforming themselves to the time. And not to mention our Pierre Gringoire, who would be their representative of the fifteenth century if we could succeed in obtaining for him the distinction which he deserves, it was certainly their spirit which animated Father du Breul in the sixteenth, when writing these words of sublime simplicity, worthy of any age: "I am a Parisian by my birth-place, and a *parrhisian* by my speech; for *parrhisia* in Greek signifies liberty of speech, which liberty I have used even towards my lords the cardinals, uncle

and brother to my lord the Prince of Conti, albeit with respect for their greatness, and without offending any one of their train, and that is a great deal to say."

So there was neither hatred for the cardinal, nor contempt of his presence, in the disagreeable impression which it made upon Pierre Gringoire. On the contrary, our poet had too much good sense and too threadbare a frock not to attach a particular value to the circumstance, that many an allusion in his prologue, and in particular the glorification

of the dolphin, son of the lion of France, would fall upon the ear of an *éminentissime*. But interest is not the ruling motive in the noble nature of poets. Supposing the entity of a poet to be represented by the number ten, it is certain that a chemist, on analyzing and pharmacopolizing it, as Rabelais says, would find it to be composed of one part of self-interest with nine parts of self-esteem. Now, at the moment that the door opened for the entrance of his eminence, Gringoire's nine parts of self-esteem, inflated and expanded by the breath of popular admiration, were in a state of prodigious enlargement, quite overwhelming and smothering that imperceptible particle of self-interest which we just now discriminated in the constitution of poets—an invaluable ingredient, by the way, a ballast of reality and humanity, without which they would never touch the earth. It was enjoyment for Gringoire to perceive, to see and feel, so to speak, that an entire assemblage (of poor creatures, it is true, but what then?) were stupefied, petrified, and asphyxiated by the immeasurable tirades which burst from every part of his epithalamium. We affirm that he himself shared the general beatitude; and that, quite the reverse of La Fontaine, who at the performance of his play of "*Florentin*," asked, "What poor wretch has written that rhapsody?" Gringoire would willingly have asked the person nearest to him, "Whose masterpiece is this?" Hence it may be supposed what sort of effect was produced upon him by the sudden and untimely arrival of the cardinal.

All his fears were but too fully realized. His eminence's entrance threw the whole auditory into motion. All eyes were turned toward the estrade, and there was a general buzz: "The cardinal! the cardinal!" repeated every tongue. The unfortunate prologue was cut short a second time.

The cardinal stopped a moment upon the threshold of the gallery; and while casting his eyes with great indifference over the assemblage, the tumult redoubled. Everybody wanted to obtain a better view of him, each one stretching his neck over his neighbor's shoulder.

He was in truth an exalted personage, the sight of whom was worth almost any other comedie. Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop and Count of Lyons, and Primate of Gaul, was allied both to Louis XI., through his brother Pierre, Seigneur of Beaujeu, who had espoused the king's eldest daughter, and at the same time to the Burgundian duke, Charles the Bold, through his mother, Agnes of Burgundy. Now, the ruling, the characteristic, the distinctive feature in the character of the Primate of Gaul, was his courtier-like spirit and his devotedness to power. Hence, it may well be supposed in what numberless perplexities this double relationship had involved him, and

among how many temporal shoals his spiritual bark must have tacked about, to have escaped foundering either upon Louis or upon Charles, the Charybdis and the Scylla which had swallowed up the Duke of Nemours and the Constable of Saint-Pol. However, Heaven be praised! he had got happily through his voyage, and had reached Rome without any cross accident. But although he was now in port—and indeed, precisely because he was in port—he never recollected, without a feeling of uneasiness, the various chances of his political life, which had so long been perilous and laborious. So, also, he used to say, that the year 1476 had been to him, "a black and white" year; meaning thereby that he had lost in that one year his mother, the Duchess of Bourbonnais, and his cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, and that one mourning had consoled him for the other.

However, he was a very good fellow; he led a joyous cardinal's life; was wont to make merry with the royal vintage of Challuau; had no dislike to Richarde-la-Gamoise and Thomasse-la-Saillarde; gave alms to pretty girls in preference to old women; and for all these reasons was in great favor with the good people of Paris. He always went surrounded by a little court of bishops and abbots of high lineage, gallant, jovial, and at times fond of a revel; and more than once had the good devotees of Saint Germain d'Auxerre, in passing at night under the windows of the Hôtel de Bourbon, all blazing with light, been scandalized by hearing the same voices which had been singing vespers to them in the daytime, striking up, to the sound of glasses, the bacchanalian sentiment of Benedict XII., the pope who had added a third crown to the tiara—*Bibamus papaliter.*

No doubt it was this popularity, so justly acquired, which preserved him at his entrance from anything like ill reception on the part of the crowd, who a few moments before had been so dissatisfied, and so little disposed to pay respect to a cardinal, even on the day when they were going to elect a pope. But the Parisians bear little malice; and besides, by making the performance begin of their own authority, the good citizens had had the better of the cardinal, and this triumph satisfied them. Moreover, the Cardinal de Bourbon was a handsome man—he had on a very handsome scarlet gown, which he wore in excellent style, which is as much as to say, that he had in his favor all the women, and, consequently, the better part of the audience. Certainly it would be both injustice and bad taste, to hoot a cardinal for being too late at the play, when he is a handsome man, and wears handsomely his scarlet robe.

He entered, then; saluted the company with that hereditary smile which the great have always in readiness for the people; and stepped

slowly towards the chair of scarlet velvet placed for his reception; looking as if some other matter occupied his mind. His train—what we might now call his staff—of bishops and abbots, issued after him upon the estrade, not without exciting redoubled tumult and curiosity among the spectators below. All were busied in pointing them out, or in telling their names, each one striving to show that he knew at least some one of them; some pointing to the Bishop of Marseilles (Alaudet, if we remember right); some to the *Primicier* or Dean of St. Denis; others to Robert de Lespinasse, Abbot of Saint Germain-des-Près, the libertine brother of a mistress of Louis XI.—all their names being repeated with a thousand mistakes and mispronunciations. As for the scholars, they swore. It was their own day—their feast of fools—their saturnalia—the annual orgies of the law clerks and the scholars. Every turpitude was a matter of right and held sacred that day. And then there were mad gossips among the crowd—Simone Quatre-livres, Agnès-la-Gadine, Robine Piédebou. Was it not the least that could be expected, that they should swear at their ease, and profane God's name a little, on such a day as that, in such good company with churchmen and courtezans? And accordingly, they made no mincing of the matter; but amidst the uproarious applause a frightful din of blasphemies and enormities proceeded from all those tongues let loose, those tongues of clerks and scholars, tied up all the rest of the year by the fear of St. Louis's branding-iron. Poor St. Louis! how did they banter him in his own Palais de Justice! Each one of them had singled out among the newly-arrived company some one of the cassocks, black, gray, white, or violet. As for Joannes Frollo de Molendino, in his quality of brother to an archdeacon, it was the red robe that he audaciously assailed, singing out as loud as he could bawl, and fixing his shameless eyes upon the cardinal, "*Cappa repleta mero!*"

All these particulars, which are thus clearly detailed for the reader's edification, were so completely drowned in the general hum of the multitude, that they were lost before they could reach the reserved gallery; though, indeed, the cardinal would have been little moved by them; so intimately did the license of the day belong to the manners of the age. He had something else to think of, which pre-occupation appeared in his countenance—another cause of solicitude, which followed closely behind him, and made its appearance in the gallery almost at the same time as himself. This was the Flemish embassy.

Not that he was a profound politician, or concerned himself about the possible consequences of the marriage of madame, his cousin, Margaret of Burgundy, with monsieur, his cousin, Charles, Dauphin of Vienne—nor how long the patched-up reconciliation between the Duke

of Austria and the French king might endure—nor how the king of England would receive this slight toward his daughter. All that gave him little anxiety; and he did honor every night to the wine of the royal vineyard of Chaillot without ever suspecting that a few flasks of that same wine, revised and corrected a little by the physician, Coictier, and cordially presented to Edward IV. by Louis XI., might possibly, some fine morning, rid Louis XI. of Edward IV. The right honorable embassy of the Duke of Austria brought none of these cares to the car-

dinal's mind, but annoyed him in another respect. It was, in truth, rather too bad, and we have already said a word or two about it in the first pages of this volume, that he should be obliged to give good reception and entertainment—he, Charles de Bourbon—to obscure burghers; he, a cardinal, to a pack of scurvy aldermen—he, a Frenchman and a connoisseur in good living, to Flemish beer-drinkers—and in public too! Certes, it was one of the most irksome parts he had ever gone through for the king's good pleasure.

However, he had so perfectly studied it, that he turned toward the door with the best grace in the world, when the usher announced in a sonorous voice, "Messieurs the Envoys of the Duke of Austria!" It is needless to say that the whole hall did likewise.

Then appeared, two by two, with a gravity which strongly contrasted with the flippant air of the cardinal's ecclesiastical train, the forty-eight ambassadors from Maximilian of Austria, having at their head the reverend father in God, Jehan, Abbot of Saint-Bertin, chancellor of the Golden Fleece, and Jacques de Goy, Sieur Dauby, high bailiff of Ghent. A deep silence now took place in the assemblage, a general titter being suppressed in order to listen to all the uncouth names and burgess-like descriptions which each one of these personages transmitted with imperturbable gravity to the usher, who then gave out their names and callings, pell-mell and with all sorts of mutilations, to the crowd below. There were Master Loys Roelof, échevin of the town of Louvain; Messire Clays d'Etuelde, échevin of Brussels; Messire Paul de Baeust, sieur of Voirmizelle, president of Flanders; Maître Jehan Coleghens, burgomaster of the city of Antwerp; Maître George de la Moere, principal échevin of the *kuere* of the city of Ghent; Maitre Gheldolf vander Hage, principal échevin of the *parchons* of the said city; and the Sieur de Bierbecque, and Jehan Pinnock, and Jehan Dimaerzelle, etc., etc., etc., bailiffs, échevins, and burgomasters—burgomasters, échevins, and bailiffs, all stiff, sturdy, drawn-up figures, dressed out in velvet and damask, and hooded with black velvet *cramignoles* decorated with great tufts of gold thread of Cyprus—good Flemish heads after all, with severe and respectable countenances, akin to those which Rembrandt has made stand out with such force and gravity from the dark background of his picture of "Going the rounds at night"—personages on every one of whose foreheads it was written, that Maximilian of Austria had done right in "confiding to the full," as his manifesto expressed it, "in their sense, valor, experience, loyalty, and good integrity."

There was one exception, however, to this description; it was a subtle, intelligent, crafty-looking face—a sort of mixture of the monkey and the diplomatist—to whom the cardinal made three steps in advance and a low bow, but who, nevertheless, was called simply Guillaume or *William Rym, counselor and pensionary of the town of Ghent.*

Few persons at that time knew anything about Guillaume Rym—a rare genius, who, in a time of revolution, would have appeared with splendor on the surface of events; but who, in the fifteenth century, was confined to the practice of covert intrigue and to "live in a sap," as

the Duke de Saint-Simon expresses it. However, he was appreciated by the first "sapper" in Europe—he was familiarly associated in the secret operations of Louis XI., and often lent a hand to the king's secret needs. All which was perfectly unknown to this multitude, who were amazed at the cardinal's politeness to that sorry-looking Flemish bailiff.

## CHAPTER IV

### MASTER JACQUES COPPENOLE

WHILE the pensionary of Ghent and his eminence were exchanging a very low bow, and a few words in a tone still lower, a man of lofty stature, large-featured, and broad-shouldered, presented himself to enter abreast with Guillaume Rym, looking something like a mastiff dog by the side of a fox. His flapped hat of felt and his leathern jerkin were oddly conspicuous amidst the velvet and silk that surrounded him. Presuming it to be some groom who knew not whither he was going, the usher stopped him with:

"Hold, friend! you can't pass here."

The man of the leathern jerkin shouldered him aside. "What would this fellow with me?" said he, in a thundering voice, which drew the attention of the whole hall to this strange colloquy. "Seest thou not I'm one of them?"

"Your name?" demanded the usher.

"Jacques Coppenole."

"Your description?"

"A hosier, at the sign of the Three Chains, at Ghent."

The usher shrank back. To announce échevins and burgomasters might indeed be endured—but a hosier!—it was rather too bad. The cardinal was upon thorns. All the people were looking and listening. For two days his eminence had been doing his utmost to lick these Flemish bears into rather more presentable shape, and this freak was too much for him. Meanwhile Guillaume Rym, with his cunning smile, went up to the usher:

"Announce Master Jacques Coppenole, clerk of the échevins of the illustrious city of Ghent," said he to the officer in a very low whisper.

"Usher," then said the cardinal aloud, "Announce Master Jacques Coppenole, clerk to the échevins of the illustrious city of Ghent."

This was a mistake. Guillaume Rym, by himself, would have got round the difficulty; but Coppenole had heard the cardinal's direction.

"No! God's Cross!" he cried, with his voice of thunder: "Jacques Coppenole, hosier. Dost thou hear, usher? Neither more nor less. Croix-Dieu! a hosier—that's fine enough. Monsieur the archduke has more than once looked for his *gant* in my hose."

This occasioned a burst of laughter and applause from the people below. A joke is always taken up at once in Paris, and consequently always applauded.

We must add that Coppenole was one of the people, and that the auditory around him were of the people also; so that the communica-

tion between them and him had been quick, electric, and, as it were, on equal footing. This lofty air which the Flemish hosier gave himself, by humbling the courtiers, had stirred in the plebeian breasts a certain latent feeling of dignity, which, in the fifteenth century, was as yet vague and undefined. They beheld one of their equals in this hosier, who had just borne himself so sturdily before the cardinal—a welcome reflection to poor devils accustomed to pay respect and obedience to the servants of the sergeants of the bailiff of the Abbot of Sainte-Geneviève, the cardinal's train-bearer.

Coppenole made a stiff bow to his eminence, who returned the salute of the all-powerful burgher, formidable to Louis XI. Then, while Guillaume Rym, *sage homme et malicieux*, as Philippe de Comines expresses it, followed them both with a smile of raillery and superiority, they moved each to his place—the cardinal thoughtful and out of countenance—Coppenole quite at his ease, thinking, no doubt, that, after all, his title of hosier was as good as any other, and that Mary of Burgundy, mother of that Margaret for whose marriage he was now treating, would have feared him less as a cardinal than as a hosier; for no cardinal would have stirred up the people of Ghent against the favorites of the daughter of Charles the Bold; nor could any cardinal, by a single word, have fortified the multitude against her tears and prayers, when the Lady of Flanders came and supplicated her people on their behalf, even to the foot of their scaffold, while the hosier had only had to raise his leathern elbow to cause both your heads to be struck off, most illustrious seigneurs, Guy d'Hymbercourt and Chancellor Guillaume Hugonet.

Yet the poor cardinal had not gone through all his penance; he was doomed to drain the cup of being in such bad company, even to the dregs.

The reader has doubtless not forgotten the audacious mendicant, who, at the time of the commencement of the prologue, had climbed up to the edge of the gallery reserved for the cardinal. The arrival of the illustrious guests had not in the least disturbed him; and while the prelates and the ambassadors were barreling themselves up like real Flemish herrings within the narrow compass of the gallery, he had put himself quite at his ease, with his legs bravely crossed upon the architrave. This piece of insolence was extraordinary; yet nobody had remarked it at the first moment, every one's attention having been fixed elsewhere. He, for his part, took notice of nothing in the hall; he was moving his head backward and forward with the unconcern of a Neapolitan, repeating from time to time, amidst the general hum, and as if by a mechanical habit, "Charity, if you please!" and indeed, among

all present, he was probably the only one who would not have deigned to turn his head on hearing the altercation between Coppenole and the usher. Now it so chanced that his hosiership of Ghent, with whom the people already so warmly sympathized, and upon whom all eyes were fixed, went and seated himself in the front line of the gallery, just over the place where the beggar was sitting; and it excited no small aston-

ishment to see the Flemish ambassador, after scrutinizing the fellow beneath him, give him a friendly slap upon his ragged shoulder. The beggar turned round. Surprise, mutual recognition, and kindly gratulation, were visible on both faces; then, without giving themselves the slightest concern about the spectators, the hosier and the malingerer fell into conversation in a low voice, holding each other by the hand; while the tattered arm of Clopin Trouillefou, displayed at length upon

the cloth of gold that decorated the gallery, had somewhat the appearance of a caterpillar upon an orange.

The novelty of this singular scene excited such noisy mirth among the crowd, that the cardinal quickly remarked it: he leaned gently aside; and as, from the point where he was situated, he caught only an imperfect glimpse of Trouillefou's ignominious garment, he exclaimed, "Monsieur the bailiff of the Palace, throw me that fellow into the river."

"Croix-Dieu! monseigneur le cardinal," said Coppenole, without leaving hold of Clopin's hand, "this is one of my friends."

"Noël! Noël!" cried the mob. And from that moment Master Coppenole was at Paris, as at Ghent, "in great favor with the people; for men of great stature are so," says Philippe de Comines, "when they are thus disorderly."

The cardinal bit his lip. He leaned toward the Abbot of Sainte Geneviève, who sat next him, and said in a half-whisper:

"Pretty ambassadors, truly, monsieur the archduke sends us to announce the Lady Margaret."

"Your eminence's politeness," returned the abbot, "is thrown away upon these Flemish grunters—*Margaritas ante porcos.*"

"Say rather," rejoined the cardinal, smiling, "*porcos ante Margaritam.*"

The whole of the little court of churchmen were in ecstasy at this play on words. The cardinal felt a little relieved. He was now even with Coppenole, for he too had had his pun applauded.

And now, such of our readers as have the power of generalizing an image or an idea, as we say nowadays, will permit us to ask them whether they figure to themselves quite clearly the spectacle presented, at the moment at which we give this pause to their attention, by the vast parallelogram of the great hall of the Palais.

In the middle of the western side is a spacious and magnificent gallery, with drapery of gold brocade, which is entered, in procession, through a small Gothic doorway, by a series of grave-looking personages, announced successively by the shrill voice of the usher; while on the first benches are already seated a number of reverend figures wrapped in velvet, ermine, and scarlet cloth. Below and all about this gallery, which remains still and stately—below, in front, and around, are a great multitude and a great hum of voices. A thousand looks are cast from the crowd upon every face in the gallery—a thousand muttered repetitions are made of every name. The spectacle is indeed curious and well worthy the attention of the spectators. But, at the same time, what is that down there, quite at the extremity of the hall—that sort of mountebank stage, with four puppets in motley upon it, and

four others below? And at one side of the stage, who is that white-faced man in a long black coat? Alas! dear reader, it is Pierre Gringoire with his prologue.

We had all utterly forgotten him.

That is just what he had apprehended.

From the moment at which the cardinal entered, Gringoire had been incessantly exerting himself for the salvation of his prologue. He had first of all enjoined the actors to proceed, and elevate their voices; then, finding that no one listened, he had stopped them; and for nearly a quarter of an hour during which the interruption had continued, he had been constantly beating with his foot and gesticulating, calling upon Gisquette and Liénarde, and urging those near him to have the prologue proceeded with—but all in vain. No one could be turned aside from the cardinal, the embassy, and the gallery—the sole center of that vast circle of visual rays. It is also credible, we regret to say it, that the prologue was beginning to be a little tiresome to the auditory at the moment that his eminence's arrival had made so terrible a distraction. And after all, in the gallery itself, as on the marble table, it was still in fact the same spectacle—the conflict of Labor with Clergy, of Nobility with Trade; and many people liked better to see them in downright reality, living, breathing, acting, elbowing one another in plain flesh and blood in that Flemish embassy, in that episcopal court, under the cardinal's robe, under Coppenole's jerkin, than tricked out, painted, talking in verse, and packed up, as it were, in straw, under the yellow and white gowns in which Gringoire had muffled them.

Nevertheless, when our poet saw tranquillity a little restored, he bethought himself of a stratagem which might have saved the performance.

"Monsieur," said he, turning to one of the persons nearest him, of fair round figure, with a patient-looking countenance, "suppose they were to begin again?"

"Begin what?" said the man.

"Why, the mystery," said Gringoire.

"Just as you please," returned the other.

This demi-approbation was enough for Gringoire, and taking the affair into his own hands, he began to call out, confounding himself at the same time as much as possible with the multitude. "Begin the mystery again!—begin again!"

"The devil!" said Joannes de Molendino; "What is it they're singing out down there?" for Gringoire made as much noise as four people. "Tell me, comrades, isn't the mystery finished? They want to begin it again; that's not fair."

"No! no!" cried all the scholars together, "down with the mystery!—down with it!"

But Gringoire only multiplied himself the more, and cried out the louder—"Begin again!—begin again!"

These clamors attracted the attention of the cardinal.

"Monsieur the bailiff of the Palais," said he to a tall, dark man, standing a few paces from him, "are these fellows in holy water, that they make that devil of a noise?"

The bailiff of the Palais was a kind of amphibious magistrate, a sort of bat of the judicial order, a sort of compound of the rat and the bird, of the judge and the soldier.

He approached his eminence, and with no small apprehension of his displeasure, he stammered out to him an explanation of the people's refractoriness—that noon had arrived before his eminence, and that the players had been forced to begin without waiting for his eminence.

The cardinal laughed aloud.

"I'faith," said he, "monsieur the rector of the University should e'en have done likewise. What say you, Master Guillaume Rym?"

"My lord," answered Rym, "let us be satisfied with having escaped one half of the play. 'Tis so much gained, at any rate."

"May those rogues go on with their farce?" asked the bailiff.

"Go on—go on," said the cardinal, "'tis all the same to me; I will be reading my breviary the while."

The bailiff advanced to the edge of the gallery, and called out, after procuring silence by a motion of his hand:

"Townsmen! householders! and inhabitants!—to satisfy those who desire the play to begin again, and those who desire it to finish, his eminence orders that it shall go on."

Thus both parties were obliged to yield, although both the author and the auditors long bore a grudge on this score against the cardinal.

The characters on the stage accordingly took up their text where they had laid it down; and Gringoire hoped that at least the remainder of his composition would be listened to. This hope, however, was soon dispelled, like the rest of his illusions. Silence had indeed been somehow or other restored in the auditory; but Gringoire had not observed that, at the moment when the cardinal had given his order for the continuance of the play, the gallery was far from being full, and that subsequently to the arrival of the Flemish envoys, there were come other persons forming part of the cardinal's train, whose names and descriptions, thrown out in the midst of his dialogue by the intermitted bawling of the usher, made considerable ravage in it. Only imagine, indeed, in the midst of a dramatic piece, the yelp of a doorkeeper,

throwing in, between the two lines of a couplet, and often between the first half of a line and the last, such parentheses as these:

"Master Jacques Charmolue, king's proctor in the ecclesiastical court!"

"Jehan de Harlay, esquire, keeper of the office of knight of the night-watch of the town of Paris!"

"Messire Galiot de Genoilhac, knight, seigneur of Brussac, master of the king's artillery!"

"Master Dreux-Raguier, inquisitor of our lord the king's waters and forests in the domains of France, Champagne, and Brie!"

"Messire Louis de Graville, knight, councilor, and chamberlain to the king, admiral of France, keeper of the Bois de Vincennes!"

"Master Denis le Mercier, keeper of the house of the blind at Paris!" etc., etc., etc.

This became insupportable.

All this strange accompaniment, which made it difficult to follow the tenor of the piece, was the more provoking to Gringoire, as he could not disguise from himself that the interest was going on increasing, and that nothing was wanting to his composition but to be listened to. It was, indeed, difficult to imagine a plot more ingeniously or dramatically woven. While the four personages of the prologue were bewailing their hopeless perplexity, Venus in person—*vera incessu patuit dea*—had presented herself before them, clad in a fine cotte-hardie, having blazoned fair upon its front the ship displayed on the old city escutcheon of Paris. She was come to claim for herself the dolphin promised to the most beautiful. She was supported by Jupiter, whose thunder was heard to rumble in the dressing-room; and the goddess was about to bear away the prize—that is, in plain terms, to espouse the dauphin—when a little girl dressed in white damask, and carrying a marguerite or daisy in her hand, a lucid personification of the Lady of Flanders, had come to contend with Venus. Here were at once *coup-de-théâtre* and preparation for the catastrophe. After a proper dispute, Venus, Margaret, and those behind the scenes, had agreed to refer the matter to the award of the holy Virgin. There was another fine part, that of Dom Pedro, King of Mesopotamia; but amid so many interruptions it was difficult to discover what was his share of the action. All these personages climbed up the ladder to the stage.

But it was all over with the play; not one of these beauties was felt or understood. It seemed as if, at the cardinal's entrance, some invisible and magical thread had suddenly drawn away every look from the marble table to the gallery, from the southern extremity of the hall to its western side. Nothing could disenchant the auditory; all eyes

remained fixed in that direction; and the persons who successively arrived on that side, with their cursed names, and their faces, and their dresses, made a continual diversion. The case was desperate. Except Gisquette and Liénarde, who turned aside from time to time when Gringoire pulled them by the sleeve—except the lusty patient man that stood near him—no one listened to, no one looked at, the poor abandoned morality. Gringoire could see in the faces of the auditory nothing but profiles.

With what bitterness did he see all his fabric of poetry and glory thus falling to pieces! Only to think that this multitude had been on the point of rebelling against monsieur the bailiff through their impatience to hear his composition: and now that they had it, they cared nothing about it—that same performance which had begun amid such unanimous acclamation! Everlasting ebb and flow of the popular favor! Only to think, that they had been near hanging the bailiff's sergeants!—what would he not have given to have recalled that blissful moment!

However, the usher's dull monologue ceased at length; everybody had arrived: so that Gringoire took breath; and the actors were going on bravely, when all at once Master Coppenole, the hosier, got upon his legs, and Gringoire heard him deliver, in the midst of the universal attention to his piece, this abominable harangue:

"Townsmen and yeomen of Paris—Croix-Dieu! I know not what we're doing here. I do indeed see, down in that corner, upon that stage, some people who look as if they wanted to fight. I know not whether that be what you call a mystery; but I do know it's not amusing. They belabor one another with their tongues, but that's all. For this quarter of an hour I've been waiting to see the first blow—but nothing comes—they're cowards, and maul one another only with foul words. You should have had wrestlers from London or Rotterdam; and then indeed we should have had hard knocks, which you might have heard the length of this hall—but those creatures there are quite pitiful. They should at least give us a morris-dance or some other piece of mummery. This is not what I was told it was to be—I'd been promised a feast of fools with an election of a pope. We at Ghent, too, have our fools' pope; and in that, Croix-Dieu! we're behind nobody. But we do thus:—a mob gets together, as here for instance; then each in his turn goes and puts his head through a hole and makes faces at the others; he that makes the ugliest face according to general acclamation, is chosen pope. That's our way, and it's very diverting. Shall we make your pope after the fashion of my country? At any rate it will not be so tiresome as listening to those babblers. If they've a mind to come and try their

hands at face-making, they shall have their turn. What say you, my masters? Here's a droll sample enough of both sexes to give us a right hearty Flemish laugh, and we can show ugly phizzes enow to give us hopes of a fine grinning-match."

Gringoire would fain have replied, but amazement, resentment, and indignation deprived him of utterance. Besides, the motion made by the popular hosier was received with such enthusiasm by those townsfolk flattered at being called yeomen, that all resistance would have been unavailing. All that could now be done was to go with the stream. Gringoire hid his face with both his hands, not being so fortunate as to possess a mantle wherewith to veil his countenance like the Agamemnon of Timanthes.

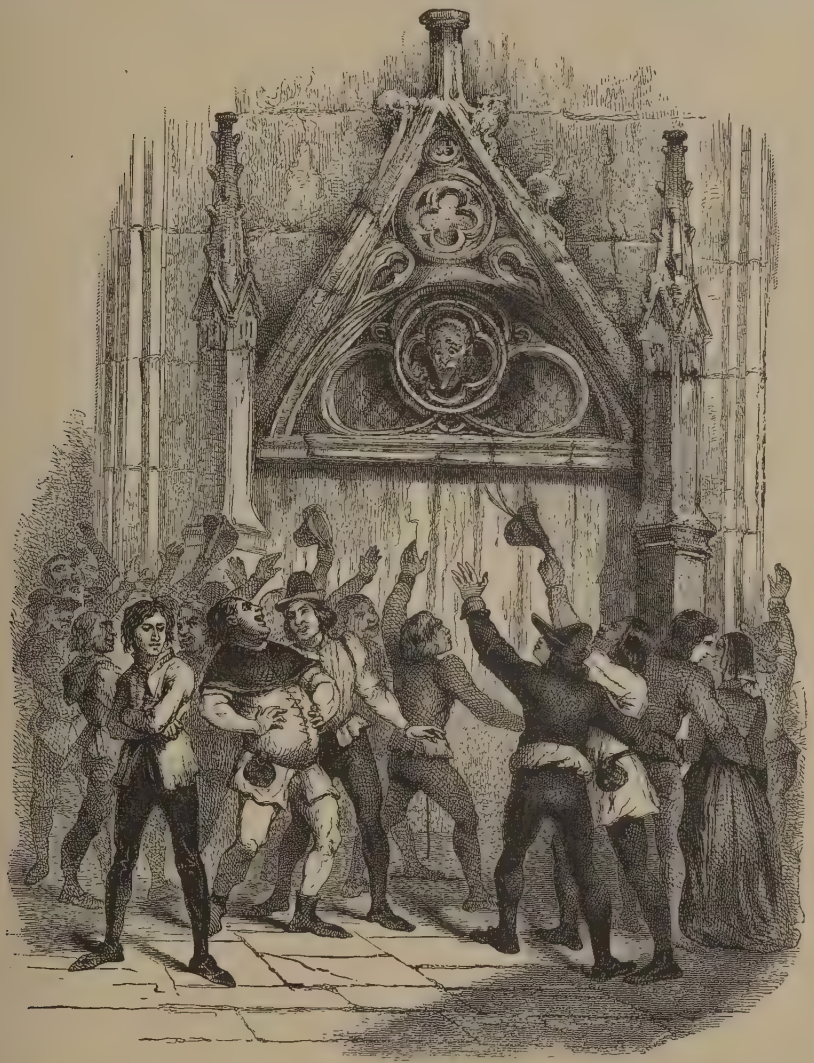
## CHAPTER V

### QUASIMODO

IN the twinkling of an eye, everything was ready for putting Coppenole's idea into execution. Townspeople, scholars, and lawyers' clerks had all set themselves to work. The small chapel, situated opposite to the marble table, was fixed upon to be the scene of the grinning match. The glass being broken out of one of the divisions of the pretty rose-shaped window over the door-way, left open a circle of stone through which it was agreed that the candidates should pass their heads. To get up to it they had only to climb upon two casks which had been laid hold of somewhere or other, and set one upon another anyhow. It was settled that each candidate, whether man or woman (for they might make a she-pope), in order to leave fresh and entire the impression of their grin, should cover their face and keep themselves unseen in the chapel until the moment of making their appearance at the hole. In a moment the chapel was filled with competitors, and the door was closed upon them.

Coppenole, from his place in the gallery, ordered everything, directed everything, arranged everything. During the noisy applause which followed his proposal, the cardinal, no less out of countenance than Gringoire himself, had, on pretext of business, and of the hour of vespers, retired with all his suite; while the crowd, among whom his arrival had caused so strong a sensation, seemed not to be in the slightest degree interested by his departure. Guillaume Rym was the only one who remarked the discomfiture of his eminence. The popular attention, like the sun, pursued its revolution; after setting out at one end of the hall, it had stayed for awhile at the middle of it, and was now at the other end. The marble table, the brocaded gallery, had each had its season of interest; and it was now the turn of Louis XI.'s chapel. The field was henceforward clear for every sort of extravagance; the Flemings and the mob had it all to themselves.

The grinning commenced. The first face that appeared at the hole, with eyelids turned up with red, a mouth gaping like the gullet of an ox, and a forehead wrinkled in large folds like our hussar boots in the



time of the Empire, excited such an inextinguishable burst of laughter, that Homer would have taken all those boors for gods. Nevertheless, the Great Hall was anything but an Olympus, as no one could better

testify than Gringoire's own poor Jupiter. A second face, and a third succeeded—then another—then another—the spectators each time laughing and stamping with their feet with redoubled violence. There was in this spectacle a certain peculiar whirling of the brain—a certain power of intoxication and fascination—of which it is difficult to give an idea to a reader of the present day, and the frequenter of our modern drawing-rooms. Imagine a series of visages, presenting in succession every geometrical figure, from the triangle to the trapezium, from the cone to the polyhedron—every human expression, from that of anger to that of lust—every age, from the wrinkles of the new-born infant to those of extreme old age—every religious phantasm, from Faunus to Beelzebub—every animal profile, from the jowl to the beak, from the snout to the muzzle. Figure to yourself all the grotesque heads carved on the Pont-Neuf, those nightmares petrified under the hand of Germain Pilon, taking life and breath, and coming one after another to look you in the face with flaming eyes—all the masks of a Venetian carnival passing successively before your eye-glass—in short, a sort of human kaleidoscope.

The orgie became more and more Flemish. Teniers himself would have given but a very imperfect idea of it. Imagine, if you can, the "battle" of Salvator Rosa bacchanalized. There was no longer any distinction of scholars, ambassadors, townspeople, men, or women. There was now neither Clopin Trouillefou, nor Giles Lecornu, nor Marie Quatre-Livres, nor Robin Poussepain. All was confounded in the common license. The Great Hall had become, as it were, one vast furnace of audacity and joviality, in which every mouth was a shout, every eye a flash, every face a grin, every figure a gesticulation—all was bellowing and roaring. The strange visages that came one after another to grind their teeth at the broken window, were like so many fresh brands cast upon the fire; and from all that effervescent multitude there escaped, as the exhalation of the furnace, a humming noise, shrill, sharp, hissing, like the wings of ten thousand gnats.

"Curse me," cries one, "if ever I saw anything like that."

"Only look at that face," cries another.

"It's good for nothing."

"Let's have another."

"Guillemette Maugerepuis, just look at that pretty bull's head—it wants nothing but horns. It can't be thy husband."

"Here comes another."

"Bless the pope! what sort of a grin's that."

"Hollo! that's not fair. You must show nothing but your face."

"That devil, Perette Calebotte! That must be one of her tricks."

"Noël! noël!"

"Oh! I'm smothered!"

"There's one that can't get his ears through"—etc., etc.

We must, however, do justice to our friend Jehan. In the midst of this infernal revel, he was still to be seen at the top of his pillar like a ship-boy on the fore-top. He was exerting himself with incredible fury. His mouth was wide open, and there issued from it a cry which, however, was not audible—not that it was drowned by the general clamor, all intense as that was—but because, no doubt, it attained the utmost limit of perceptible sharp sounds, of the twelve thousand vibrations of Sauveur, or the eight thousand of Biot.

As for Gringoire—as soon as the first moment of depression was over, he had resumed his self-possession. He had hardened himself against adversity. "Go on," he had said for the third time to his players—"go on, you talking machines," then pacing with great strides before the marble table, he felt some temptation to go and take his turn at the hole in the chapel-window, if only to have the pleasure of making faces at the ungrateful people. "But no—that would be unworthy of us—no revenge—let us struggle to the last," muttered he to himself—"the power of poetry over the people is great—I will bring them back. We will see which of the two shall prevail—grinning, or literature."

Alas! he was left the sole spectator of his piece.

This was worse than before; for he now saw nothing but backs.

We mistake. The big, patient man whom he had already consulted at one critical moment, had remained with his face toward the stage; as for Gisquette and Liénarde, they had deserted long ago.

Gringoire was touched to the soul by the fidelity of his only remaining spectator; he went up to and accosted him, giving him at the same time a slight shake of the arm, for the good man had leaned himself against the balustrade, and was taking a gentle nap.

"Sir," said Gringoire, "I thank you."

"Sir," answered the big man with a yawn, "what for?"

"I see what annoys you," returned the poet; "all that noise prevents you from hearing as you could wish; but make yourself easy—your name shall go down to posterity. Will you please to favor me with your name?"

"Renauld Château, seal-keeper of the Châtelet of Paris, at your service."

"Monsieur," said Gringoire, "you are here the sole representative of the Muses."

"You are too polite, monsieur," answered the seal-keeper of the Châtelet.

"You are the only one," continued Gringoire, "who has given suitable attention to the piece. What do you think of it?"

"Why—why," returned the portly magistrate, but half awake—"it's very diverting indeed."

Gringoire was obliged to content himself with this eulogy; for a thunder of applause, mingled with a prodigious exclamation, cut short their conversation. The fool's pope was at last elected.

"Noël! noël! noël!" cried the people from all sides.

It was indeed a miraculous grin that now beamed through the circular aperture. After all the figures, pentagonal, hexagonal, and heteroclite, which had succeeded each other at the round hole, without realizing that idea of the grotesque which had formed itself in the imagination of the people excited by the orgie, it required nothing less to gain their suffrages than the sublime grin which had just dazzled the assemblage. Master Coppenole himself applauded; and Clopin Trouillefou, who had been a candidate (and God knows his visage could attain an intensity of ugliness) acknowledged himself to be outdone. We shall do likewise. We shall not attempt to give the reader an idea of that tetrahedron nose—that horse-shoe mouth—that small left eye overshadowed by a red bushy brow, while the right eye disappeared entirely under an enormous wart—of those straggling teeth with breaches here and there like the battlements of a fortress—of that horny lip, over which one of those teeth projected like the tusk of an elephant—of that forked chin—and, above all, of the expression diffused over the whole—that mixture of malice, astonishment, and melancholy. Let the reader, if he can, figure to himself this combination.

The acclamation was unanimous; the crowd rushed toward the chapel, and the blessed pope of the fools was led out in triumph. And now the surprise and admiration of the people rose still higher, for they found the wondrous grin to be nothing but his ordinary face.

Or rather his whole person was a grimace. His large head, all bristling with red hair—between his shoulders an enormous hump, to which he had a corresponding projection in front—a framework of thighs and legs, so strangely gone astray that they could touch one another only at the knees, and when viewed in front, looked like two pairs of sickles brought together at the handles—sprawling feet—monstrous hands—and yet, with all that deformity, a certain gait denoting formidable vigor, agility, and courage—a strange exception to the everlasting rule which prescribes that strength, like beauty, shall result from harmony. Such was the pope whom the fools had just chosen.

He looked like a giant that had been broken and awkwardly mended.

When this sort of cyclops appeared on the threshold of the chapel, motionless, squat, and almost as broad as he was high—squared by the base, as a great man has expressed it—the populace, by his coat half red and half violet, figured over with little silver bells, and still more by

the perfection of his ugliness—the populace recognized him at once, and exclaimed with one voice:

"It's Quasimodo the bell ringer! It's Quasimodo the hunchback of Notre-Dame! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the bandy-legged! Noël! noël!"

The poor devil, it seems, had a choice of surnames.

"Look out, women in the family way!" cried the scholars.

"And all that want to be so," added Joannes.

The women, in fact, hid their faces.

"Oh, the horrid baboon!" said one.

"As mischievous as he's ugly," added another.

"It's the devil!" cried a third.

"I've the misfortune to live near Notre-Dame; and at night I hear him prowling in the gutter."

"With the cats."

"He's constantly upon our roofs."

"He casts spells at us down the chimneys."

"The other night he came and grinned at me through my attic window. I thought it was a man. I was in such a fright!"

"I'm sure he goes to meet the witches—he once left a broomstick on my leads."

"Oh, the shocking face of the hunchback!"

"Oh, the horrid creature!"

The men, on the contrary, were delighted, and made great applause.

Quasimodo, the object of the tumult, kept standing in the doorway of the chapel, gloomy and grave, letting himself be admired.

One of the scholars (Robin Poussepain, we believe) came and laughed in his face, rather too near him. Quasimodo quietly took him by the waist and threw him half-a-score yards off among the crowd, without uttering a word.

Master Coppenole, wondering, now went up to him. "Croix-Dieu! Holy Father! why, thou hast the prettiest ugliness I ever saw in my life! Thou wouldst deserve to be pope at Rome as well as at Paris."

So saying, he clapped his hand merrily upon the other's shoulder. Quasimodo stirred not an inch. Coppenole continued:

"Thou art a fellow whom I long to feast with, though it should cost me a dozen of twelve livres tournois. What say'st thou to it?"

Quasimodo made no answer.

"Croix-Dieu!" cried the hosier, "art thou deaf?"

He was indeed deaf.

However, he began to be impatient at Coppenole's motions, and he all at once turned toward him with so formidable a grinding of his teeth, that the Flemish giant recoiled like a bull-dog before a cat.

A circle of terror and respect was then made round the strange personage, the radius of which was at least fifteen geometrical paces. And an old woman explained to Coppenole that Quasimodo was deaf.

"Deaf?" cried the hosier, with his boisterous Flemish laugh "Croix-Dieu! then he's a pope complete!"

"Ha! I know him," cried Jehan, who was at last come down from his capital to have a nearer look at the new pope: "it's my brother the archdeacon's ringer. Good day, Quasimodo."

"What a devil of a man," said Robin Poussepain, who was all bruised with his fall. "He shows himself—and you see he's a hunchback. He walks—and you see he's bow-legged. He looks at you—and you see he's short of an eye. You talk to him—and you find he's deaf. Why, what does the Polyphemus do with his tongue?"

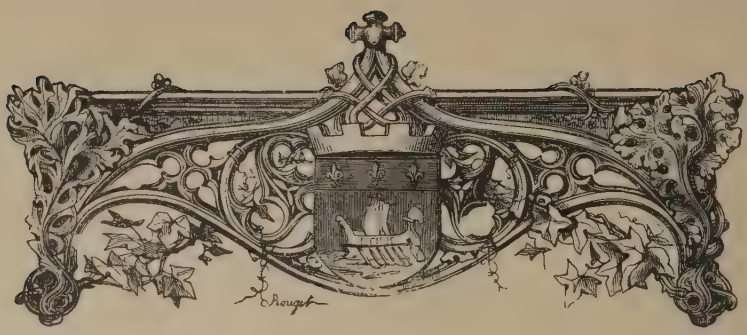
"He talks when he likes," said the old woman. "He's lost his hearing with ringing the bells. He's not dumb."

"No—that is lacking," observed Jehan.

"And he's an eye too many," added Robin Poussepain.

"No, no," said Jehan, judiciously; "a one-eyed man is much more incomplete than a blind man, for he knows what it is that's wanting."

Meanwhile, all the beggars, all the lackeys, all the cutpurses, together with the scholars, had gone in procession to fetch from the wardrobe of the law school, the pasteboard tiara and the mock robe appropriated to the Fools' Pope. Quasimodo allowed himself to be arrayed in them without a frown, and with a sort of proud docility. They then seated him upon a parti-colored litter. Twelve officers of the brotherhood of Fools, laying hold of the poles that were attached to it, hoisted him upon their shoulders; and a sort of bitter and disdainful joy seemed to spread itself over the sullen face of the cyclops when he beheld under his deformed feet all those heads of good-looking and well-shaped men. Then the whole bawling and tattered procession set out to make, according to custom, the internal circuit of the galleries of the Palais, before parading through the streets.



## CHAPTER VI

### ESMERALDA

WE are delighted to have to inform our readers that during all this scene Gringoire and his piece had held out. His actors, goaded on by himself, had not discontinued the enacting of his play, nor had he ceased to listen to it; he had taken his part in the uproar, and was determined to go to the end, not despairing of a return of public attention. This gleam of hope revived when he saw Quasimodo, Coppenole, and the deafening train of the Fools' Pope march with great clamor out of the hall, while the rest of the crowd rushed eagerly after them. "Good!" said he to himself—"there go all the disturbers at last!" But, unfortunately, all the disturbers made the whole assemblage; and in a twinkling the great hall was empty.

It is true there still remained a few spectators, some scattered about, and others grouped around the pillars—women, old men, and children—weary and exhausted with the squeezing and the clamor. A few of the scholars, too, still remained, mounted on the entablature of the windows, and looking out into the Place.

"Well," thought Gringoire, "here are still enow of them to hear the end of my mystery. They are few, but they are a chosen, a lettered audience."

But a moment afterward, a symphony which was to have had the greatest effect at the arrival of the Holy Virgin, was missing. Gringoire discovered that his music had been carried off by the procession of the Fools' Pope. "Pass it over," said he stoically.

He approached a group of townspeople who seemed to him to be talking about his piece, and caught the following fragment of their conversation:

"Master Cheneteau, you know the Hôtel de Navarre, which belonged to Monsieur de Nemours?"

"Oh, yes—opposite the Chapelle de Braque."

"Well—the Government have just let it to Guillaume Alixandre, heraldry-painter, for six livres eight sols parisis a year."

"How rents are rising!"

"So!" said Gringoire, with a sigh—"but the others are listening."

"Comrades!" suddenly cried one of the young fellows at the windows, "*Esmeralda! Esmeralda* in the Place!"

This word produced a magical effect. All who remained in the hall rushed toward the windows, climbing up the walls to see, and repeating, "Esmeralda! Esmeralda!" At the same time was heard a great noise of applauses outside.

"What is the meaning of Esmeralda?" said Gringoire, clasping his hands in despair. "Ah, my God! it seems to be the turn of the windows now!"

He returned toward the marble table, and saw that the performance was interrupted. It was precisely the moment at which Jupiter was to enter with his thunder. But Jupiter remained motionless at the foot of the stage.

"Michel Giborne!" cried the irritated poet, "what are you doing there? is that your part?—go up, I say."

"Alas!" exclaimed Jupiter, "one of the scholars has just taken away the ladder."

Gringoire looked. It was but too true. All communications between his plot and his catastrophe was cut off. "The fellow!" muttered he; "and why did he take that ladder?"

"To go and see Esmeralda," cried Jupiter in a piteous tone. "He came and said, 'Here's a ladder that nobody's using;' and away he went with it."

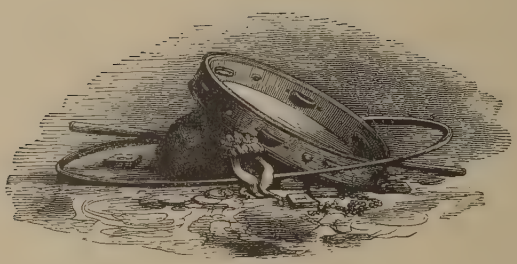
This was the finishing blow. Gringoire received it with resignation.

"The devil take you all!" said he to the players; "and if they pay me, I'll pay you."

Then he made his retreat, hanging his head indeed, but still the last in the field like a general who has fought well.

And as he descended the winding stairs of the Palais, "What a fine drove of asses and dolts are these Parisians!" grumbled he. "They come to hear a mystery, and pay no attention to it. They've attended to everybody else—to Clopin Trouillefou—to the cardinal—to Coppenole—to Quasimodo—to the devil!—but to our Lady, the Virgin, not at all. If I'd known it, I'd have given you Virgin Mary, I dare say, you

wretched cockneys! And then, for me to come here to see faces, and to see nothing but backs!—to be a poet, and have the success of an apothecary! True it is that Homerus begged his bread through the villages of Greece, and that Naso died in exile among the Muscovites. But the devil flay me if I understand what they mean with their Esmeralda. Of what language can that word be?—it must be Egyptian!"



# BOOK II

## CHAPTER I

### FROM CHARYBDIS INTO SCYLLA

THE night comes on early in January. The streets were already growing dark when Gringoire quitted the Palais. This nightfall pleased him; he longed to reach some obscure and solitary alley, that he might there meditate at his ease, and that the philosopher might lay the first unction to the wound of the poet. Besides, philosophy was now his only refuge; for he knew not where to find a lodging for the night. After the signal miscarriage of his first dramatic attempt, he dared not return to that which he occupied in the Rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau, opposite to the Port-au-Foin; having relied upon what the provost was to give him for his epithalamium to enable him to pay to Master Guillaume Doulx-Sire, farmer of the duty upon cloven-footed beasts brought into Paris, the six months' rent which he owed him, that is to say, twelve sols parisis, twelve times the value of all he possessed in the world, including his breeches, his shirt, and his hat. After considering, then, for a moment, provisionally sheltered under the wicket-gate of the prison belonging to the treasurer of the Sainte-Chapelle, as to what place of lodging he should select for the night, all the pavements of Paris being at his service, he recollected

having espied, the week before, in the Rue de la Savaterie, at the door of a counselor to the parliament, a footstone for mounting on mule-back, and having said to himself that this stone might serve upon occasion as an excellent pillow for a beggar or a poet. He thanked Providence for having sent him this happy idea; but as he was preparing to cross the Place du Palais in order to reach t ıe tortuous labyrinth of the City, formed by the windings of all those sister streets, the Rue de la Barillerie, Rue de la Vieille-Draperie, Rue de la Savaterie, Rue de la Juiverie, etc., which are yet standing, with their houses of nine stories, he saw the procession of the Fools' Pope, which was also issuing from the Palais, and rushing across the Court with loud cries, with great glare of torches, and with Gringoire's own band of music. This sight revived his anguish, and he fled away from it. In the bitterness of his dramatic misadventure, everything which recalled to his mind the festival of the day irritated his wound, and made it bleed afresh.

He turned to cross the Pont Saint-Michel, but found boys running up and down it with squibs and crackers.

"A plague on the fireworks!" said Gringoire; and he turned back upon the Pont-au-Change. There were attached to the front of the houses at the entrance of the bridge, three drapels or pieces of painted cloth, representing the king, the dauphin, and Margaret of Flanders; and six smaller pieces or drapelets, on which were portrayed the Duke of Austria, and the Cardinal de Bourbon, and Monsieur de Beaujeu, and Madame Jeanne of France, and Monsieur the bastard of Bourbon, and we know not who besides, all lighted by torches—and a crowd stood admiring them.

"Happy painter, Jehan Fourbault!" said Gringoire with a heavy sigh; and he turned his back upon the drapels and drapelets. A street lay before him; and it seemed so dark and forsaken, that he hoped there to forget all his mental sufferings by escaping every ray of the illuminations, and he plunged down it accordingly. He had not gone far before he struck his foot against some obstacle; he stumbled and fell. It was the bundle of may which the clerks of the law court had placed in the morning at the door of a president of the parliament in honor of the day. Gringoire bore this new accident heroically; he arose, and reached the water-side. After leaving behind him the Tournelle Civile and the Tour Criminelle, and passing along by the great wall of the king's gardens, on that unpaved strand in which he sank to the ankles in mud, he arrived at the western point of the City, and gazed for some time upon the small island of the Passeur-aux-Vaches, which has since disappeared under the brazen horse of the Pont-Neuf. The islet appeared to his eyes in the darkness as a black

mass beyond the narrow stream of whitish water which separated him from it. He could discern upon it, by the rays of a small glimmering light, a sort of hut in the form of a beehive, in which the "ferryman of the cows" sheltered himself during the night.

"Happy ferryman!" thought Gringoire, "thou dreamest not of glory! thou writest not epithalamiums!—what are royal marriages, of Duchesses of Burgundy, to thee! Thou knowest no Marguerites but the daisies which thy April greensward gives thy cows to crop!—while I, a poet, am hooted—and shiver—and owe twelve sous—and my shoe-sole is so transparent that thou mightest use it to glaze thy lantern! I thank thee, ferryman! thy cabin gives rest to my eyes, and makes me forget Paris!"

He was awakened from his almost lyric ecstasy by a great double St. John's rocket, which suddenly issued from the blessed cabin. It was the ferryman himself, taking his share in the festivities of the day, and letting off his firework.

This rocket made Gringoire's hair stand on end.

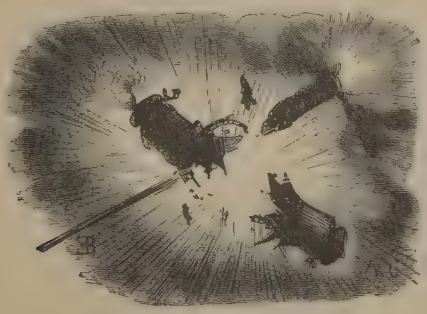
"Oh, cursed holiday!" cried he, "wilt thou follow me everywhere—oh, my God! even to the Ferryman's hut?"

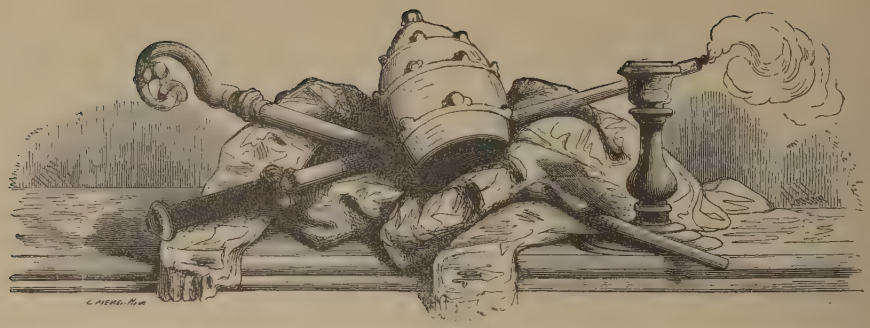
Then he looked upon the Seine at his feet, and felt a horrible temptation.

"Oh!" said he, "how gladly would I drown myself—if the water were not so cold!"

Then he took a desperate resolution. It was—since he found that he could not escape the Fools' Pope, Jehan Fourbault's paintings, the bundles of may, the squibs and the rockets—to plunge boldly into the very heart of the festivities, and go to the Place de Grève.

"At least," thought he, "I shall perhaps get a brand there to warm my fingers; and I shall manage to sup on some morsel from the three great sugar coats of arms that will have been set out there on the public side-board of the town."





## CHAPTER II

### THE PLACE DE GRÈVE

THERE now remains but a very small and scarcely perceptible vestige of the Place de Grève, such as it existed formerly; and that is, the charming turret which occupies the northern angle of the Place, and which, already buried under the ignoble washing which encrusts the delicate lines of its carving, will soon, perhaps have totally disappeared, under that increase of new houses which is so rapidly consuming all the old fronts in Paris.

Those who, like ourselves, never pass over the Place de Grève without casting a look of pity and sympathy on this poor turret, squeezed between two paltry houses of the time of Louis XV., can easily reconstruct in their mind's eye the assemblage of edifices to which it belonged, and thus imagine themselves in the old Gothic Place of the fifteenth century.

It was then, as now, an irregular square, bounded on one side by the quay, and on the three others by a series of lofty houses, narrow and gloomy. In the daytime you might admire the variety of these buildings, all carved in stone or in wood, and already presenting complete specimens of the various kinds of domestic architecture of the Middle Ages, going back from the fifteenth to the eleventh century—from the square-headed window, which was beginning to supersede the ogee, to the circular arch which the ogee had supplanted, and which still occupied underneath it the first story of that ancient house of the Tour-Rolland, or Roland's Tower, at the angle of the Place adjoining to the Seine, on the side of the Rue de la Tannerie. By night, nothing was distinguishable of that mass of buildings but the black indentation of their line of gables, extending its range of acute angles round three sides of the Place. For it is one of the essential differences between

THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.

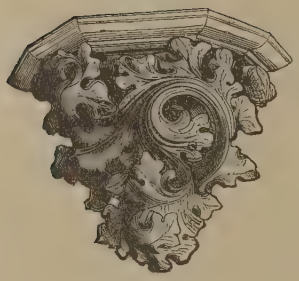
the towns of that day and those of the present, that now it is the fronts of the houses that look to the squares and streets, but then it was the backs. For two centuries past they have been turned fairly around.

In the centre of the Eastern side of the Place rose a heavy and heterogeneous pile formed by three masses of buildings in juxtaposition. The whole was called by three several names, expressing its history, its purpose, and its architecture; the *Maison-au-Dauphin*, or Dauphin's House, because Charles V., when dauphin, had lived in it—the *Marchandise*, because it was used as the Hôtel-de-Ville—and the *Maison-aux-Piliers (domus ad piloria)*, or Pillared House, on account of a series of large pillars which supported its three stories. The town had there all that a good town like Paris wants; a chapel to pray in; a *plaidoyer*, for holding magisterial sittings, and, on occasion, reprimanding the king's officers; and, at the top of all, an arsenal stored with artillery. For the good people of Paris, well knowing that it was not sufficient, in every emergency, to plead and to pray for the franchises of their city, had always in reserve, in the garrets of the Hôtel-de-Ville, some few good rusty arquebusses or other.

La Grève had then that sinister aspect which it still derives from the execrable ideas which it awakens, and from the gloomy-looking Hôtel-de-Ville, of Dominique Bocador's erection, which has taken the place of the Maison-aux-Piliers. It must be observed that a permanent gibbet and pillory, a justice and a ladder, as they were then called, erected side by side in the middle of the square, contributed not a little to make the passenger avert his eyes from this fatal spot, where so many beings in full life and health had suffered their last agony, and which was to give birth, fifty years later, to that *St. Vallier's fever*, as it was called, that terror of the scaffold, the most monstrous of all maladies, because it comes not from God, but man.

It is consolatory, let us say, in passing, to reflect that the punishment of death, which, three centuries back, still encumbered with its iron wheels, with its stone gibbets, with all its apparatus for execution permanently fixed in the ground, the Grève, the Halles, the Place Dauphine, the Croix du Trahoir, the Marché aux Pourceaux, or Hog Market, the hideous Montfauçon, the Barrière des Sergents, the Place aux Chats, the Porte Saint-Denis, Champeaux, the Porte Baudets, the Porte Saint-Jacques,—not to mention the innumerable gibbets of the provosts, of the bishop, of the chapters, of the abbots, of the priors having power of life and death—not to mention the judicial drownings in the River Seine—it is consolatory to reflect that now, after losing, one after another, every piece of her panoply—her profusion of executions—her refined and fanciful torments—her torture, for applying

which she made afresh every five years a bed of leather in the Grand-Châtelet—this old queen of feudal society, nearly thrust out of our laws and of our towns, tracked from code to code, driven from place to place, now possesses, in our vast metropolis of Paris, but one dishonored corner of the Grève—but one miserable guillotine—stealthy—anxious—ashamed—which seems always afraid of being taken in the fact, so quickly does it disappear after giving its blow.



## CHAPTER III

### BESOS PARA GOLPES

WHEN Pierre Gringoire arrived at the Place de Grève, he was in a shiver. He had gone over the Pont-aux Meuniers, or Miller's Bridge, to avoid the crowd on the Pont-aux-Change, and Jehan Fourbault's drapelets; but the wheels of all the bishop's mills had splashed him as he went by, so that his coat was wet through; and he thought that the fate of his piece had rendered him yet more chilly. Accordingly, he hastened toward the bonfire which was burning magnificently in the middle of the Place, but a considerable crowd encircled it.

"You damned Parisians!" said he to himself (for Gringoire, like a true dramatic poet, was subject to monologues) "so, now you keep me from the fire! And yet I've some occasion for a chimney-corner. My shoes let in wet—and then, all those cursed mills have been raining upon me. The devil take the Bishop of Paris with his mills! I wonder what a bishop can do with a mill! Does he expect, from being a bishop, to turn miller? If he only wants my malediction to do so, I heartily give it him, and his cathedral, and his mills! Let us see, now, if any of those cockneys will stand aside. What are they doing there all this while? Warming themselves—a fine pleasure truly! Looking at a hundred logs burning—a fine sight, to be sure!"

On looking nearer, however, he perceived that the circle was much wider than was requisite to warm themselves comfortably at the bonfire, and that this concourse of spectators was not attracted solely by the beauty of a hundred blazing logs.

In a wide space left clear between the fire and the crowd, a young girl was dancing.

Whether she was a human being, a fairy, or an angel was what

Gringoire, sceptical philosopher, and ironical poet as he was, could not at the first moment decide, so much was he fascinated by this dazzling vision.

She was not tall, but the elasticity of her slender shape made her appear so. She was brown; but it was evident that, in the daylight, her complexion would have that golden glow seen upon the women of Andalusia and of Rome. Her small foot, too, was Andalusian; for it was at once tight and easy in its light and graceful shoe. She was dancing, turning, whirling upon an old Persian carpet spread negligently under her feet; and each time that, in turning round, her radiant countenance passed before you, her large black eyes seemed to flash upon you.

Around, every look was fixed upon her, every mouth was open; and, indeed, while she was dancing thus, to the sound of the tambourine which her two round and delicate arms lifted aloft above her head —slender, fragile, brisk, as a wasp in the sunshine—with her golden corset without a plait—her parti-colored skirt inflated—her bare shoulders—her fine-formed legs, of which her dress gave momentary glimpses—her black hair and her sparkling eyes—she looked like something more than human.

"Truly," thought Gringoire, "'tis a salamander—a nymph—a goddess—a bacchante of Mount Mænalus!"

At that moment one of the braids of the salamander's hair came undone, and a small piece of brass that had been attached to it rolled upon the ground.

"Ah! no," said he, "it's a gypsy."

All the illusion had disappeared.

She resumed her dance. She took up from the ground two swords, the points of which she supported upon her forehead, making them turn in one direction while she turned in the other. It was indeed no other than a gypsy. Yet, disenchanted as Gringoire found himself, the scene, taken altogether, was not without its charm, not without its magic. The bonfire cast upon her a red flaring light, which flickered brightly upon the circle of faces of the crowd and the brown forehead of the girl, and, at the extremities of the Place threw a pale reflection, mingled with the wavering of their shadows—on one side, upon the old dark wrinkled front of the Maison-aux-Piliers—on the other, upon the stone arms of the gibbet.

Among the thousand visages which this light tinged with scarlet, there was one which seemed to be more than all the rest absorbed in the contemplation of the dancer. It was the face of a man, austere, calm, and sombre. This man, whose dress was hidden by the crowd

that surrounded him, seemed to be not more than thirty-five years of age; yet he was bald, having only a few thin tufts of hair about his temples, which were already gray; his broad and high forehead was beginning to be furrowed with wrinkles; but in his deep-sunken eyes there shone an extraordinary youth, an ardent life, a depth of passion.

He kept them constantly fixed upon the gypsy; and while the sportive girl of sixteen was dancing and bounding to the delight of all, his reverie seemed to grow more and more gloomy. From time to time a smile and a sigh encountered each other on his lips, but the smile was yet more dismal than the sigh.

The girl, having at length danced herself quite out of breath, stopped, and the people applauded with loudness.

"Djali!" cried the gypsy.

Gringoire then saw come up to her a little white she-goat, lively, brisk, and glossy, with gilt horns, gilt feet, and a gilt collar, which he had not before observed; as, until that moment it had been lying squat upon one corner of the carpet, looking at his mistress dance.

"Djali," said the dancer, "it's your turn now;" and sitting down, she gracefully held out her tambourine to the goat. "Djali," she continued, "what month of the year is this?"

The animal lifted its fore foot and struck one stroke upon the tambourine. It was, in fact, the first month of the year. The crowd applauded.

"Djali!" resumed the girl, turning her tambourine another way, "what day of the month is it?"

Djali lifted her little golden foot, and struck six times upon the tambourine.

"Djali!" said the gypsy, each time altering the position of the tambourine, "what hour of the day is it?"

Djali struck seven strokes, and at that very moment the clock of the Maison-aux-Pilliers struck seven.

The people were wonderstruck.

"There is witchcraft in all that," said a sinister voice in the crowd. It was that of the bald man who had his eyes constantly upon the gypsy.

She shuddered and turned away. But the plaudits burst forth and smothered the sullen exclamation.

Indeed, they so completely effaced it from her mind, that she continued to interrogate her goat.

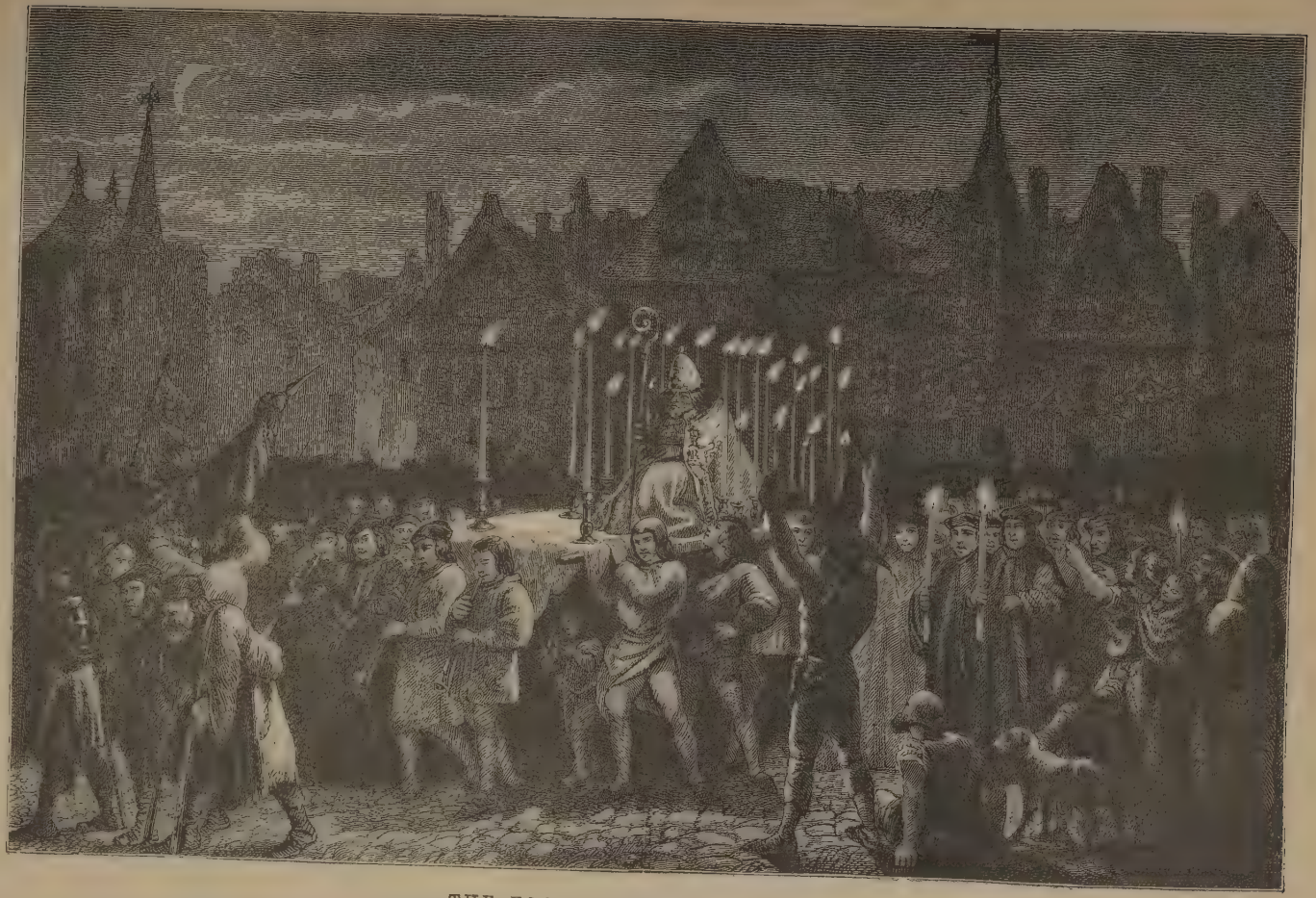
"Djali!" said she, "how does Master Guichard Grand-Remy, captain of the town pistoliers, go in the procession at Candlemas?"

Djali reared up on her hind legs and began to bleat, marching at the same time with so seemly a gravity, that the whole circle of spectators burst into a laugh at this mimicry of the interested devotion of the captain of pistoliers.

"Djali!" resumed the girl, emboldened by this increased success, "how does Master Jacques Charmolue, the king's proctor, in the ecclesiastical court—how does he preach?"

The goat sat down upon her posteriors and began to bleat, shaking its fore-paws after so strange a fashion, that, with the exception of the bad French and worse Latin of the preacher, it was Jacques Charmolue to the life, gesture, accent, and attitude; and the crowd applauded with all their might.

"Sacrilege! profanation!" cried the voice of the bald-headed man.



THE FOOL'S POPE PROCESSION.

The gypsy turned away once more.

"Ah!" said she, "it's that odious man!" Then putting out her lower lip beyond her upper, she made a little pouting grimace which seemed familiar to her, turned upon her heel, and began to collect in her tambourine the contributions of the multitude.

All sorts of small coins, grands blancs, petits blancs, targes, eagle liards, were now showered upon her. In taking her round, she all at once came before Gringoire; and as he, in perfect absence of mind, put his hand into his pocket, she stopped, expecting something. "The devil!" exclaimed the poet, finding at the bottom of his pocket the reality, that is to say, nothing at all; the pretty girl standing before him all the while, looking at him with her large eyes, holding out her tambourine, and waiting. Gringoire perspired profusely.

Had all Peru been in his pocket, he would assuredly have given it to the dancer; but Gringoire had not Peru in his pocket—nor, indeed, was America yet discovered.

Fortunately an unexpected incident came to his relief.

"Wilt thou be gone, thou Egyptian locust?" cried a harsh voice from the darkest corner of the Place.

The girl turned away affrighted. This was not the voice of the bald-headed man; it was the voice of a woman—it was a tone, too, of bigotry and of malice.

However, this cry, which frightened the gypsy, highly delighted a troop of children that were rambling about there.

"It's the recluse of the Tour-Rolland," cried they with inordinate bursts of laughter—"its the *Sachette* that's scolding. Hasn't she had her supper? Let's carry her something from the town sideboard."

And they all ran toward the Maison-aux-Piliers.

Meanwhile, Gringoire availed himself of this disturbance of the dancer to disappear among the crowd. The shouts of the children reminded him that he too had not supped. He therefore hastened to the public buffet or sideboard. But the little rogues had better legs than he, and when he arrived they had cleared the table. They had not even left one wretched *camichon* at five sous the pound. There was nothing now against the wall, but the light fleur-de-lys intermingled with rose-trees painted there in 1434 by Mathieu Biterne; and they offered but a meagre supper.

'Tis an unpleasant thing, after going without one's dinner, to go to bed supperless. 'Tis less gratifying still to go without one's supper, and not know where to go to bed. Yet so it was with Gringoire. Without food, without lodging, he found himself pressed by Necessity on every side, and he thought Necessity very un-

gracious. He had long discovered this truth—that Jupiter created man in a fit of misanthropy, and that throughout the life of the wisest man his destiny keeps his philosophy in a state of siege. For his own part, he had never found the blockade so complete. He heard his stomach sound a surrender, and he thought it very ill ordained, that his evil destiny should reduce his philosophy by simple starvation.

He was sinking more and more deeply into this melancholy reverie, when he was suddenly startled from it by the sound of a fantastically warbling voice. It was the young gypsy singing.

Her voice had the same character as her dance and as her beauty. It had an undefinable charm—something clear, sonorous, aërial—winged, as it were. There was a continued succession of swells, of melodies, of unexpected falls—then simple strains, interspersed with sharp and whistling notes—then a running over the gamut that would have bewildered a nightingale, yet ever harmonious—then soft octave undulations which rose and fell like the bosom of the youthful song-stress. The expression of her fine countenance followed with singular flexibility every capricious variation of her song, from the wildest inspiration to the most chastened dignity. She seemed now all frolic, and now all majesty.

The words that she sang were in Spanish, a language unintelligible to Gringoire, and which seemed to be unknown to herself, so little did the expression which she gave in singing correspond with the sense of the words. For instance, she gave these four lines, from an old ballad of the time of the Moors, with the most sportive gayety:

Un cofre de gran riqueza
Hallaron dentro un pilar;
Dentro del, nuevas banderas
Con figuras de espantar.

And then a moment after, at the tone which she gave to this stanza—

Alarabes de cavallo
Sin poderse menear,
Con espadas, y a los cuellos
Ballestas de buen echar.

Gringoire felt the tears come to his eyes. Yet joyfulness predominated in her tones, and she seemed to warble, like a bird, from pure lightness of her heart.

The gypsy's song had disturbed Gringoire's reverie, but it was as the swan disturbs the water. He listened to it with a sort of ravishment

and forgetfulness of everything else. It was the first moment, for several hours, in which he felt no suffering.

The moment was a short one.

The same female voice which had interrupted the gypsy's dance, now interrupted her song.

"Wilt thou be silent, thou hell cricket?" it cried, still from the same dark corner of the Place.

The poor cricket stopped short, and Gringoire stopped his ears.

"Oh!" he cried, "thou cursed, broken-toothed hag, that comest to break the lyre!"

The rest of the bystanders murmured like himself. "The devil

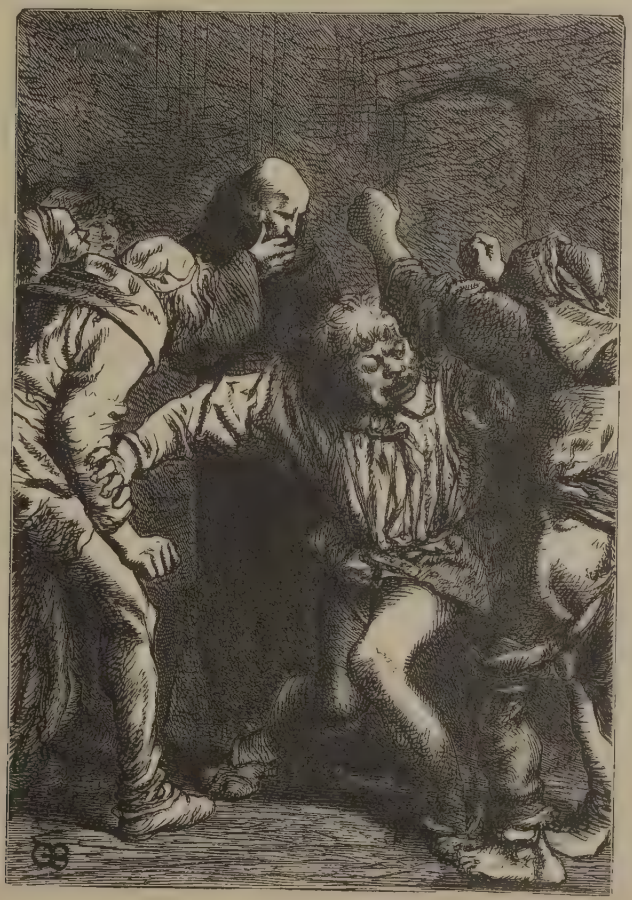
take the Sachette!" cried some of them. And the old invisible disturber might have found cause to repent of her attacks upon the gypsy had not their attention been diverted at that moment by the procession of the Fools' Pope, which, after traversing many a street, was now debouching upon the Place de Grève, with all its torches and all its clamor.

The procession, which our readers have seen take its departure from the Palais, had organized itself on the way, and been recruited with all the ragamuffins, the unemployed thieves, and disposable vagabonds in Paris, so that when it reached the Grève it presented a most respectable aspect.

First of all marched the tribes of Egypt. The Duke of Egypt was at their head, with his counts on foot, holding his bridle and stirrup; behind them came the Egyptians, men and women, pell-mell, with their little children squalling upon their shoulders; all of them, duke, counts, and people, covered with rags and tinsel. Then followed the kingdom of Argot, that is, all the thieves in France, arranged in bands according to the order of their dignities, the lowest walking first. Thus marched on, four abreast, with the different insignia of their degrees in this strange faculty, most of them crippled—some limping, some with only one hand—the contraux de boutanche, the coquillarts, the hubins, the sabouleux, the calots, the francmitoux, the polissons, the piètres, the capons, the malingreux, the rifodés, the marcandiers, the narquois, the orphelins, the archisuppôts, the cagoux—denominations enough to have wearied Homer himself to enumerate. It was with some difficulty that you could discern, in the centre of the band of cagoux and archisuppôts, the King of Argot himself, the grand-coësre, as he was called, sitting squat in a little wagon drawn by two large dogs. After the Kingdom of the Argotiers came the empire of Galilee. Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of the empire of Galilee, walked majestically in his robe of purple stained with wine, preceded by mummers dancing warlike dances, and surrounded by his mace-bearers, his suppôts, and the clerks of the chamber of accounts. Lastly came the members of the basoche, with their garlanded may-poles, their black gowns, their music, worthy of a witches' meeting, and their great candles of yellow wax. In the centre of this latter crowd, the great officers of the brotherhood of Fools bore upon their shoulders a brancard, or chair carried upon poles, more loaded with wax-tapers than was the shrine of Ste. Geneviève in time of pestilence; and upon this chair shone, crosiered, coped, and mitred, the new Fools' Pope, the ringer of Notre-Dame, Quasimodo the hunchback.

Each division of this grotesque procession had its particular music.

The Egyptians sounded their balafos and their African tambourines. The Argotiers, a very unmusical race, had advanced no further than the viol, the racus-horn, and the Gothic rubebbe of the twelfth century. The empire of Galilee had not made much greater progress. You could but just distinguish in its music some wretched rebeck of the infancy



of the art still confined to the re, la, mi. But it was around the Fools' Pope that were displayed, in magnificent discordance, all the musical riches of the age; there were rebeck trebles, rebeck tenors, and rebeck counter-tenors; not to mention the flutes and the brasses. Alas! our readers will recollect that it was poor Gringoire's orchestra.

It is not easy to give an idea of the expression of proud and beatific

satisfaction, to which the melancholy and hideous visage of Quasimodo had attained in the journey from the Palais to the Grève. It was the first feeling of self-love that he had ever enjoyed. He had hitherto experienced nothing but humiliation, disdain for his condition, disgust for his person. So that, deaf as he was, he nevertheless relished, like a true pope, the acclamations of that crowd whom he hated because he felt himself hated by them. What though his people were a people of fools, and assemblage of cripples, thieves and beggars—still they were a people, and he was a sovereign. And he took in earnest all the ironical applause and mock reverence which they gave him; with which, at the same time, we must not forget to observe that there was mingled, in the minds of the crowd, a degree of fear perfectly real; for the hunchback was strong; though bow-legged, he was active; though deaf, he was malicious—three qualities which have the effect of moderating ridicule.

However, that the new Pope of the Fools analyzed the feelings which he experienced, and those which he inspired, we by no means imagine. The spirit that was lodged in that misshapen body, was necessarily itself incomplete and dull of hearing; so that what it felt at that moment was to itself absolutely vague, indistinct, and confused. Only, joy beamed through, and pride predominated. Around that dismal and unhappy countenance there was a perfect radiance.

It was, therefore, not without surprise and dread that all at once, at the moment when Quasimodo, in that state of demi-intoxication, was passing triumphantly before the Maison-aux-Piliers, a man was seen to issue from the crowd, and, with an angry gesture, snatch from his hands his crozier of gilt wood, the ensign of his mock papacy.

The person who had this temerity was the man with the bald forehead, who, the moment before, standing in the crowd that encircled the gypsy, had chilled the poor girl's blood with his words of menace and hatred. He was in an ecclesiastical dress. The moment he stood forth from the crowd, he was recognized by Gringoire, who had not before observed him.

"What!" said he, with a cry of astonishment. "Why, 'tis my master in Hermes, Dom Claude Frollo, the archdeacon! What the devil can he want with that one-eyed brute? He's going to get himself devoured!"

Indeed, a cry of terror proceeded from the multitude. The formidable Quasimodo had leaped down from his chair; and the women turned away their eyes, that they might not see him tear the archdeacon to pieces.

He made one bound up to the priest, looked in his face, and then fell upon his knees, before him.

The priest snatched his tiara from his head, broke his crozier, and rent his tinsel cope.

Quasimodo remained upon his knees, bowed down his head, and clasped his hands.

They then entered into a strange dialogue of signs and gestures, for neither of them uttered a word; the priest erect, angry, threatening, imperious; Quasimodo, prostrate, humble, suppliant. And yet it is certain that Quasimodo could have crushed the priest with a single gripe.

At last the priest, roughly shaking Quasimodo's powerful shoulder, made him a sign to rise and follow him, and Quasimodo rose accordingly.

Then the brotherhood of Fools, their first amazement being over, offered to defend their pope, thus abruptly dethroned. The Egyptians, the Argotiers, and all the Basoche, came yelping round the priest.

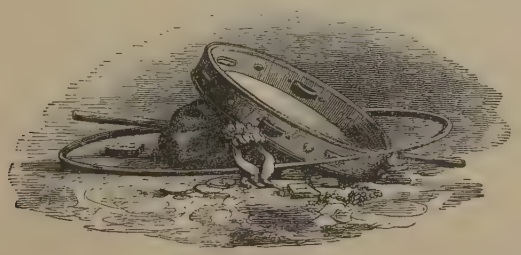
But Quasimodo, placing himself before the priest, put the muscles of his athletic fists in play, and faced the assailants, gnashing his teeth like an enraged tiger.

The priest resumed his sombre gravity, made a sign to Quasimodo and withdrew in silence. Quasimodo walked before him, scattering the crowd as he passed along.

When they had made their way through the populace and across the Place, the mob of the curious and the idle offered to follow them. Quasimodo then placed himself in the rear, and followed the archdeacon backwards, looking squat, snarling, monstrous, shaggy, gathering up his limbs, licking his tusks, growling like a wild beast, and impressing immense vibrations on the crowd by a mere look or gesture.

At length they both plunged down a dark, narrow street, into which no one ventured after them; so effectually was its entrance barred by the mere image of Quasimodo gnashing his teeth.

"All this is wonderful enough," said Gringoire to himself, "but where the devil shall I find a supper?"



## CHAPTER IV

### THE DANGER OF FOLLOWING A PRETTY WOMAN IN THE STREETS BY NIGHT

GRINGOIRE, at a venture, had set himself to follow the gypsy girl. He had seen her, with her goat, turn down the Rue de la Contellerie; and, accordingly he turned into the Rue de la Contellerie likewise.

"Why not?" said he to himself.

As a practical philosopher of the streets of Paris, Gringoire had remarked that nothing is more favorable to a state of reverie than to follow a pretty woman without knowing whither she is going. In this voluntary abdication of one's free-will—in this fancy subjecting itself to the fancy of another, while that other is totally unconscious of it—there is a mixture of fantastic independence with blind obedience, a something intermediate between slavery and freedom, which was pleasing to the mind of Gringoire, a mind essentially mixed, undecided, and complex—holding the end between all extremes—in constant suspense amongst all human propensities and neutralizing one of them by another. He likened himself with satisfaction to the tomb of Mahomet, attracted by the two loadstones in opposite directions, and hesitating eternally between the top and the bottom, between the roof and the pavement, between fall and ascension, between the zenith and the nadir.

Had Gringoire been living in our time, what a fine middle course he would have kept between the classic and the romantic!

But he was not primitive enough to live three hundred years; and 'tis really a pity. His absence leaves a void which, in these days of ours, is but too sensibly felt.

However, for thus following the passengers through the streets, especially the female ones, which Gringoire readily did, there is

THE RESCUE OF ESMERALDA.

nothing that better disposes a man than not to know where to go to bed.

He walked along, therefore, all pensive, behind the young girl, who quickened her step, making her pretty little goat trot beside her, as she saw the townspeople reaching home, and the taverns shutting up, the only shops that had been opened that day.

"After all," he half thought to himself, "she must have a lodging somewhere—the gypsy women have good hearts—who knows?"

And there were in the points of suspension about which he went on weaving this web in his mind, certain very flattering ideas.

Meanwhile, at intervals, as he passed by the last groups of townsfolk closing their doors, he caught some fragment of their conversation which snapped the thread of his pleasing hypotheses.

Now, it was two old men accosting each other.

"Master Thibaut Fernicle, do you know it's very cold?"

(Gringoire had known it ever since the winter had set in.)

"Yes, indeed, Master Boniface Disome. Are we going to have such a winter as we had three years ago, in the year '80, when wood rose to eight sols a load, think you!"

"Bah! it's nothing at all, Master Thibaut, to the winter of 1407, when it froze from Martinmas to Candlemas—and so sharp that the ink in the pen in the hands of the registrar of parliament froze, in the Great Chamber, at every three words—which interrupted the registering of the judgments!"

Then farther on, there were two good women talking to each other through their windows, with candles in their hands that glimmered through the fog.

"Has your husband told you of the mishap, Mademoiselle la Boudraque?"

"No, Mademoiselle Turquant, what is it?"

"The horse of Monsieur Giles Godin, notary at the Châtelet took fright at the Flemings and their procession, and ran over Master Philipot Avrillot, lay-brother of the Celestines."

"Did it, indeed?"

"Yes, indeed."

"A paltry hack-horse, too! That was rather too bad—had it been a cavalry horse, now, it would not have been so much amiss."

And the windows were shut again. But Gringoire had completely lost the thread of his ideas.

Luckily, he soon found it again, and easily pieced it together, at the sight of the gypsy girl and of Djali, who were still trotting on before him, two slender, delicate, and charming creatures, whose small feet,

pretty figures, and graceful motions he gazed at with admiration, almost confounding them together in his contemplation; their common intelligence and mutual affection seeming those of two young girls; while for their light, quick, graceful step, they might have been both young kids.

Meanwhile, the streets were every moment becoming darker and more solitary. The curfew had long ceased to ring, and now it was only at long intervals that a person passed you on the pavement, or a light was to be seen at a window. Gringoire, in following the gypsy, had involved himself in that inextricable labyrinth of alleys, courts, and crossings, which surround the ancient sepulchre of the Holy Innocents, and may be compared to a skein of thread tangled by a kitten. "Very illogical streets, in truth!" muttered Gringoire, quite lost in the thousand windings which seemed to be everlastingly turning back upon themselves, but through which the girl followed a track that seemed to be well known to her, and with a pace of increasing rapidity. For his own part, he would have been perfectly ignorant as to his whereabouts, had he not observed, at the bend of a street, the octagonal mass of the pillory of the Halles, the perforated top of which traced its dark outline upon a solitary patch of light yet visible in a window of the Rue Verdelet.

A few minutes before, his step had attracted the girl's attention: she had several times turned her head toward him, as if with uneasiness: once, too, she had stopped short; had availed herself of a ray of light that escaped from a half-open bakehouse, to survey him steadily from head to foot; then, when she had taken that glance, Gringoire had observed her make that little mow which he had already remarked, and she had gone on without more ado.

The same little mow furnished Gringoire with a subject of reflection. There certainly was disdain and mockery in that pretty little grimace. So that he was beginning to hang down his head, to count the paving-stones, and to follow the girl at a rather greater distance; when, just after she had made a turn into a street which took her for a moment out of his sight, he heard her utter a piercing shriek.

He quickened his pace.

The street was quite dark. However, a twist of tow steeped in oil, which was burning in a sort of iron cage, at the foot of a statue of the Virgin, at the corner of the street, enabled Gringoire to discern the gypsy struggling in the arms of two men, who were endeavoring to stifle her cries, while the poor little goat, all wild with affright, lowered its horns, bleating.

"Hither! hither! gentlemen of the watch!" cried Gringoire; and

he advanced bravely. One of the men who had laid hold of the girl, turned toward him. It was the formidable visage of Quasimodo.

Gringoire did not fly—but he did not advance another step.

Quasimodo came up to him, threw him four paces off upon the pavement with a backstroke of his hand, and plunged rapidly into the darkness, bearing off the girl on his arm like a silken scarf. His companion followed him, and the poor goat ran behind with its plaintive bleat.

"Murder! murder!" cried the unfortunate gypsy.

"Stand, there! you scoundrels! and let that wench go!" was all at once heard in a voice of thunder, from a horseman, who suddenly made his appearance from the neighboring crossway.

It was a captain of the archers of the royal household, armed cap-à-pie, with his great two-edged sword in his hand.

He snatched the gypsy from the grasp of the amazed Quasimodo; laid her across his saddle; and, at the moment when the redoubtable hunchback, having recovered from his surprise, was rushing upon him

to seize his prey a second time, fifteen or sixteen archers, who followed close upon their captain, made their appearance, broadsword in hand. They were a detachment going the counter-watch, by order of Messire Robert d'Estouteville, keeper of the provostry of Paris.

Quasimodo was surrounded, seized, and bound. He roared, he foamed, he bit; and had it been daylight, no doubt his visage alone, rendered yet more hideous by rage, would have put the whole detachment to flight. But, being in the dark, he was disarmed of his most formidable weapon, his ugliness.

His companion had disappeared during the struggle.

The gypsy girl gracefully gained her seat upon the officer's saddle; leaned both her hands upon the young man's shoulders, and looked fixedly at him for a few seconds, as if delighted with his fine countenance and the effectual succor he had rendered her. Then speaking first, and making her sweet voice still sweeter, she said to him:

"Monsieur le gendarme, what is your name?"

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, at your service, my fair one," said the officer, drawing himself up.

"Thank you," said she.

And while Captain Phœbus was curling his moustache *à la Bourguignonne*, she glided down from the horse like an arrow falling to the ground, and fled.

A flash of lightning would have vanished less quickly.

"*Nombril du Pape!*" exclaimed the captain, while he made them tighten the bands upon the limbs of Quasimodo, "I'd rather have kept the wench."

"Why, captain," said one of the gendarmes, "What would you have? The linnet is flown—we've made sure of the bat."

## CHAPTER V

### SEQUEL OF THE DANGERS

GRINGOIRE, quite stunned with his fall, had remained stretched upon the pavement before the good Virgin of the corner of the street. By degrees, however, he recovered his senses. At first, he was for some minutes in a sort of half-somnolent reverie, which was not altogether disagreeable, and in which the airy figures of the gypsy and the goat were confounded in his imagination with the weight of Quasimodo's fist. This state of his feelings, however, was of short duration. A very lively impression of cold upon that part of his body which was in contact with the ground, suddenly awoke him, and brought back his mind to the surface.

"Whence is this coolness that I feel?" said he hastily to himself. He then perceived that he lay somewhere about the middle of the gutter.

"The devil take the humpbacked Cyclops!" grumbled he, and he strove to get up. But he was too much stunned and too much bruised; so that he was forced to remain where he was. Having, however, the free use of his hand, he stopped his nose, and resigned himself to his situation.

"The mud of Paris," thought he (for he now believed it to be decided that the kennel was to be his lodging:

Et que faire en un gite à moins que l'on ne songe?)

"the mud of Paris is particularly offensive. It must contain a large proportion of volatile and nitrous salts. Such, too, is the opinion of Master Nicholas Flamel and the hermetics."

This word hermetics reminded him of the Archdeacon Claude Frollo. He reflected on the scene of violence of which he had just before had a glimpse; that he had seen the gypsy struggling between two men; that Quasimodo had a companion with him; and the stern

and haughty countenance of the archdeacon floated confusedly in his recollection. "That would be strange," thought he; and then, with this datum and upon this basis, he began to rear the fantastic framework of hypothesis, that house of cards of the philosophers; then suddenly returning once more to reality, "Oh, I freeze!" he cried.

The position was fast becoming less and less tenable. Each particle of water in the channel carried off a particle of caloric from the loins of Gringoire; and an equality of temperature between his body and the fluid that ran under it was beginning to establish itself without mercy.

All at once he was assailed by an annoyance of quite a different nature.

A troop of children, of those little barefooted savages that have in all times run about the streets of Paris, with the everlasting name of gamins, and who, when we were children also, used to throw stones at us all as we were leaving school in the evening, because our trousers were not torn,—a swarm of these young rogues ran to the cross-way where Gringoire was lying, laughing and shouting in a manner that showed very little concern about the sleep of the neighbors. They were dragging after them some sort of a shapeless pack; and the noise of their wooden shoes alone was enough to waken the dead. Gringoire, who was not quite dead yet, half raised himself up.

"Hollo! Hennequin Dandèche! Hollo! Jehan Pincebourde!" cried they as loud as they could bawl; "old Eustache Moubon, the old iron-seller at the corner is just dead. We've got his straw mattress, and we're going to make a bonfire with it. This is the Flemings' day!"

And so saying they threw down the mattress precisely upon Gringoire, whom they had come up to without perceiving him. At the same time one of them took a handful of straw, and went to light it at the Blessed Virgin's torch.

"*S'death!*" muttered Gringoire, "am I now going to be too hot?"

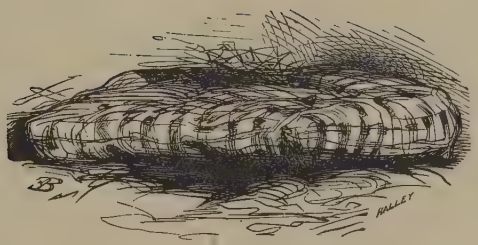
The moment was critical. He was about to be fixed between fire and water. He made a supernatural effort, such as a coiner might have made in trying to escape when they were going to boil him to death. He rose up, threw back the mattress upon the gamins, and took to his heels.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the boys, "it's the old iron-seller's ghost!"

"And they, too, ran away."

The mattress remained master of the field. Those judicious historians, Belleforêt, Father Le Juge, and Corrozet, assure us that the next morning it was taken up with great solemnity by the clergy of that part of the town, and carried in great pomp to the treasury of

Sainte-Opportune's Church; where until the year 1789, the sacristan drew a very handsome income from the great miracle worked by the statue of the Virgin at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, which by its presence alone, in the memorable night between the 6th and the 7th of January, 1482, had exorcised the deceased Eustache Moubon, who to cheat the devil, had, when dying, slyly hidden his soul within his mattress.

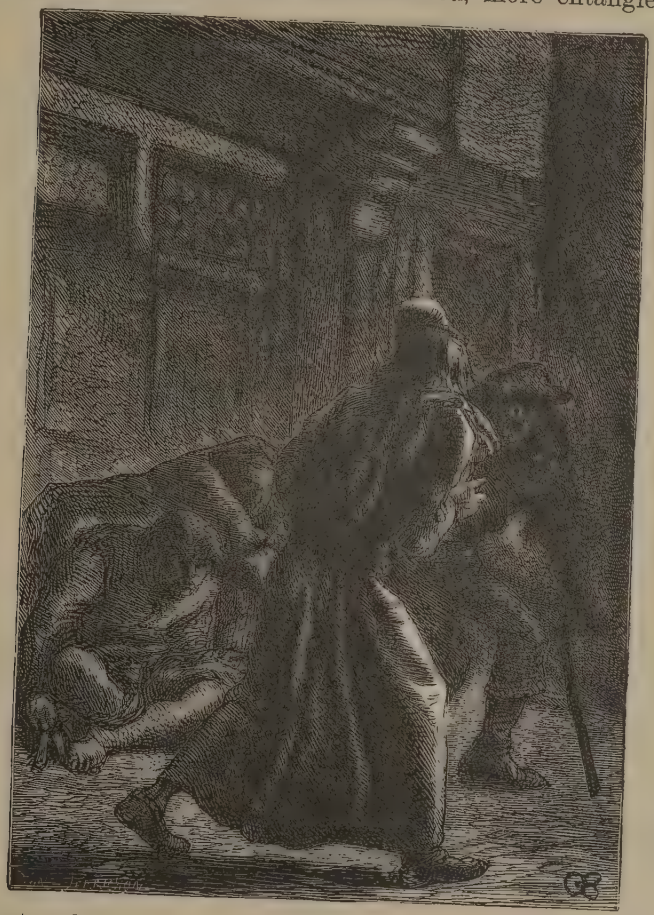


## CHAPTER VI

### THE BROKEN PITCHER

AFTER running for sometime as fast as his legs would carry him, without knowing whither, knocking against many a corner, striding over many a gutter, traversing many a court and blind alley, seeking flight and passage through all the meanders of the old pavement of the Halles, exploring what are called in the elegant Latin of the charters *tota via, cheminum, et viaria*, our poet all at once made a halt, first because he was out of breath, and then because he was seized by a dilemma, which had suddenly arisen in his mind. "It seems to me, Master Pierre Gringoire," said he to himself, applying his finger to his forehead, "that you are running all this while like a brainless fellow. The little rogues were no less afraid of you than you were of them—it seems to me, I say, that you heard the clatter of their wooden shoes running away southward while you were running away northward. Now, one of two things must have taken place; either they have run away, and then the mattress which they must have forgotten in their fright is precisely that hospitable couch after which you have been hunting ever since the morning, and which the Lady Virgin miraculously sends you to reward you for having composed, in honor of her, a morality, accompanied with triumphs and mummeries—or the boys have not run away, and in that case they will have to set a light to the mattress, and that will be exactly the excellent fire that you're in want of, to comfort, warm, and dry you. In either case—good bed or good fire—the mattress is a present from heaven. The ever blessed Virgin Mary that stands at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, perhaps caused Eustache Moubon to die for the very purpose; and 'tis folly in you to scamper away at such a rate, like a Picard running from a Frenchman, leaving behind you what you are running forward to seek—blockhead that you are!"

Then he began to retrace his steps, and ferreting about to discover where he was—snuffing the wind, and laying down his ears—he strove to find his way back to the blessed mattress—but in vain. All was intersections of houses, blind alleys, and clustering streets, amongst which he incessantly doubted and hesitated, more entangled in that



strange network of dark alleys than he would have been in the labyrinth of the Hôtel des Tournelles itself. At length he lost patience, and vehemently exclaimed, "A curse upon the crossings! the devil himself has made them after the image of his pitchfork!"

This exclamation relieved him a little; and a sort of reddish reflection, which he at that moment discovered at the end of a long and very narrow street, completed the restoration of his courage. "God be

praised," said he, "there it is! There is my blazing mattress!" And, likening himself to the pilot foundering in the night-time, "*Salve*," added he piously, "*salve maris stella!*"

Did he address this fragment of a litany to the Holy Virgin, or to the straw mattress? We really cannot say.

He had no sooner advanced a few paces down the long lane, which was on a declivity, unpaved, becoming steeper and more miry the farther he proceeded, than he observed something very singular. The street was not quite solitary for here and there were to be seen crawling in it, certain vague, shapeless masses, all moving toward the light which was flickering at the end of the street; like those heavy insects which drag themselves along at night, from one blade of grass to another, toward a shepherd's fire.

Nothing makes a man so adventurous as an empty stomach. Gringoire went forward, and soon came up with that one of the spectres which seemed to be dragging itself along most indolently after the others. On approaching it, he found that it was nothing other than a miserable stump of a man, without legs or thighs, jumping along upon his two hands, like mutilated daddy-long-legs with only two of its feet remaining. The moment he came up to this sort of spider with a human face, it lifted up to him a lamentable voice: "*La buona mancia signor! la buona mancia!*"

"The devil take thee!" said Gringoire, "and me along with thee, if I know what you mean."

And he passed on.

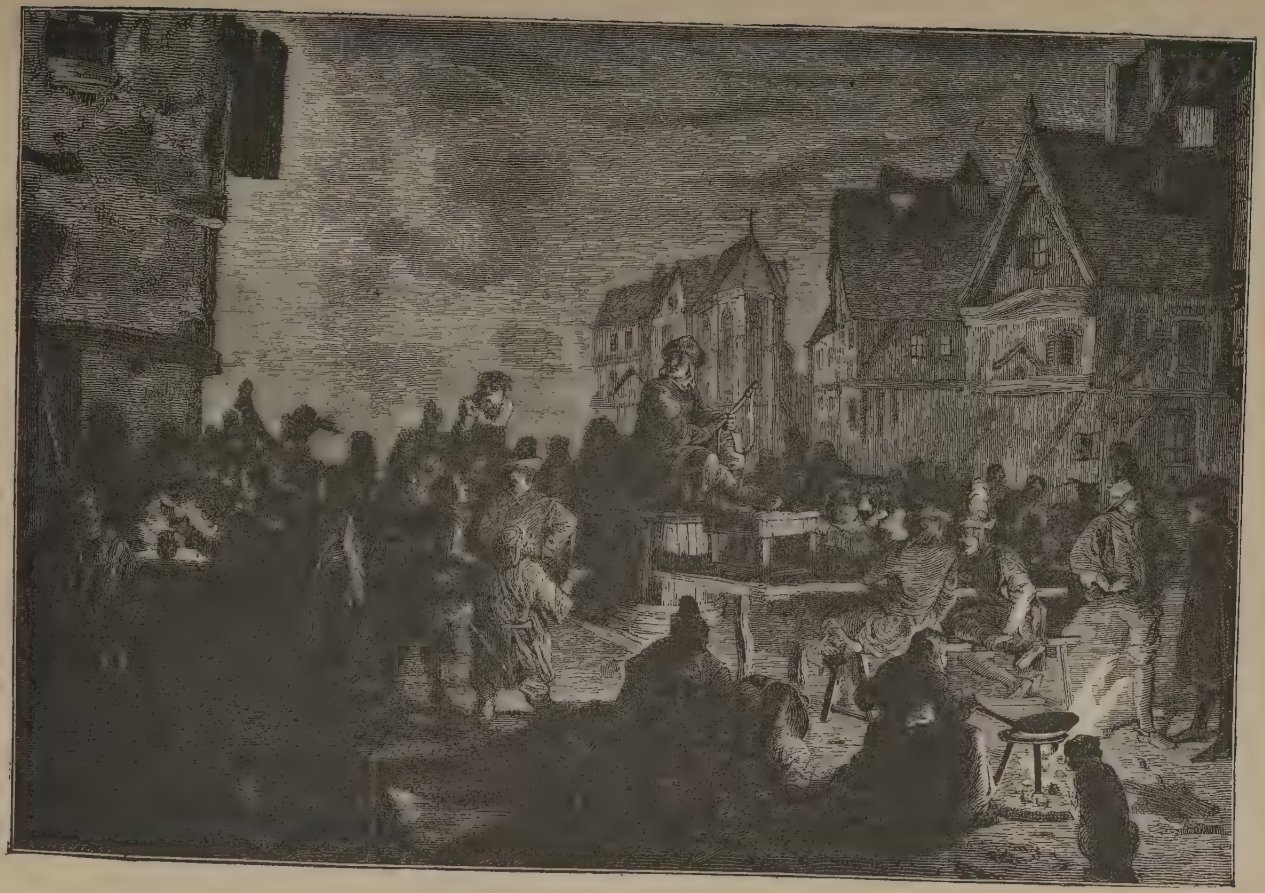
He came up to another of these ambulatory masses, and examined it. It was a cripple, both legless and armless, so armless and so legless that the complicated machinery of crutches and wooden legs that supported him made him look for all the world like a mason's scaffolding walking along. Gringoire being fond of noble and classical similes, compared him, in his mind, to the living tripod of Vulcan.

This living tripod saluted him as he went by; but staying his hat just at the height of Gringoire's chin, after the manner of a shaving dish, and shouting in his ears, "*Senor Cabarellero, para comprar un pedaso de pan!*"

"It appears," said Gringoire, "that this one talks too; but it's a hard language, and he's more lucky than I am if he understands it."

"Then striking his forehead through a sudden transition of idea: "Apropos! what the devil did they mean this morning with their Esmeralda?"

He resolved to double his pace; but for the third time something blocked up the way. This something, or rather this somebody, was a



THE COURT OF MIRACLES.

blind man, a little man, with a bearded Jewish face, who, rowing in the space about him with a great stick, and towed along by a great dog, snuffled out to him with a Hungarian accent, "*Facitote caritatem!*

"Oh, come!" said Pierre Gringoire, "here is one at last that talks a Christian language. Truly, I must have a most almsgiving mien, that they should just ask charity of me in the present extenuated state of my purse. My friend," said he, turning to the blind man, "last week I sold my last shirt; that is to say, as you understand no language but that of Cicero, *Vendidi hebdomade nuper transitâ meam ultimam chemisam.*"

Then, turning his back upon the blind man, he went forward on his way. But the blind man quickened his pace at the same time; and now, also, the cripple and the stump came up in great haste, with great clatter of the platter that carried one of them, and the crutches that carried the other. Then all three, shoving one another aside at the heels of poor Gringoire, began to sing him their several staves:

"*Caritatem!*" sang the blind man.

"*La buona mancia!*" sang the stump.

And the man of the wooden legs took up the air with, "*Un pedaso de pan!*"

Gringoire stopped his ears. "Oh, tower of Babel!" he cried.

He began to run. The blind man ran. The wooden legs ran. The stump ran.

And then, as he advanced still farther down the street, stump men, wooden-legged men, and blind men came swarming around him—and one-handed men—and one-eyed men, and lepers with their sores—some coming out of the houses, some from the little adjacent streets, some from the cellar-holes—howling, bellowing, yelping—all hobbling along, making their way toward the light, and wallowing in the mire like so many slugs after the rain.

Gringoire, still followed by his three persecutors, and not well knowing what was to come of all this, walked on affrighted among the others, turning aside from the limpers, striding over the stumpies, his feet entangled in that ant-hill of cripples, like the English captain who found himself beset by a legion of crabs.

The idea just occurred to him of trying to retrace his steps. But it was too late; all this army had closed upon his rear, and his three beggars were still upon him. He went on, therefore, urged forward at once by that irresistible flood, by fear, and by a dizziness which made it all seem to him like a sort of horrible dream.

At last he reached the extremity of the street. It opened into an extensive square, in which a thousand scattered lights were wavering in the thick gloom of the night. Gringoire threw himself into it, hoping

to escape by the speed of his legs from the three deformed spectres that had fixed themselves upon him.

"*Onde vas, hombre?*" cried the wooden legs, throwing aside his crutches, and running after him with as good a pair of legs as ever measured a geometrical pace upon the pavement of Paris.

Meanwhile the stumpman, erect upon his feet, clapped his heavy iron-sheathed platter upon his head, while the blind man stared him in the face with great flaming eyes.

"Where am I?" said the terrified poet.

"In the Court of Miracles," answered a fourth spectre who had accosted him.

"On my soul," returned Gringoire, "I do indeed find here that the blind see and the lame walk—but where is the Saviour?"

They answered him with a burst of laughter of a sinister kind.

The poor poet cast his eyes around him. He was in fact in that same terrible Cour des Miracles, or Court of Miracles, into which no honest man had ever penetrated at such an hour—a magic circle, in which the officers of the Châtelet and the sergeants of the provostry, when they ventured thither, disappeared in morsels—the city of the thieves—a hideous wen on the face of Paris—a sink from whence escaped every morning, and to which returned to stagnate every night, that stream of vice, mendicity and vagrancy which ever flows through the streets of a capital—a monstrous hive, into which all the petty hornets of society returned each evening with their booty—a lying hospital, in which the gypsy, the unfrocked monk, the abandoned scholar—the worthless of every nation, Spaniards, Italians, Germans—of every religion, Jews, Christians, Mahometans, idolaters—covered with simulated sores, beggars in the day-time, transformed themselves at night into robbers—an immense dressing-room, in short, in which dressed and undressed at that period all the actors in that everlasting drama which robbery, prostitution, and murder enact upon the pavements of Paris.

It was a large open space, irregular and ill-paved, as was at that time every open place in Paris. Fires, around which strange groups were gathered, were gleaming here and there. All was motion and clamor. There were shrieks of laughter, squalling of children, and screaming of women. The arms and heads of this crowd cast a thousand fantastic gestures in dark outline upon the luminous background. Now and then, upon the ground, over which the light of the fires was wavering, intermingled with great undefined shadows, was seen to pass a dog resembling a man, or a man resembling a dog. The limits of the different races and species seemed to be effaced in this commonwealth as in a pandemonium. Men, women, beasts; age, sex; health, sickness; all

went together mingled, confounded, placed one upon another, each one participating in all.

The weak and wavering rays that streamed from the fires enabled Gringoire, amid his perturbation, to distinguish all round the extensive enclosure, a hideous range of old houses, the decayed, shriveled, and stooping fronts of which, each perforated by one or two circular attic windows with lights behind them, seemed to him, in the dark, like enormous old women's heads, ranged in a circle, looking monstrous and crabbed, and winking upon the diabolical revel.

It was like a new world, unknown, unheard-of, deformed, creeping, swarming, fantastic.

Gringoire, growing wilder and wilder with affright, held by the three mendicants as by three pairs of pincers and deafened by a crowd of other vagrants that flocked barking round him—the unlucky Gringoire strove to muster presence of mind enough to recollect whether it was really Saturday or not; but his efforts were vain; the thread of his memory and his thoughts was broken; and, doubting of everything—floating between what he saw and what he felt—he put the insoluble question to himself—If I exist, are things so! If they are so, do I exist?"

At that moment a distinct shout was raised from the buzzing crowd that surrounded him, of "Let's take him to the king! let's take him to the king!"

"Holy Virgin!" muttered Gringoire, "the king of this place must surely be a he-goat!"

"To the king! to the king!" repeated every voice.

They dragged him along, each striving to fix his talons upon him. But the three beggars kept their hold, and tore him away from the others, vociferating, "He is ours!"

The poet's poor doublet, already in piteous plight, gave up the ghost in this struggle.

In crossing the horrible place his dizziness left him. After proceeding a few paces the feeling of reality had returned to him. His apprehension began to adapt itself to the atmosphere of the place. At the first moment, from his poet's head, or perhaps, indeed, quite simply and prosaically, from his empty stomach, there had risen a fume, a vapor, as it were, which, spreading itself between him and the surrounding objects, had allowed him to survey them only in the incoherent mist of a nightmare in that dark shrouding of our dreams, which distorts every outline, and clusters the objects together in disproportioned groups, dilating things into chimeras, and human figures into phantoms. By degrees this hallucination gave way to a less bewildered and less mag-

nifying state of vision. The real made its way to his organs—struck upon his eyes—struck against his feet—and demolished, piece by piece, all the frightful poetry with which he had at first thought himself surrounded. He could not but perceive at last that he was walking, not in the Styx, but in the mud; that he was elbowed, not by demons, but by thieves; that not his soul, but, in simple sooth, his life was in danger—seeing that he was unaccompanied by that invaluable conciliator who places himself so effectually between the robber and the honest man—the purse. In short, on examining the orgie more closely and more coolly, he found that he descended from the witches' sabbath to the pot-house.

The Court of Miracles was, in truth, no other than one great public-house—but it was a public-house of brigands, as red with blood as with wine.

The spectacle which presented itself to him when his tattered escort at length deposited him at the term of its march, was little adapted to bring back his mind to poetry, though it were the poetry of hell. It was more than ever the prosaic and brutal reality of the tavern. Were we not writing of the fifteenth century, we should say that Gringoire had descended from Michael Angelo to Callot.

Round a great fire which was burning upon a large round flagstone, and the blaze of which had heated red-hot the legs of an iron trivet which was empty for the moment, some worm-eaten tables were set out here and there, as if by chance, without the smallest geometrician of a waiter having condescended to adjust their parallelism, or mind that, at least, they should not meet at too unaccustomed angles. Upon these tables shone some pots flowing with wine and beer, around which were grouped a number of bacchanalian visages, reddened by the fire and the wine. There was one man with a fair round belly and a jovial face, noisily throwing his arms round a girl of the town, thick-set and brawny. Then there was a sort of false soldier, a *narquois*, as he was called in the Argotian tongue, who whistled away while he was undoing the bandages of his false wound, and unstiffening his sound and vigorous knee, which had been bound up since the morning in a thousand ligatures. On the other hand there was a malingerer preparing, with celandine and ox blood, his *jambe de Dieux*, or sore leg, for the morrow. Two tables higher up, a coquillart, with his complete pilgrim's habit (from the coquilles or shells of which this denomination arose) was conning a spiritual song, the complaint of Sainte-Reine, the psalmody and the nasal drone included. In another place a young hubin was taking a lesson in epilepsy from an old sabouleux, or hustler, who was teaching him the art of foaming at the mouth by chewing a piece of soap; while four or

five women thieves, just by them, were contending, at the same table, for the possession of a child stolen in the course of the evening. All which circumstances, two centuries later, "*seemed so laughable at court,*" says Sauval, "*that they furnished pastime to the king, and an opening to*

*the royal ballet, entitled 'Night,' which was divided into four parts and danced upon the stage of the Petit Bourbon.*" And "never," adds an eye-witness, in the year 1653, "were sudden metamorphoses of the Court of Miracles more happily represented. Benserade prepared us for them by some very pleasant verses."

The loud laugh everywhere burst forth, and the obscene song. Each one let off his own exclamation, passing his remark, and swearing, without attending to his neighbor. The pots rattled, and quarrels were struck out of their collision, the smashing of pots thus leading to the tearing of rags.

A large dog, sitting on his tail, was looking into the fire. There were some children mingled in this orgie. The stolen child was crying. Another, a bouncing boy of four years old, seated with his legs dangling upon a bench which was too high for him, with his chin just above the table, said not a word. A third was gravely spreading over the table with his finger the melted tallow from a candle. And a fourth, a very little one, squatting in the mud, was almost lost in a great iron pot which he was scraping with a tile, drawing from it a sound, enough to make Stradivarius faint.

There was a barrel near the fire, and upon the barrel was seated one of the beggars. This was the king upon his throne.

The three who had possession of Gringoire brought him before this cask, and the whole bacchanalia were silent for a moment, excepting the caldron tenanted by the child.

Gringoire was afraid to breathe or to lift up his eyes.

"*Hombre, quita tu sombrero!*" said one of the three fellows who had hold of him, and before he could understand what that meant, another of them had taken off his hat—a wretched covering, it is true, but still of use on a day of sunshine or a day of rain. Gringoire heaved a sigh.

Meanwhile the king, from the top of his barrel, put the interrogatory, "What is this rascal?"

Gringoire started. This voice, though speaking in a tone of menace, reminded him of another voice which that very morning had struck the first blow at his mystery by droning out in the midst of the audience, "*Charity, if you please!*" He raised his eyes. It was indeed Clopin Trouillefou.

Clopin Trouillefou, arrayed in his regal ensigns, had not one rag more or less upon him. His sore on the arm had indeed disappeared. He held in his hand one of those whips with lashes of white leather, which were, at that time, used by the sergeants of the wand to drive back the crowd, and were called boullayes. He had upon his head a sort of covering formed into a circle and closed at the top; but it was difficult to distinguish whether it was a child's cushion or a king's crown, the two things are so much alike.

However, Gringoire, without knowing why, had felt some revival of hope on recognizing in the king of the Court of Miracles his cursed beggar of the Grand Salle.

"Master," stammered he "——my Lord——Sire——How must I call you?" said he, at last, having mounted to his utmost stretch of ascent, and neither knowing how to mount higher nor how to come down again.

"My Lord—Your Majesty—or Comrade—call me what you like, only despatch. What hast thou to say in thy defense?"

"In my defense!" thought Gringoire, "I don't like that." He replied, hesitating, "I am he—he who this morning——"

"By the devil's claws!" interrupted Clopin, "thy name, rascal! and nothing more. Hark ye—thou art before three mighty sovereigns: me, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Thunes, successor to the Grand Coësre, supreme sovereign of the kingdom of Argot; Mathias Hungadi Spicali, Duke of Egypt and Bohemia, that yellow old fellow that thou seest there with a clout round his head; and Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of Galilee, that fat fellow, that's not attending to us, but to that wench. We are thy judges. Thou hast entered into the kingdom of Argot without being an Argotier—thou hast violated the privileges of our city. Thou must be punished, unless thou art either capon, a franc-mitou, or a rifodé, that is to say, in the Argot of the honest men, either a thief, a beggar, or a vagrant. Art thou anything of that sort? Justify thyself—tell over thy qualifications."

"Alas!" said Gringoire, "I have not that honor. I am the author——"

"That's enough," interrupted Trouillefou, without letting him finish, "thou shalt be hanged. It's a matter of course, my good honest townsfolk. Just as you treat our people amongst you, so we treat yours amongst us. Such law as you give to the Truands, the Truands give to you. If it's a bad law, it's your own fault. It's quite necessary that an honest man or two should now and then grin through the hempen collar—that makes the thing honorable. Come, my friend, merrily share thy tatters among these young ladies. I'll have thee hanged for the amusement of the Truands, and thou shalt give them thy purse to drink thy health. If thou hast any mumming to do first, there is down there, in that mortar, a very good stone, God the Father, that we stole from Saint Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Thou hast four minutes' time to throw thy soul at his head."

This was a formidable harangue.

"Well said! upon my soul. Clopin Trouillefou preaches like a holy father the Pope!" cried the Emperor of Galilee, breaking his pitcher at the same time to prop his table-leg.

"Messeigneurs the emperors and kings!" said Gringoire coolly, for his resolution had somehow or other returned to him, and he spoke quite firmly, "you do not consider. My name is Pierre Gringoire—I am the poet whose morality was performed this morning in the Grande Salle of the Palais."

"Ah! it's you, master, is it? I was there, *par la tête Dieu!* Well, comrade, is it any reason, because thou tiredst us to death this morning that thou shouldst not be hanged to-night?"

"I shall not so easily get off," thought Gringoire. However, he made another effort. "I don't very well see, said he, "why the poets are not classed among the Truands. A vagrant, forsooth — why, Æsopus was a vagrant. A beggar—well, Homerus was a beggar. A thief—was not Mercurius a thief?"

Clopin interrupted him. "Methinks," said he, "thou'st a mind to matagrabolize us with thy gibberish. *Pardieu!* Be hanged quietly, man; and don't make so much ado about nothing."

"Pardon me, monseigneur the king of Thunes," replied Gringoire, disputing the ground inch by inch; "it's really worth your while—Only one moment—Hear me—You'll not condemn me without hearing me?——"

His unfortunate voice was, in fact, drowned by the uproar that was made around him; the little boy was scraping his kettle with more alacrity than ever; and, as the climax, an old woman had just come and set upon the red-hot trivet a frying-pan full of fat, which spattered over the fire with a noise like the shouts of a flock of children running after a mask.

Meanwhile, Clopin Trouillefou seemed to confer a moment with the duke of Egypt, and with the emperor of Galilee, who was completely drunk. Then he called out sharply, "Silence!" and as the pot and the frying-pan paid no attention to him, but continued their duet, he jumped down from his barrel, gave the caldron a kick which rolled it and the child half a score yards off; gave the frying-pan another, which upset all the fat into the fire; and then gravely reascended his throne regardless of the smothered cries of the child, and of the grunting of the old woman, whose supper was evaporating in a beautiful white flame.

Trouillefou made a sign; whereupon the duke, and the emperor, and the archisuppôts, and the cagoux, came and ranged themselves about him in the form of a horse-shoe, of which Gringoire, upon whom they still kept rough hands, occupied the centre. It was a semicircle of rags, tatters, and tinsel—of pitchforks and hatchets—of reeling legs and great naked arms—of sordid, dull, and sottish faces. In the midst of this Round Table of beggarhood, Clopin Trouillefou, as the doge of this senate, the king of this peerage, the pope of this conclave, predominated—in the first place, by the whole height of his cask—and then, by a certain lofty, fierce, and formidable air, which made his eyeballs flash, and corrected in his savage profile the bestial type of the Truand. He might be compared to a wild boar among swine.

"Hark ye," said he to Gringoire, at the same time shaking his shapeless chin with his horny hand, "I don't see why thou shouldst not be hanged. To be sure, thou dost not seem to like it, and that's but natural—you townsfolk aren't used to it. You think it very shocking. After all, we don't wish thee any harm. There's one way of getting off for the moment. Wilt thou be one of us?"

It may be supposed what an effect this proposal produced upon Gringoire, who saw life just about to escape him, and felt his grasp of it beginning to fail. He caught at it energetically.

"That I will—certainly, assuredly," said he.

"You consent," said Clopin, "to enlist yourself among the men of the *petite flambe?*"

"Of the *petite flambe*—exactly so," responded Gringoire.

"You acknowledge yourself a member of the franche-bourgeoisie?" added the king of Thunes.

"Of the franche-bourgeoisie."

"A subject of the kingdom of Argot?"

"Of the kingdom of Argot."

"A Truand?"

"A Truand."

"In your soul?"

"In my soul."

"I will just observe to thee," resumed the king, "that thou wilt be none the less hanged for all that."

"The devil!" exclaimed the poet.

"Only," continued Clopin, quite imperturbably, "thou wilt be hanged later, with more ceremony, at the expense of the good town of Paris, upon a good stone gibbet, and by honest men. That's some consolation."

"Just so," answered Gringoire.

"There are other advantages. As being a franc-bourgeois, a free burgess, thou wilt have to pay neither toward the pavements, the lamps, nor the poor to which the burgesses of Paris are subject."

"Be it so," said the poet; "I consent; I am a Truand, an Argotier, a franc-bourgeois, a petite-flambe, whatever you please—and, indeed, I was all that beforehand, monsieur the king of Thunes; for I am a philosopher; and as you know, *Omnia in philosophia, omnes in philosopho continentur*——"

The king of Thunes knit his brows.

"What dost thou take me for friend? What Jew of Hungary's slang art thou singing us now? I don't understand Hebrew. Because a man's a robber, he's not obliged to be a Jew. Nay, I don't even rob now—I'm above all that—I kill—a cut-throat, if you like, but no cut-purse."

Gringoire strove to slip in some sort of an excuse between these brief ejaculations, which his rising anger jerked out.

"I ask your pardon, monseigneur—it's not Hebrew, it's Latin."

"I tell thee," rejoined Clopin, in a rage, "that I'm no Jew, and that I'll have thee hanged, *ventre de synagogue!* as well as that little mercandier of Judea that stands by thee, and whom I hope to see, one of these days, nailed to a counter like a piece of bad coin as he is!"

So saying he pointed with his finger to the little bearded Hungarian Jew, who had accosted Gringoire with his *Facitote caritatem!* and who, understanding no other language, was suprised to see the ill-humor of the king of Thunes vent itself upon him.

At length, Monseigneur Clopin's passion subsided. "Rascal," said he to our poet, "then thou'rt willing to be a Truand?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the poet.

"Willing isn't all," said Clopin, surlily. "Good-will doesn't put one onion more into the soup, and's of no use at all but for going to heaven—and there's a difference between heaven and Argot. To be received in Argot thou must prove that thou art good for something; and to do that, thou must feel the mannequin."

"I'll feel anything you like," said Gringoire.

Clopin made a sign; whereupon some Argotiers detached themselves from the circle, and returned in a minute. They brought two posts, terminated at the lower extremity by two broad feet, which made them stand firm on the ground. To the upper extremities of these two posts they applied a cross-beam; and the whole formed a very pretty portable gallows, which Gringoire had the satisfaction of seeing erected before him in the twinkling of an eye. Everything was there, including the rope, which gracefully depended from the transverse beam.

"What can be their meaning?" thought Gringoire to himself, with some uneasiness. But a noise of little bells which he heard at that moment put an end to his anxiety, for it proceeded from a stuffed figure of a man which the Truands were suspending by the neck to the rope, a sort of scarecrow, clothed in red, and so completely covered with little bells, and hollow jingling brasses, that there were enough to have harnessed thirty Castilian mules. These thousand miniature bells jingled for a time under the vibrations of the rope; their sound dying away gradually into a profound silence, which resulted from the state of perfect rest into which the body of the mannequin was speedily brought by that law of the pendulum which has superseded the use of the hour-glass, and the water clock.

Then Clopin, pointing to an old tottering joint-stool, placed underneath the mannequin, said to Gringoire, "Get upon that!"

"*Mort-Diable!*" objected Gringoire, "I shall break my neck. Your stool halts like one of Martial's distichs—it has one hexameter leg and one pentameter."

"Get up," repeated Clopin.

Gringoire mounted upon the stool, and succeeded, not without some oscillations of his head and his arms, in recovering his centre of gravity.

"Now," proceeded the King of Thunes, "turn thy right foot round thy left leg, and spring up on the toe of thy left foot."

"Monseigneur," said Gringoire, "you are then absolutely determined that I shall break some of my limbs?"

Clopin shook his head.

"Hark ye, friend," said he, "you talk too much. It all amounts to this: you're to spring up on your toe—you'll then just be able to reach up to the mannequin's pocket—you'll put your hand into it—pull out a purse that's in it—and if you do all that without jingling one of the bells, well and good—thou shalt be a Truand. We shall then have nothing more to do but belabor thee soundly for a week."

"*Ventre-Dieu!* I don't feel like doing it," said Gringoire. "And suppose I make the bells jingle?"

"Then thou shalt be hanged. Dost thou understand?"

"No, I don't understand it at all," answered Gringoire.

"Hark ye once more. You're to put your hand in the mannequin's pocket and take out his purse. If one single bell stirs while you're doing it, you shall be hanged. Now, do you understand?"

"Well," said Gringoire, "I understand that. What next?"

"If you manage to draw out the purse without making any jingle at all, you're a Truand, and will be soundly belabored for eight days together. You understand now, I daresay."

"No, monseigneur, I don't understand this time. Where is my advantage? To be hanged in one case, or beaten in the other?"

"And to be a Truand into the bargain," rejoined Clopin—"to be a Truand! Is that nothing? It's for thy own advantage we shall beat thee, to harden thee against stripes."

"I am greatly obliged to you," answered the poet.

"Come, quick!" said the king, striking his barrel with his foot, and making it ring. "Pick the mannequin's pocket, and let's have done with it. I tell thee, once for all, that if I hear the smallest tinkle, thou shalt take the mannequin's place."

The whole company of Argotiers applauded the words of Clopin, and ranged themselves in a circle round the gallows with so pitiless a laugh that Gringoire saw plainly enough that he gave them too much amusement not to have everything to fear from them. He had, therefore, no hope left but in the faint chance of succeeding in the terrible operation which was imposed upon him. He resolved to risk it; but he first addressed a fervent prayer to the man of straw from whose person he was going to do his best to steal, and whose heart was even more likely to be softened than those of the Truands. That myriad of bells, with their little brazen tongues, looked like so many asps with their mouths open, ready to hiss and to sting.

"Oh!" said he, in a low voice, "and can it be that my life depends upon the smallest vibration of the smallest of those bits of metal? Oh!" he added, clasping his hands, "ye bells, tinkle not—ye balls, jingle not!"

He made one more effort with Trouillefou. "And if there come a breath of wind," said he.

"Thou shalt be hanged," replied the other, without hesitation.

Finding that there was no respite, delay, or subterfuge whatsoever, he bravely set about the feat. He turned his right foot about his left leg, sprang up on the toe of his left foot, and stretched out his arm:

but the moment that he touched the mannequin, his body, which was now supported only by one foot, tottered upon the stool, which had only three, he mechanically caught at the mannequin, lost his balance, and fell heavily to the ground, quite deafened by the violent vibration of the scarecrow's thousand bells; while the figure, yielding to the impulse which his hand had given it, first revolved on his own axis, and then swung majestically backwards and forwards betweeen the two posts.

"*Malédiction!*" he exclaimed as he fell; and he lay with his face to the ground as if he were dead.

However, he heard the awful chime above him, and the diabolical laughter of the Truands, and the voice of Trouillefou, saying, "Lift the fellow up, and hang him in a trice!"

He rose of himself. They had already unhooked the mannequin to to make room for him.

The Argotiers made him get upon the stool again. Clopin came up to him, passed the rope round his neck, and, slapping him on the shoulder, "Good-bye, friend," said he; "thou'lt not get away now, though thou shouldst be as clever as the pope himself."

The word "Mercy!" expired on Gringoire's lips—he cast his eyes round, but saw no gleam of hope—all were laughing.

"Bellevigne de l'Etoile," said the king of Thunes to an enormous Truand, who stepped out of the ranks, "do you get upon the cross-beam."

Bellevigne de l'Etoile climbed nimbly up to the transverse bar; and an instant after, Gringoire, looking up, saw him with terror squatted just above his head.

"Now," continued Clopin Trouillefou, "as soon as I clap my hands do you, Andry-le-Rouge, push down the stool with your knee; you, François Chante-Prune, hang at the rascal's feet; and you, Bellevigne, drop upon his shoulders; and all three at the same time—do you hear?"

Gringoire shuddered.

"Are you ready?" said Clopin Trouillefou to the three Argotiers, about to throw themselves upon the poet. The poor sufferer had a moment of horrible expectation, while Clopin was quietly pushing into the fire with the point of his shoe some twigs which the flames had not reached. "Are you ready?" he repeated, and he held his hand ready to give the signal. A second more, and all would have been over.

But he stopped as if something suddenly occurred to him. "Wait a moment," said he; "I'd forgotten. It's customary for us not to hang a man without first asking if there be a woman that'll have anything to

say to him. Comrade, it's thy last chance! thou must marry either a she-Truand or the halter."

This gypsy law, strange as it may seem to the reader, is still displayed at full length in the old English law books. *(See Burington's Observations.)*

Gringoire took breath. This was the second time he had come to life again within half an hour; so that he could not venture to rely very much upon it.

"Hollo!" shouted Clopin, who had reascended his cask: "hollo, there! women! females! is there among you all, from the witch to her cat, ever a jade that'll have anything to say to this rogue? Hollo! Collette la Charonne! Elizabeth Trouvain! Simone Jodouyne! Marie Piédebou! Thonne-la-Longue! Bérarde Fanouel! Michelle Grenaille! Claude Rouge-orielle! Mathurine Girorou!—Hollo! Isabeau-la-Thierrye! Come and see! A man for nothing! Who'll have him?"

Gringoire, in this miserable plight, was, it may be supposed, not over inviting. The Truandesses displayed no great enthusiasm at the proposal. The unhappy fellow heard them answer: "No, no—hang him! it'll amuse us all!"

Three of them, however, stepped out of the crowd and came to reconnoitre him. The first was a large, square-faced young woman. She carefully examined the philosopher's deplorable doublet. The coat was threadbare, and had more holes in it than a chestnut-roaster. The woman made a wry face at it. "An old rag!" muttered she; and then, addressing Gringoire, "Let's see thy cloak."

"I've lost it," said Gringoire.

"Thy hat?"

"They've taken it from me."

"Thy shoes?"

"They've hardly a bit of sole left."

"Thy purse?"

"Alas!" stammered Gringoire, "I've not a single denier parisis."

"Let them hang thee—and be thankful," replied the Truandess, turning her back upon him.

The second woman, old, dark, wrinkled, of an ugliness conspicuous even in the Court of Miracles, now made the circuit of Gringoire. He almost trembled lest she should want to have him. But she only muttered, "He's too lean," and went her way.

The third that came was a young girl, fresh-complexioned, and not very ill-looking. "Save me!" whispered the poor devil. She looked at him for a moment with an air of pity, then cast down her eyes, made a plait in her skirt, and remained undecided. He watched her every

motion—it was his last gleam of hope. "No," said the girl at last; "no —Guillaume Long-joue would beat me." And she returned into the crowd.

"Comrade," said Clopin, "thou'rt unlucky."

Then, standing up on his barrel, "So nobody bids?" cried he, mimicking the tone of an auctioneer, to the great diversion of them all

—"so nobody bids? Going—going—going—" then turning toward the gallows with a motion of his head, "gone."

Bellevigne de l'Etoile, Andry-le-Rouge, and François Chante-Prune again approached Gringoire. At that moment a cry was raised among the Argotiers, of "Esmeralda! Esmeralda!"

Gringoire started, and turned toward the side from which the shout proceeded. The crowd opened, and made way for a clear and dazzling countenance. It was that of the gypsy girl.

"Esmeralda!" said Gringoire, amazed, in the midst of his emo-

tions, by the instantaneousness with which that magic word linked together all his recollections of that day.

This fascinating creature seemed to exercise, even over the Court of Miracles, her sway of grace and beauty. Argotiers, male and female, drew up gently to let her pass by; and their brutal countenances grew kindly at her look.

She approached the sufferer with her elastic step, her pretty Djali following her. Gringoire was more dead than alive. She gazed at him for a moment in silence.

"So you're going to hang that man," said she gravely to Clopin.

"Yes, sister," said the king of Thunes, "unless thou wilt take him for thy husband."

She made her pretty little grimace with her under lip.

"I take him," she said.

And now Gringoire was firmly persuaded that he must have been in a dream ever since the morning, and that this was but a continuation of it.

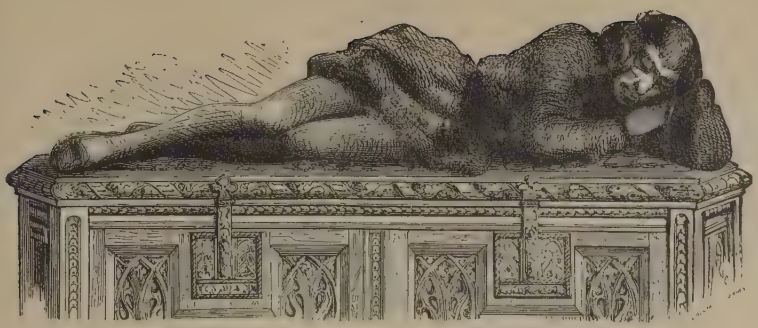
In fact, the turn of events, though gratifying, was a violent one.

They undid the noose, and let the poet descend from the stool. The violence of his emotion obliged him to sit down.

The duke of Egypt, without uttering a word, brought forth a clay pitcher. The gypsy girl presented it to Gringoire. "Throw it on the ground," said she.

The pitcher broke in four pieces.

"Brother," then said the Duke of Egypt, laying his hands upon their foreheads, "she is thy wife—sister, he is thy husband—for four years. Go your way."



## CHAPTER VII

### A WEDDING NIGHT

IN a few minutes, our poet found himself in a little chamber with a Gothic-vaulted ceiling, the windows and doors well closed, and comfortably warm, seated before a table which seemed quite ready to borrow a few articles from a sort of small pantry or safe suspended just by; having a good bed in prospect, and tête-à-tête with a pretty girl. The adventure had something of enchantment. He began seriously to take himself to be a personage of the fairy tales, and now and then he cast his eyes around him, as if to see whether the fiery chariot drawn by two hippogriffs, which alone could have conveyed him so rapidly from Tartarus to Paradise, were still there. At intervals, too, he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon the holes in his coat, by way of clinging to reality, so as not to let the earth altogether slip from under him. His reason, tossed to and fro in imaginative space, had only that thread left to hold by.

The girl seemed to pay no attention to him. She was going backwards and forwards, shifting first one article and then another, talking to her goat, making her little mow here and there. At length she came and sat down near the table, and Gringoire could contemplate her at leisure.

You have been a boy, reader, and perhaps you have the happiness to be so still. It is quite certain, then, that you have more than once (and for my own part, I can say that I have passed whole days in that manner, the best spent days of my life), that you have followed from brier to brier, on the brink of a rivulet, on a sunshiny day, some pretty demoiselle fly, green or blue, checking its flight at acute angles, and kissing the extremity of every spray. You recollect with what amorous curi-

osity your thoughts and your looks were fixed upon that little whirl of whiz and hum, of wings of purple and azure, in the midst of which floated a form which your eye could not seize, veiled as it was by the very rapidity of its motion. The aërial being confusedly perceptible through all that fluttering of wings, appeared chimerical, imaginary, impossible to touch, impossible to see. But when, at last, the demosielle settled on the point of a reed, and you could examine, holding in your breath all the while, the long gauze wings, the long enamel robe, the two globes of crystal, what astonishment did you not experience, and what fear lest you should again see the form go off in shadow, and the being in chimera! Recall to your mind these impressions, and then you will easily understand what were the feelings of Gringoire in contemplating, under her visible and palpable form, that Esmeralda of whom, until then, he had only caught a glimpse amid a whirl of dance, song, and tumult.

Sinking deeper and deeper into his reverie—

"So then," said he to himself, as his eyes wandered over her, "I now see what this Esmeralda really is—a heavenly creature!—a dancer in the streets—so much and yet so little! She it was who gave the finishing blow to my mystery this morning—she it is who saves my life tonight. My evil genius!—my good angel! A pretty woman, upon my word!—and who must love me to distraction, to have taken me as she has done. "By-the-by," said he, suddenly rising up from his seat, with that feeling of the real which formed the substance of his character and of his philosophy, "I don't very well know how it happens—but I'm her husband!"

"With this idea in his head, and in his eyes, he approached the young girl in so military and gallant a manner, that she drew back.

"What do you want with me?" said she.

"Can you ask me such a question, adorable Esmeralda?" returned Gringoire, in so impassioned a tone that he himself was astonished to hear himself utter it.

The gypsy opened her large eyes. "I don't know what you mean."

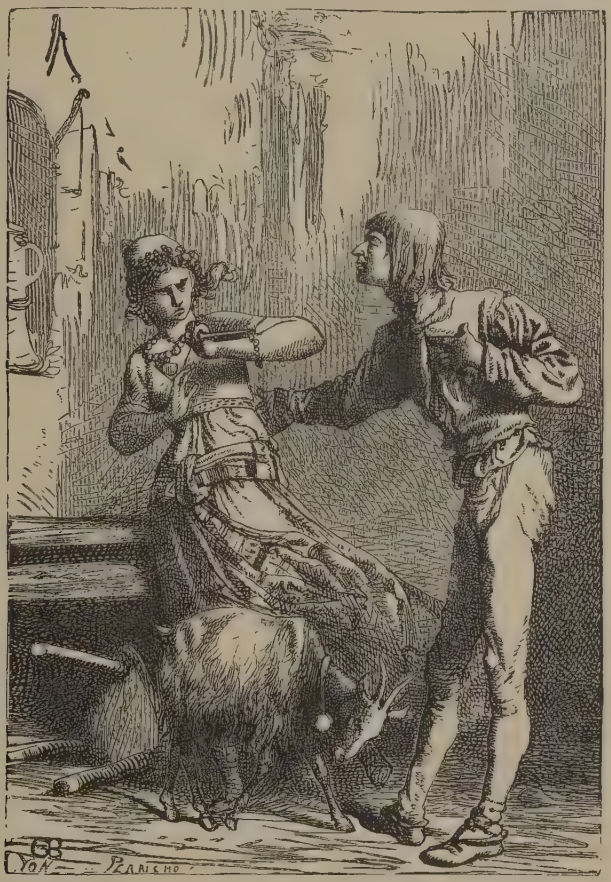
"What!" rejoined Gringoire, growing warmer and warmer, and reflecting that, after all, he had only to do with a virtue of the Court of Miracles, "am I not thine, my sweet friend?—art thou not mine?"

And without more ado he threw his arms around her waist.

The gypsy's corset slipped through his hands like the skin of an eel. She sprang from one end of the cell to the other, stooped down, and rose again with a small poniard in her hand, and before Gringoire had even time to observe whence the poniard came—looking irritated and indignant, her lips puffed out, her nostrils distended, her cheeks all

scarlet, and her eye-balls flashing. At the same time the little white goat placed itself before her, and presented a hostile front to Gringoire, lowering its two pretty gilt and very sharp horns. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye.

The demoiselle turned wasp, and had every disposition to sting.



Our philosopher stood quite confused, looking sheepishly, first at the goat and then at its mistress. "Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed at last, as soon as his surprise permitted him to speak, "here are a pair of originals!"

The gypsy now broke silence.

"You must be a very bold fellow!" she said.

"I ask your pardon, mademoiselle," said Gringoire, with a smile; "but why, then, did you take me for your husband?"

"Was I to let you be hanged?"

"So, then," rejoined the poet, a little disappointed in his amorous expectations, "you had no other intention in marrying me but to save me from the gallows?"

"Why, what other intention should I have had?"

Gringoire bit his lip. "Humph!" said he, "I'm not quite so triumphant in Cupido as I thought. But then what was the use of breaking that poor pitcher?"

Meanwhile the poniard of La Esmeralda and the horns of the goat were still in a posture of defense.

"Mademoiselle Esmeralda," said the poet, "let us make a capitulation. As I am not registering clerk at the Châtelet, I shall not quibble with you about your thus carrying a dagger in Paris in the teeth of the provost's ordinances and prohibitions. You are aware, however, that Noël Lescrivain was condemned, only a week ago, to pay a fine of ten sous parisis for carrying a braquemard. But that's no business of mine —and so, to the point. I swear to you, by my chance of salvation, that I will not approach you without your leave and permission. But pray, give me my supper."

The truth is, that Gringoire, like Despréaux, was "very little voluptuous." He was not of that cavalier and mousquetaire species who carry girls by assault. In a love affair, as in every other affair, he willingly resigned himself to temporizing and to middle terms; and a good supper, in comfortable tête-à-tête, appeared to him, especially when he was hungry, to be a very good interlude between the opening and the catastrophe of amatory adventure.

The gypsy gave him no answer. She made her little disdainful mow; drew up her head like a bird; then burst into a laugh; and the little dagger disappeared, as it had come forth, without Gringoire's being able to discover whereabouts the wasp concealed its sting.

In a minute, there were upon the table a loaf of rye bread, a slice of bacon, some withered apples, and a jug of beer. Gringoire set to with perfect violence. To hear the furious clatter of his iron fork upon his earthenware plate, it seemed as if all his love had turned to hunger.

The girl, seated before him, witnessed his operations in silence, being evidently preoccupied by some other reflection, at which she smiled from time to time, while her delicate hand caressed the intelligent head of the goat pressed softly between her knees.

A candle of yellow wax lighted this scene of voracity and of musing.

And now, the first cravings of his stomach being appeased, Gringoire felt a twinge of false shame at seeing that there was only an apple left.

ESMERALDA AND GRINGOIRE.

"Mademoiselle Esmeralda," said he, "you don't eat."

She answered by a negative motion of the head; and then her pensive look seemed to fix itself upon the vault of the chamber.

"What the devil is she thinking of?" thought Gringoire; "it can't be that grinning dwarf's face carved upon that keystone, that attracts her so mightily. The devil's in it if I can't bear that comparison at any rate."

He spoke louder—"Mademoiselle."

She seemed not to hear him.

He repeated, louder still, "Mademoiselle Esmeralda!"

It was all in vain. The girl's mind was wandering elsewhere, and Gringoire's voice was unable to bring it back. Luckily, the goat interfered. It began to pull its mistress gently by the sleeve.

"What do you want, Djali?" said the gypsy, sharply, as if starting out of her sleep.

"It's hungry," said Gringoire, delighted at an opportunity of entering into conversation.

Esmeralda began to crumble some bread, which Djali gracefully ate out of the hollow of her hand.

Gringoire, however, allowed her no time to resume her reverie. He ventured upon a delicate question:

"You won't have me for your husband, then?"

The girl looked steadily at him, and answered, "No."

"For your lover?" proceeded Gringoire?"

She thrust out her lip, and again answered, "No."

"For your friend?" then demanded the poet.

Again she looked at him steadily; and, after a moment's reflection, she said, "Perhaps."

This "perhaps," so dear to philosophers, encouraged Gringoire.

"Do you know what friendship is?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the gypsy, "it is to be like brother and sister—two souls meeting without mingling—two fingers on the same hand."

"And love?" proceeded Gringoire.

"Oh! love!" said she—and her voice trembled, and her eye beamed—"that is, to be two and yet but one—a man and woman mingled into an angel—it is heaven."

The street dancing-girl, while saying this, had a character of beauty which singularly struck Gringoire, and seemed to him to be in perfect harmony with the almost Oriental exaltation of her words. Her pure and roseate lips were half smiling. Her clear, calm forehead was momentarily ruffled by her thoughts, like the mirror dimmed by a passing breath. And from her long, dark, drooping lashes there emanated

a kind of ineffable light, giving her profile that ideal sauvity which Raphael afterward found at the mystic point of intersection of virginity, maternity, and divinity.

Gringoire, nevertheless, continued:

"What must a man be, then, to please you?"

"He must be a man."

"And what am I, then?"

"A man has a helmet on his head, a sword in his hand, and gilt spurs at his heels."

"Good!" said Gringoire; "the horse makes the man. Do you love anybody?"

"As a lover?"

"Yes—as a lover?"

She remained thoughtful for a moment. Then she said, with a peculiar expression, "I shall know that soon."

"Why not to-night?" rejoined the poet, in a tender tone. "Why not me?"

She gave him a grave look, and said:

"I can never love a man who cannot protect me."

Gringoire colored and took the reflection to himself. The girl evidently alluded to the feeble assistance he had lent her in the critical situation in which she had found herself two hours before. This recollection, effaced by his other adventures of the evening, now returned to him. He struck his forehead.

"Apropos, mademoiselle," said he, "I ought to have begun with that—pardon my foolish distractions—how did you contrive to escape from the clutches of Quasimodo?"

At this question the gypsy started.

"Oh! the horrid hunchback!" said she, hiding her face with her hands.

She shivered as if it was very cold.

"Horrid, indeed!" said Gringoire, still pursuing his ideas, "But how did you manage to get away from him?"

Esmeralda smiled, sighed, and was silent.

"Do you know why he had followed you?" asked Gringoire, striving to come round again to the object of his inquiry.

"I don't know," said the girl. Then she added sharply, "But you were following me, too. Why did you follow me?"

"To speak honestly," replied Gringoire, "I don't know that either."

There was a pause. Gringoire was marking the table with his knife. The girl smiled, and seemed as if she had been looking at

something through the wall. All at once she began to sing in a voice scarcely audible:

Quando las pintados aves
Mudas estan, y la tierra . . . . .

She suddenly stopped short, and fell to caressing Djali.

"You've got a pretty animal there," said Gringoire.

"It's my sister," answered she.

"Why do they call you Esmeralda?" asked the poet.

"I don't know at all."

"But why do they, though?"

She drew from her bosom a sort of small oblong bag, suspended from her neck by a chain of grains of adrez arach. A strong smell of camphor exhaled from the bag; it was covered with green silk, and had in the centre a large boss of green glass, in imitation of an emerald.

"Perhaps it's on account of that," she said.

Gringoire offered to take the bag, but she drew back.

"Touch it not," she said, "it's an amulet. You would do mischief to the charm, or the charm to you."

The poet's curiosity was more and more awakened.

"Who gave it you?" said he.

She placed her finger on her lip, and hid the amulet again in her bosom. He tried a few more questions but could hardly obtain any answer.

"What's the meaning of that word, Esmeralda?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"What language does it belong to?"

"I think it's Egyptian."

"I suspected so," said Gringoire; "you're not a native of France?"

"I don't know."

"Are your parents living?"

She began to sing to an old tune:

"A bird was my mother;
My father, another;
Over the water I pass without ferry,
Over the water I pass without wherry.
A bird was my mother;
My father, another."

"Very good," said Gringoire. "At what age did you come to France?"

"A very little girl."

"And when to Paris?"

"Last year. At the moment we were coming in by the Porte Papale, I saw the reed linnet scud through the air—it was at the end of August—I said, it'll be a hard winter."

"It has been so," said Gringoire, delighted at this commencement of conversation—"I've done nothing but blow my fingers. So you've the gift of prophecy."

She fell into her laconics again.

"No," she answered dryly.

"That man whom you call the duke of Egypt is the chief of your tribe?"

"Yes."

"It was he, however, that married us," observed the poet, timidly.

She made that pretty little habitual grimace of hers.

"I don't know so much as your name."

"My name?—If you wish to know it, it is this—Pierre Gringoire."

"I know a finer one," said she.

"Naughty girl!" rejoined the poet. "No matter—you shall not provoke me. Nay, you will perhaps love me when you know me better—and then, you have told me your history with such unreserved confidence that I am bound to give you some account of myself. You must know, then, that my name is Pierre Gringoire, and that I am the son of a farmer of the tabellionage of Gonesse, that is to say, of the office of notary in that seigneurial jurisdiction. My father was hanged by the Burgundians, and my mother ripped open by the Picards at the time of the siege of Paris twenty years ago. At six years of age, then, I was an orphan, without any other sole to my foot than the pavement of Paris. How I got over the time from six years old to sixteen, I hardly know. Here a fruit woman used to give me a plum, and there a baker used to throw me a crust. At night I used to get myself picked up by the Eleven score, who put me in prison, and there I found a bundle of straw. All this did not prevent my growing tall and thin, as you see. In winter I warmed myself in the sun, under the porch of the Hôtel de Sens; and I thought it very ridiculous that the great fire on the feast of St. John should be reserved for the dog-days. At sixteen I wished to choose a calling. I tried everything in succession. I turned soldier, but was not brave enough. I then turned monk, but was not devout enough—and besides, I'm a poor drinker. In despair, I apprenticed myself to the loggers, but I was not strong enough. I had more inclination to be a schoolmaster; to be sure, I couldn't read; but that needn't have hindered me. I perceived, at the end of a certain time, that I was in want of some requisite for everything—and so, finding

that I was good for nothing, I, of my own free will and pleasure, turned poet and rhymester. 'Tis a calling that a man can always embrace when he's a vagabond; and it's better than robbing, as I was advised to do by some young plunderers of my acquaintance. Fortunately, I met, one fine day, with Dom Claude Frollo, the reverend archdeacon of Notre-Dame. He took an interest in me; and to him I owe it that I am now a true man of letters, acquainted with Latin, from Cicero's Offices to the Mortuology of the Celestine fathers, and not absolutely barbarous either in scholastics, in poetics, or in rhythmics, that sophy of sophies. I am the author of the mystery that was performed to-day, with great triumph and concourse of people, all in the Great Hall of the Palais. I've also written a book that will make six hundred pages, upon the prodigious comet of 1465, about which one man went mad. These are not the only successes I have had; being something of an artillery joiner, I worked on the great bombard of Jean Maugue, which you know burst at the bridge of Charenton the first time it was tried, and killed four-and-twenty of the spectators. You see that I'm not so indifferent a match. I know many sorts of very clever tricks, which I will teach your goat—for instance, to mimic the bishop of Paris, that cursed pharisee whose mill-wheels splash the passengers the whole length of the Pont-aux-Meuniers. And then, my mystery will bring me a good lump of hard cash, if I get paid. In short, I'm at your service—I, and my wit, and my science, and my letters—ready to live with you, damsel, as it shall please you—chastely or otherwise—as man and wife, if you think good—as brother and sister, if you like it better."

Here Gringoire was silent, awaiting the effect of his harangue upon the gypsy girl. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground.

"*Phœbus*," said she, with an emphasis upon the word, though in a half-whisper; then, turning to the poet, "*Phœbus*," said she, "What does that mean?"

Gringoire, though not at all understanding what relationship there could be between his address and this question, was not sorry to show off his erudition. He answered, bridling up with dignity:

"'Tis a Latin word, that signifies the sun."

"The sun!" repeated she.

"'Tis the name of a certain handsome archer, who was a god," added Gringoire.

"A god!" ejaculated his companion; and there was something pensive and impassioned in her tone.

At that moment, one of her bracelets came unfastened and dropped on the floor. Gringoire eagerly stooped to pick it up; and when he

rose again, the girl and the goat had both disappeared. He heard the shoot of a bolt. It was a small door, communicating no doubt with an adjoining chamber, which some one was fastening outside.

"Has she, at any rate, left me a bed?" said our philosopher.

He made the tour of the chamber. There was no piece of furniture at all adapted to repose, except a very long wooden chest; and the lid of that was carved; so that it gave Gringoire, when he stretched himself upon it, a sensation much like that which the Micromegas of Voltaire's tale would experience, lying all his length upon the Alps.

"Come!" said he, making the best he could of it, "there's nothing for it but resignation. And yet this is a strange wedding night. 'Tis pity, too. That broken-pitcher marriage had something sweetly simple and antediluvian about it that quite pleased me."

# BOOK III

## CHAPTER I

### NOTRE-DAME

ASSUREDLY, the church of Our Lady at Paris is still, at this day, a majestic and sublime edifice. Yet, noble an aspect as it has preserved in growing old, it is difficult to suppress feelings of sorrow and indignation at the numberless degradations and mutilations which the hand of Time and that of man have inflicted upon the venerable monument, regardless alike of Charlemagne, who laid the first stone of it, and of Philip-Augustus, who laid the last.

Upon the face of this old queen of the French cathedrals, beside each wrinkle we constantly find a scar. *Tempus edax, homo edacior*—which we would willingly render thus—Time is blind, but man is stupid.

If we had leisure to examine one by one, with the reader, the traces of destruction imprinted on this ancient church, the work of Time would be found to form the lesser portion—the worst destruction has been perpetrated by men—especially by men of art, since there have been individuals who have assumed the character of architects in the two last centuries.

And first of all—to cite only a few leading examples—there are, assuredly few finer architectural pages than that front of that cathedral, in which, successively and at once, the three receding pointed gateways; the decorated and indented band of the twenty-eight royal niches; the vast central rose window, flanked by the two lateral ones, like the priest by the deacon and sub-deacon; the lofty and slender gallery of trifoliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its light and delicate columns; and the two dark and massive towers, with their eaves of slate—harmonious parts of one magnificent whole—rising one above another in five gigantic stories—unfold themselves to the eye, in combination unconfused—with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving, in powerful alliance with the grandeur of the whole—a vast symphony in stone, if we may so express it—the colossal work of a man and of a nation—combining unity with complexity, like the Iliads and the Romanceros to which it is a sister production—the prodigious result of a draught upon the whole resources of an era—in which, upon every stone, is seen displayed, in a hundred varieties, the fancy of the workman disciplined by the genius of the artist—a sort of human Creation, in short, mighty and prolific as the Divine Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character—variety and eternity.

And what is here said of the front must be said of the whole church—and what we say of the cathedral church of Paris must be said of all the churches of Christendom in the Middle Ages. Everything is in its place in that art, self-created, logical, and well-proportioned. By measuring the toe we estimate the giant.

But to return to the front of Notre-Dame, as it still appears to us when we go to gaze in pious admiration upon the solemn and mighty cathedral, looking terrible, as its chroniclers express it—*quæ mole sua terrorem incutit spectantibus.*

Three things of importance are now wanting to this front: first, the flight of eleven steps by which it formerly rose above the level of the ground; then, the lower range of statues, which occupied the niches of the three portals; and lastly, the upper series, of the twenty-eight more ancient kings of France, which filled the gallery on the first story, beginning with Childebert and ending with Philip-Augustus, each holding in his hand the imperial orb.

As for the flight of steps, it is Time that has made it disappear, by raising, with slow but resistless progress, the level of the ground in the City. But while thus swallowing up, one after another, in this mounting tide of the pavement of Paris, the eleven steps which added to the majestic elevation of the structure, Time has given to the church,

NOTRE-DAME IN 1482.

perhaps, yet more than he has taken from it; for it is he who has spread over its face that dark gray tint of centuries which makes of the old age of architectural monuments their season of beauty.

But who has thrown down the two ranges of statues? who has left the niches empty? who has cut, in the middle of the central portal, that new and bastard pointed arch? who has dared to hang in it that heavy, unmeaning wooden door, carved *à la* Louis XV., beside the arabesques of Biscornette? The men, the architects, the artists of our times.

And—if we enter the interior of the edifice—who has overturned the colossal St. Christopher, proverbial for his magnitude among statues as the Great Hall of the Palais was among halls—as the spire of Strasburg among steeples? And those myriads of statues which thronged all the inter-columniations of the nave and the choir—kneeling—standing—equestrian—men, women, children—kings, bishops, warriors—in stone, in marble, in gold, in silver, in brass, and even in wax—who has brutally swept them out? It is not Time that has done it.

And who has substituted for the old Gothic altar, splendidly loaded with shrines and reliquaries, that heavy sarcophagus of marble, with angels' heads and clouds, which looks like an unmatched specimen from the Val-de-Grâce or the Invalides? Who has stupidly fixed that heavy anachronism of stone into the Carlovingian pavement of Hercandus? Was it not Louis XIV. fulfilling the vow of Louis XIII.?

And who has put cold white glass in place of those "richly dight" panes which made the wandering eyes of our forefathers hesitate between the round window over the grand doorway and the pointed ones of the chancel? And what would a subchanter of the sixteenth century say could he see that fine yellow-washing with which the Vandal Archbishops have besmeared their cathedral? He would remember that it was the color with which the hangman brushed over such buildings as were adjudged to be infamous—he would recollect the hôtel of of the Petit-Bourbon, which had thus been washed all over yellow for the treason of the constable—"yellow, after all, so well mixed," says Sauval, "so well applied, that the lapse of a century and more has not yet taken out its color." He would believe that the holy place had become infamous, and would flee away from it.

And, then, if we ascend the cathedral—not to mention a thousand other barbarisms of every kind—what have they done with that charming small steeple which rose from the intersection of the cross, and which, no less bold and light than its neighbor, the spire (destroyed

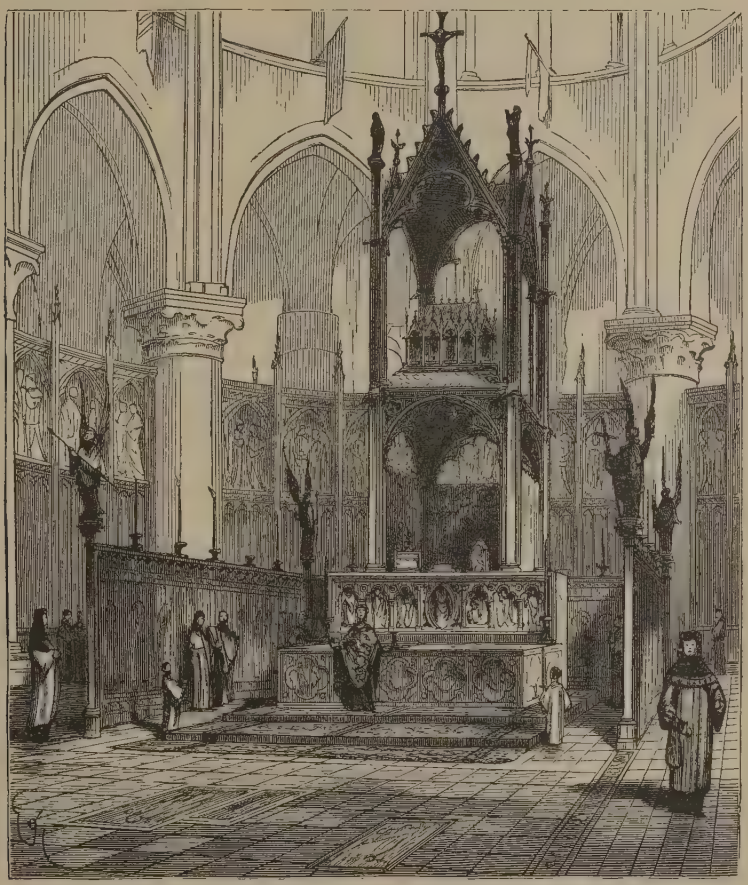
also) of the Sainte-Chapelle, pierced into the sky yet further than the towers—perforated, sharp, sonorous, airy? An architect "of taste" amputated it in 1787, and thought it was sufficient to hide the wound with that great plaster of lead which resembles the lid of a porridge-pot.

Thus it is that the wondrous art of the Middle Ages has been treated in almost every country, and especially in France. In its ruin three sorts of inroads are distinguishable, and have made breaches of different depths; first, Time, which has gradually made deficiencies here and there, and has gnawed over its whole surface; then religious and political revolutions, which, blind and angry in their nature, have tumultuously wreaked their fury upon it, torn its rich garment of sculpture and carving, burst its rose-shaped windows, broken its bands of arabesques and miniature figures, torn down its statues, here for their mitre, there for their crown; and lastly, changes of fashion, growing more and more grotesque and stupid, which, commencing with the anarchical yet splendid deviations of the revival, have succeeded one another in the necessary decline of architecture. Fashion has done more mischief than revolutions. It has cut to the quick—it has attacked the very bone and framework of the art. It has mangled, dislocated, killed the edifice—in its form as well as in its meaning—in its consistency as well as in its beauty. And then, it has remade—which at least neither Time nor revolutions have pretended to do. It has audaciously fitted, in the name of "good taste," into the wounds of Gothic architecture its wretched gewgaws of a day—its marble ribands—its metal pompons—a very leprosy of ovolos, volutes, and entournements—of draperies, garlands, and fringes—of stone flames, brazen clouds, fleshy Cupids, and chubby cherubim, which we find beginning to devour the face of art in the oratory of Catherine de Médicis, and making it expire two centuries after, tortured and convulsed, in the boudoir of Madame Dubarry.

Thus, to sum up the points which we have here laid down, three kinds of ravages now disfigure Gothic architecture; wrinkles and knobs on the surface—these are the work of Time: violences, brutalities, contusions, fractures—these are the work of revolutions, from Luther down to Mirabeau: mutilations, amputations, dislocation of members, restorations—these are the labors, Grecian, Roman, and barbaric, of the professors according to Vitruvius and Vignola. The magnificent art which the Vandals had produced the academies have murdered. To the operations of ages and of revolutions, which, at all events, devastate with impartiality and grandeur, have been added those of the cloud of school-trained architects, licensed, privileged, and patented, degrading

THE COLOSSAL SAINT-CHRISTOPHER.

with all the discernment and selection of bad taste—substituting, for instance, the *chichorées* of Louis XV. for the Gothic lacework, to the greater glory of the Parthenon. This is the kick of the ass at the expiring lion. 'Tis the old oak which, in the last stage of decay, is stung and gnawed by the caterpillars.



How remote is all this from the time when Robert Cenalis, comparing Notre-Dame at Paris to the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, "so much vaunted by the ancient pagans," which immortalized Erostratus, thought the Gaulish cathedral "more excellent in length, breadth, height, and structure."

Notre-Dame, however, as an architectural monument, is not one of

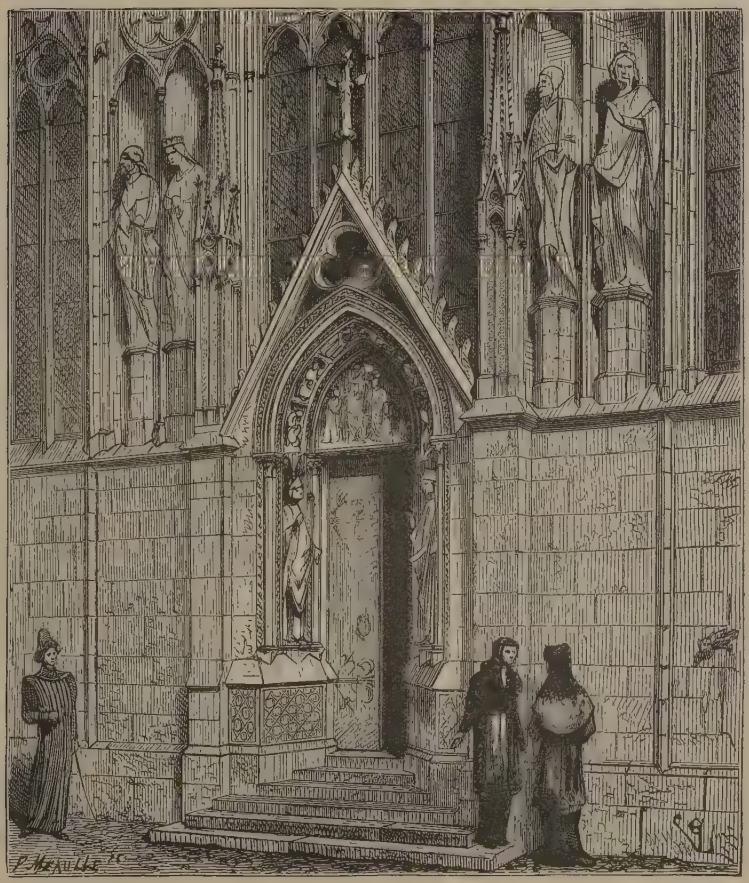
those which can be called complete, definite, belonging to a class. It is not a Roman church, nor is it a Gothic church. It is not a model of any individual order. It has not, like the abbey of Tournus, the solemn and massive squareness, the round broad vault, the icy bareness, the majestic simplicity, of the edifices which have the circular arch for their basis. Nor is it, like the cathedral of Bourges, the magnificent, airy, multiform, tufted, pinnacled, florid production of the pointed arch. It cannot be ranked among that antique family of churches, gloomy, mysterious, lowering, crushed, as it were by the weight of the circular arch—almost Egyptian, even to their ceilings—all hieroglyphical, all sacerdotal, all symbolical—more abounding, in their ornaments, with lozenges and zigzags than with flowers—with flowers than with animals—with animals than with human figures—the work not so much of the architect as of the bishop—the first transformation of the art—all stamped with theocratical and military discipline—having its root in the Lower Empire, and stopping at the time of William the Conqueror. Nor can this cathedral be ranked in that other family of lofty, airy churches, rich in sculpture and painted windows, of pointed forms and bold dispositions—as political symbols, communal and citizen—as works of art, free, capricious, and licentious—the second transformation of ecclesiastical architecture—no longer hieroglyphical, immutable, and sacerdotal, but artistical, progressive, and popular—beginning at the return from the crusades, and ending with Louis XI. Notre-Dame, then, is not of purely Roman race, like the former, nor of purely Arabic race like the latter.

It is an edifice of the transition period. The Saxon architect was just finishing off the first pillars of the nave, when the pointed arch, arriving from the crusade, came and placed itself as a conqueror upon the broad Roman capitals which had been designed to support only circular arches. The pointed arch, thenceforward master of the field, constructed the remainder of the building. However, inexperienced and timid at the commencement, we find it widening its compass, and, as it were, restraining itself, as not yet daring to spring up into arrows and lancets, as it afterward did in so many wonderful cathedrals. It might be said to have been sensible of the neighborhood of the heavy Roman pillars.

However, these edifices of the transition from the Roman to the Gothic are not less valuable studies than the pure models are. They express a gradation of the art which would be lost without them. It is the pointed species engrafted upon the circular.

Notre-Dame, in particular, is a curious specimen of this variety. Each face, each stone of this venerable monument is a page of the his-

tory, not only of the country, but of the science and the art. Thus, to point out here only some of the principal details; while the small Porte-Rouge attains almost to the limits of the Gothic delicacy of the fifteenth century, the pillars of the nave, in their amplitude and solemnity, go back almost as far as the Carlovingian abbey of St. Germain-des-Près.



One would think there were six centuries between that door and those pillars. Not even the hermetics fail to find, in the emblematical devices of the great portal, a satisfactory compendium of their science, of which the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie was so complete a hieroglyphic. Thus the Roman abbey—the philosophical church—Gothic art—Saxon art—the heavy round pillar, which carries us back to

Gregory VII.—the hermetical symbolism by which Nicholas Flamel anticipated Luther—papal unity, and schism—St. Germain-des-Près, and St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie—all are mingled, combined, and amalgamated in Notre-Dame. This central and maternal church is, among the other old churches of Paris, a sort of chimera; she has the head of one, the limbs of another, the back of a third—something of every one.

We repeat it, these hybrid fabrics are not the least interesting to the artist, the antiquary, and the historian. They make us feel in how great a degree architecture is a primitive matter—demonstrating (as the Cyclopean vestiges, the Egyptian pyramids, and the gigantic Hindoo pagods likewise demonstrate) that the greatest productions of architecture are not so much the work of individuals as of society—the offspring rather of national efforts than of the conceptions of particular minds—a deposit left by a whole people—the accumulation of ages—the residue of the successive evaporations of human society—in short, a sort of formations. Each wave of time leaves its alluvium—each race deposits its strata upon the monument—each individual contributes his stone. So do the beavers—so do the bees—so does man. The great symbol of architecture, Babel, is a hive.

Great edifices, like great mountains, are the work of ages. Often the art undergoes a transformation while they are yet pending—*pendent opera interrupta*—they go on again quietly, in accordance with the change in the art. The altered art takes up the fabric, incrusts itself upon it, assimilates it to itself, develops it after its own fashion, and finishes it if it can. The thing is accomplished without disturbance, without effort, without reaction, according to a law natural and tranquil. It is a graft that shoots out—a sap that circulates—a vegetation that goes forward. Certainly there is matter for very large volumes, and often for the universal history of human nature, in those successive engraftings of several species of art at different elevations upon the same fabric. The man, the artist, the individual, are lost and disappear upon those great masses, leaving no name of an author behind. Human intelligence is there to be traced only in its aggregate. Time is the architect—the nation is the builder.

To consider in this place only the architecture of Christian Europe, the younger sister of the great masonries of the East; it presents to us an immense formation, divided into three superincumbent zones, clearly defined; the Roman* zone; the Gothic zone, and the zone of the

* The same which is also called, according to place, climate, and species, Lombard, Saxon, or Byzantine. These are four sister architectures, parallel to one another,

Revival, which we would willingly entitle the Greco-Roman. The Roman stratum, the most ancient and the deepest, is occupied by the circular arch; which reappears rising from the Grecian column, in the modern and upper stratum of the Renaissance. The pointed arch is found between the two. The edifices which belong to one or other of these three strata exclusively, are perfectly distinct, uniform, and complete. Such is the abbey of Jumièges; such is the cathedral of Rheims; such is the church of Sainte-Croix at Orleans. But the three zones mingle and combine at their borders, like the colors of the prism. And hence the complex fabrics—the edifices of gradation and transition. One is Roman in its feet, Gothic in the middle, and Greco-Roman in the head. This is when it has taken six hundred years to build it. This variety is rare: the donjon tower of Etampes is a specimen of it. But the fabrics of two formations are more frequent. Such is the Notre-Dame of Paris, an edifice of the pointed arch, which, in its earliest pillars, dips into that Roman zone in which the portal of Saint-Denis and the nave of St. Germain-des-Près are entirely immersed. Such is the charming semi-Gothic chapter house of Bocherville, which the Roman layer mounts half-way up. Such is the cathedral of Rouen, which would have been entirely Gothic, had not the extremity of its central spire pierced into the zone of the Renaissance.†

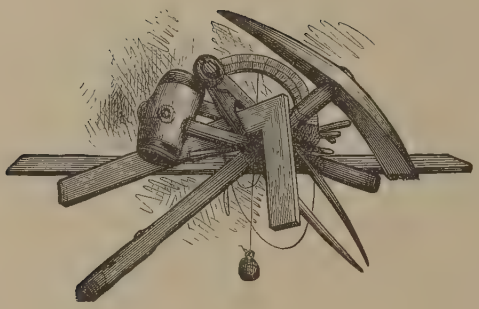
However, all these gradations, all these differences, affect only the surface of the structures. It is only the art that has changed its coat—the conformation of the Christian temple itself has remained untouched. It is ever the same internal framework, the same logical disposition of parts. Whatever be the sculptured and decorated envelope of a cathedral, we constantly find underneath it at least the germ and rudiment of the Roman basilic. It eternally develops itself upon the ground according to the same law. There are invariably two naves crossing each other at right angles, the upper extremity of which cross is rounded into a chancel; there are constantly two low sides for the internal processions and for the chapels—a sort of lateral ambulatories communicating with the principal nave by the intercolumniations. This being once laid down, the number of the chapels, of the doorways, of the steeples, of the spires, is variable to infinity, according to the fancy of the age, of the nation, of the art. The performance of the

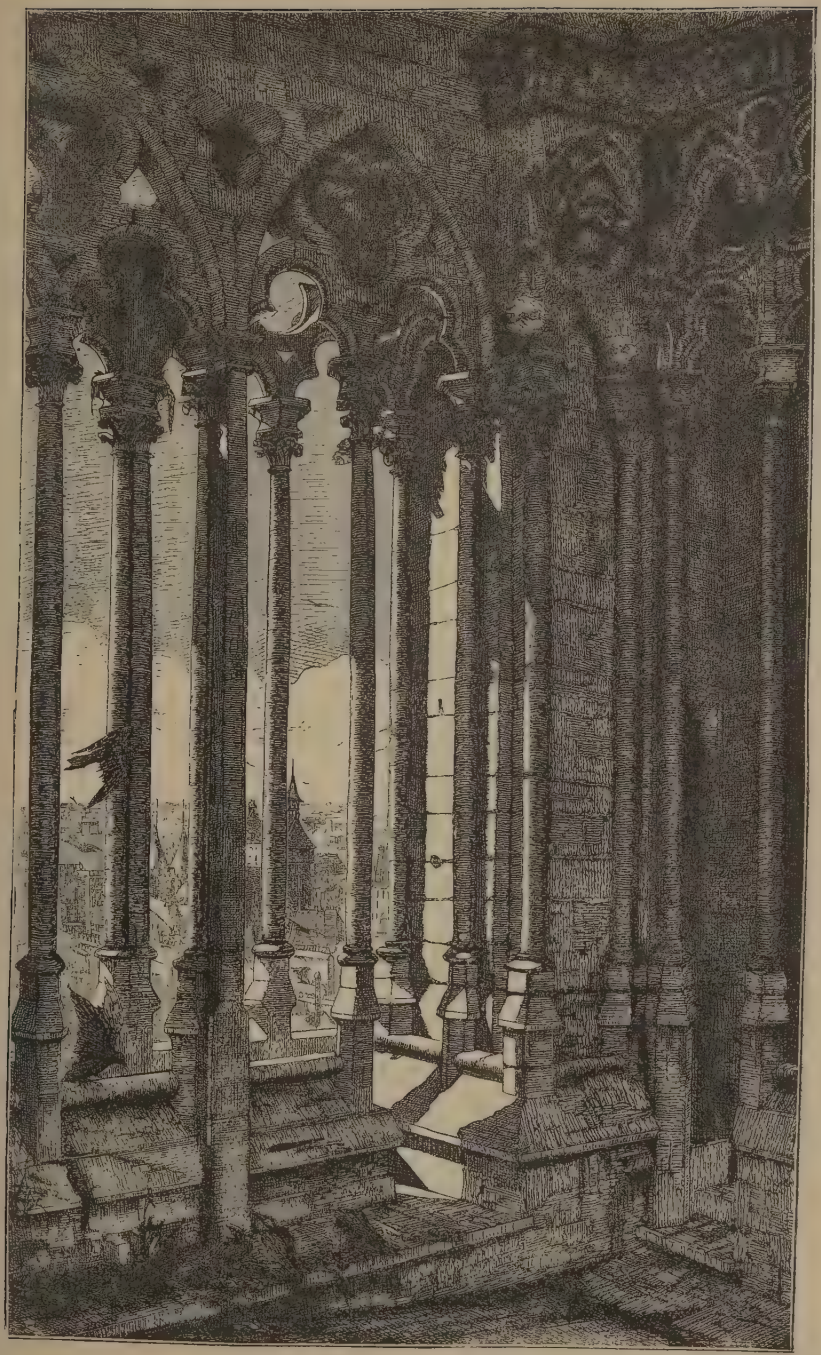
having each its particular charter, but all deriving from the same principle, the circular arch.

Facies non omnibus una,
Non diversa tamen, qualem, etc.

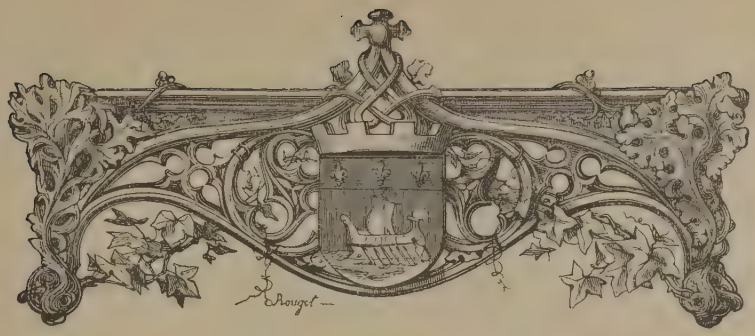
† This part of the spire, which was of timber, is precisely that which was consumed by lightning in 1823.

worship being once provided for and ensured, architecture is at liberty to do what she pleases. Statues, painted glass, rose-shaped windows, arabesques, indentations, capitals, and bas-reliefs—all these objects of imagination she combines in such arrangement as best suits her. Hence the prodigious external variety of these edifices, in the main structure of which dwells so much order and uniformity. The trunk of the tree is unchanging—the vegetation is capricious.





THE GALLERY.



## CHAPTER II

### A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS

WE have endeavored to repair for the reader the admirable church of Our Lady at Paris. We have briefly pointed out the greater part of the beauties which it possessed in the fifteenth century, and which are wanting to it now; but we have omitted the principal—the view of Paris as it then appeared from the summit of the towers.

Indeed, when, after feeling your way up the long spiral staircase that perpendicularly perforates the thick walls of the steeples, you at last emerged all at once upon one of the two elevated platforms inundated with light and air, it was a fine picture that opened upon you on every side, a spectacle, *sui generis*, some idea of which may easily be formed by such of our readers as have had the good fortune to see a Gothic town, entire, complete, homogeneous—of which description there are still a few remaining, as Nuremberg in Bavaria, and Vittoria in Spain—or even any smaller specimens, provided they be in good preservation, as Vitré in Brittany, and Nordhausen in Prussia.

The Paris of three hundred and fifty years ago, the Paris of the fifteenth century, was already a giant city. The Parisians in general are mistaken as to the ground which they think they have gained. Since the time of Louis XI., Paris has not increased much more than a third, and certainly it has lost much more in beauty than it has gained in size.

Paris took its birth in that anciently-inhabited island of the Cité, or City, which has indeed the form of a cradle. The strand of this island was its first enclosure; the Seine its first trench. And for several centuries Paris remained in its island state; with two bridges, one on the north, the other on the south; and two *têtes-de-ponts*, which

were at once its gates and its fortresses—the Grand Châtelet on the right bank of the northern channel of the river, and the Petit Châtelet on the left bank of the southern channel.

In the next place, under the first line of French kings, being too much confined within the limits of its island, and not able to turn about in it, Paris crossed the water. Then on each side, beyond the great, and beyond the little Châtelet, a first line of walls and towers began to cut into the country on both sides of the Seine. Of this ancient enclosure some vestiges were still remaining as late as the last century; but now there is nothing left but the memory of it, with here and there a local tradition, as the Baudets or Baudoyer gate—*porta Bagauda.*

By degrees, the flood of houses, constantly impelled from the heart of the town toward the exterior, overflowed and wore away this enclosure. Philip-Augustus drew a fresh line of circumvallation. He imprisoned Paris within a circular chain of great towers, lofty and massive. For upwards of a century the houses pressed upon one another, accumulated, and rose higher in this basin, like water in a reservoir. They began to deepen—to pile story on story—to climb, as it were, one upon another. They shot out in height, like every growth that is compressed laterally; and strove each to lift its head above its neighbors, in order to get a breath of air. The streets became deeper and narrower, and every open space was overrun by buildings and disappeared. At last we find the houses overstepping the wall of Philip-Augustus, and spreading themselves merrily over the plain in all manner of positions, without plan or arrangement, taking their unrestricted ease, and slicing themselves gardens out of the surrounding fields.

In 1367, the suburbs were already so extensive that another enclosure became necessary, and one was built by Charles V. But a town like Paris is perpetually on the increase—and it is only such towns that become capitals. They are a sort of funnels, which receive all the drains, geographical, political, moral, and intellectual, of a country—all the natural tendencies of a people—wells of civilization, as it were—and also sinks—where commerce, manufactures, intelligence, population—all the vital juices of a state—filter and collect incessantly, drop by drop, and century after century.

The wall of Charles V., then, had the same fate as that of Philip-Augustus. At the end of the fifteenth century it was overstepped and passed, and the suburb was still further beyond it, and in the sixteenth we find it rapidly receding, and becoming buried deeper and deeper in the old town, so dense was the new town becoming outside it. Thus, in the fifteenth century—to stop there—Paris had already worn

away the three concentric circles of walls which, in the time of Julian the Apostate, may be said to have been in embryo in the Grand Châtelet and the Petit Châtelet. The growing city had successively burst its

four girdles of walls, like a child grown too large for its last year's clothes. In the reign of Louis XI., were to be seen rising here and there amid that sea of houses, some groups of ruinous towers belonging

to the ancient walls, like archipelagoes of the old Paris submerged under the inundation of the new.

Since then, Paris has undergone another transformation, unhappily for the eye of Taste; but it has overleaped only one boundary more —that of Louis XV.—the wretched mud-wall, worthy of the king who built it, and of the poet who sang it—

"Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant."

In the fifteenth century, Paris was still divided into three towns quite distinct and separate, having each its peculiar features, manners, customs, privileges, and history—the City, the University, and the Town. The City, which occupied the island, was the most ancient, the smallest, and the mother of the other two—looking squeezed (if we may be allowed such a comparison) like a little old woman between two fine, flourishing daughters. The University covered the left bank of the Seine, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nesle, the points answering to which, in modern Paris, are, to the former the Halle-aux-Vins, or Wine Mart, and to the latter, the Monnaie, or Mint. Its circuit included an ample slice of that tract in which Julian had constructed his baths, and comprised the hill of Ste. Geneviève. The apex of this curve of walls was the Porte Papale, or Papal Gate, that is to say, very nearly, the site of the present Pantheon. The Town, which was the largest of the three portions of Paris, occupied the right bank. Its quay, in which there were several breaks and interruptions, ran along the Seine from the Tour de Billy to the Tour du Bois, that is, from the spot where the Grenier d'Abondance now stands to that occupied by the Tuileries. These four points at which the Seine cut the circumference of the capital—on the left, the Tournelle and the Tour de Nesle; and on the right the Tour de Billy and the Tour du Bois—were called, by distinction, *the four towers of Paris.* The Town projected yet more deeply into the country than the University. The most salient points of its enclosure (the one constructed by Charles V.) were at the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, the sites of which have not been moved.

As we have just before said, each one of these three great divisions of Paris was a town—but it was a town too peculiar to be complete in itself—a town which could not dispense with the vicinity of the other two. So, also, each had its characteristic aspect. In the City, the churches abounded; in the Town, the palaces; in the University, the colleges. Leaving apart the secondary original features of old Paris, and the capricious dispositions attaching to the *droit de voirie*, or right of road—and noting only the great masses in the chaos of the communal

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PARIS.

jurisdictions—we may say in general, that the island belonged to the bishop; the right bank, to the provost of the merchants; and the left bank to the rector of the University. The provost of Paris, a royal and not a municipal officer, had authority over all. Among the conspicuous edifices, the City had Notre-Dame; the Town, the Louvre and the Hôtel-de-Ville; and the University, the Sorbonne. Again, the Town had the Halles; the City, the Hôtel-Dieu; and the University, the Pré-aux-Clercs. Offenses committed by the scholars on the left bank, were tried in the island at the Palais de Justice, and punished on the right bank at Montfaucon; unless, indeed, the rector, feeling the University to be strong at that particular time, and the king weak, thought proper to interfere—for it was a privilege of the scholars to be hanged at home.

Most of these privileges (we may observe in passing), and there were some of greater value than this, had been extorted from the kings by revolts and disturbances. Such has been the course of things time out of mind. As the French proverb saith, *Le roi ne lache que quand le peuple arrache*—in plain English, the king never leaves hold until the people pull too hard for him. In one of the old French charters we find this popular fidelity defined with great simplicity: *Civibus fidelitas in reges, quæ tamen aliquoties seditionibus interrupta, multa peperit privilegia.*

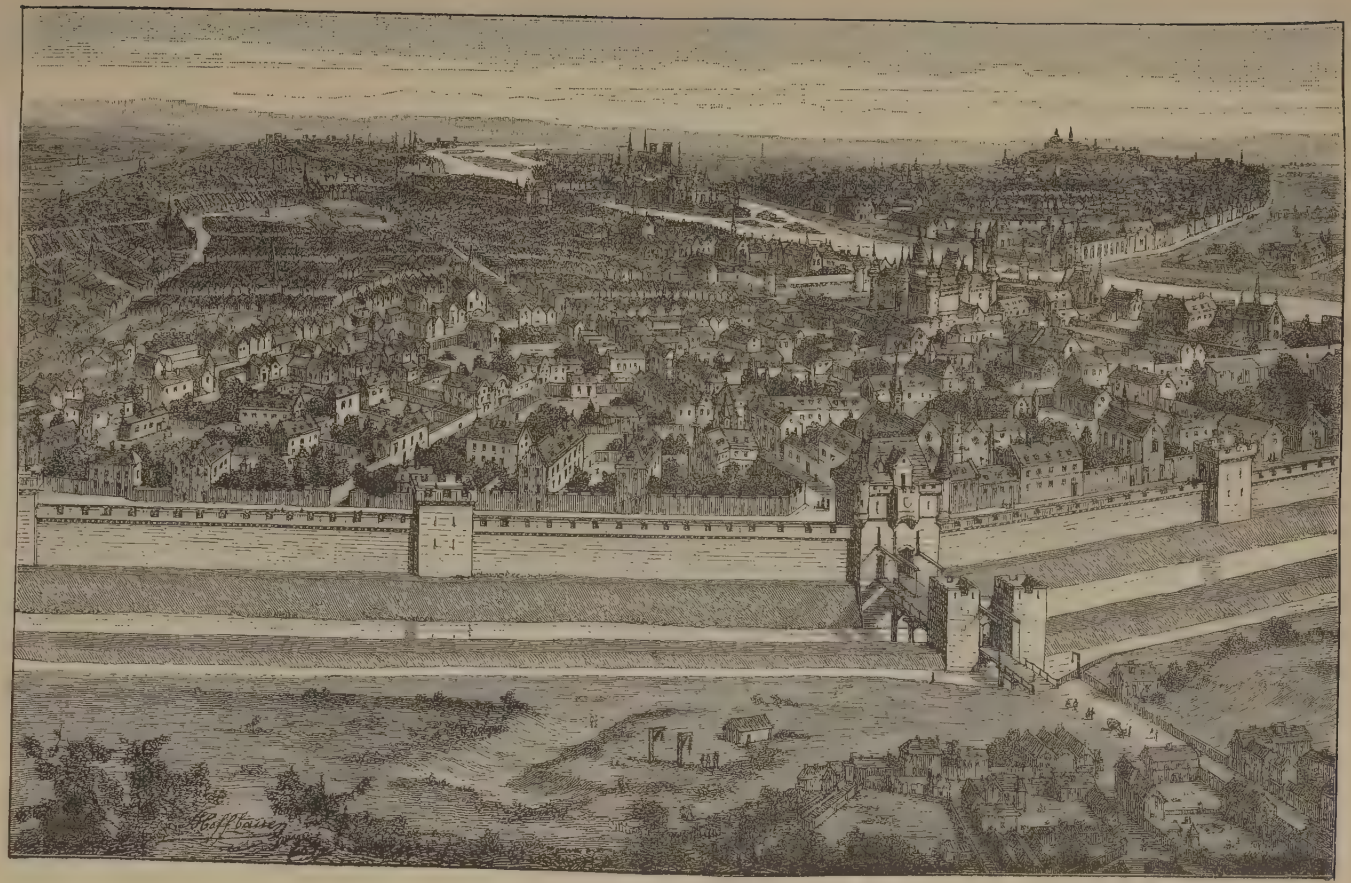
In the fifteenth century, the Seine embraced five islands within the circuit of Paris; the Ile Louviers, on which there were then living trees, though there are now only piles of wood; the Ile aux Vaches and the Ile Notre-Dame, both uninhabited, excepting only one sorry tenement, both fiefs of the bishop's, which two islands, in the seventeenth century, were made into one, since built upon, and now called the Ile St. Louis; and the City, having, at its western extremity, the islet of the Passeur-aux-Vaches, since lost under the esplanade of the Pont-Neuf. The City had, at that time, five bridges: three on the right, the Pont Notre-Dame, and the Pont-au-Change, of stone, and the Pont-aux-Meuniers, of wood; and two on the left, the Petit-Pont, of stone, and the Pont St. Michel, of wood; all of them laden with houses. The University had six gates, built by Philip-Augustus; which, to set out from the Tournelle, occurred in the following order: the Porte St. Victor, the Porte Borvelle, the Porte Papale, the Porte St. Jacques, the Porte St. Michel, and the Porte St. Germain. The Town had also six gates, built by Charles V., viz.: setting out from the Tour de Billy, the Porte St. Antoine, the Porte du Temple, the Porte St. Martin, the Porte St. Denis, the Porte Montmartre, and the Porte St. Honoré. All these gates were strong, and handsome withal—which latter attribute is by no means incompatible with strength. A wide and deep trench, having a running stream dur-

ing the winter floods, washed the foot of the walls all round Paris; the Seine furnishing the water. At night the gates were shut, the river was barred at the two extremities of the town with massive iron chains, and Paris slept in tranquillity.

Seen in a bird's-eye view, these three great pieces of town, the City, the University, and the Ville, presented each an inextricable web of streets fantastically raveled. Yet a glance was sufficient to show the spectator that those three portions of a city formed but one complete whole. You at once distinguished two long parallel streets, without interruption or deviation, running almost in a straight line, and intersecting all the three towns, from one extremity to the other, from the south to the north, at right angles with the Seine, connecting and mingling them, and incessantly pouring the people of each into the precincts of the other, making the three but one. One of these two lines of street ran from the Porte St. Jacques to the Porte St. Martin; and was called in the University, Rue St. Jacques; in the City, Rue de la Juiverie (anglicè, Jewry); and in the Town, Rue St. Martin. It crossed the water twice, under the names of Petit-Pont and Pont Notre-Dame. The other line, called, on the left bank, Rue de la Harpe; in the island, the Rue de la Barillerie; on the right bank, Rue St. Denis; over one arm of the Seine, Pont St. Michel, and over the other Pont-au-Change; ran from the Porte St. Michel in the University, to the Porte St. Denis in the Town. However, though under so many different names, they were still, in fact, only two streets; but they were the two normal, the two mother streets—the two arteries of Paris, by which all the other veins of the triple city were fed, or into which they emptied themselves.

Independently of these two principal, diametrical streets, running quite across Paris, common to the entire capital, the Town and the University had each its own great street, running in the direction of their length, parallel to the Seine, and intersecting the two arterial streets at right angles. Thus, in the Town, you descended in a straight line from the Porte St. Antoine to the Porte St. Honoré; in the University, from the Porte St. Victor to the Porte St. Germain. These two great ways, crossing the two first-mentioned, formed with them the frame or skeleton upon which was laid, knotted, and drawn in every direction, the tangled network of the streets of Paris. In the unintelligible figure of this network, you might, however, also discover, upon attentive observation, two bunches, as it were, of large streets, the one in the University, the other in the Town, which ran diverging from the bridges to the gates. Some traces of this geometrical plan still exist.

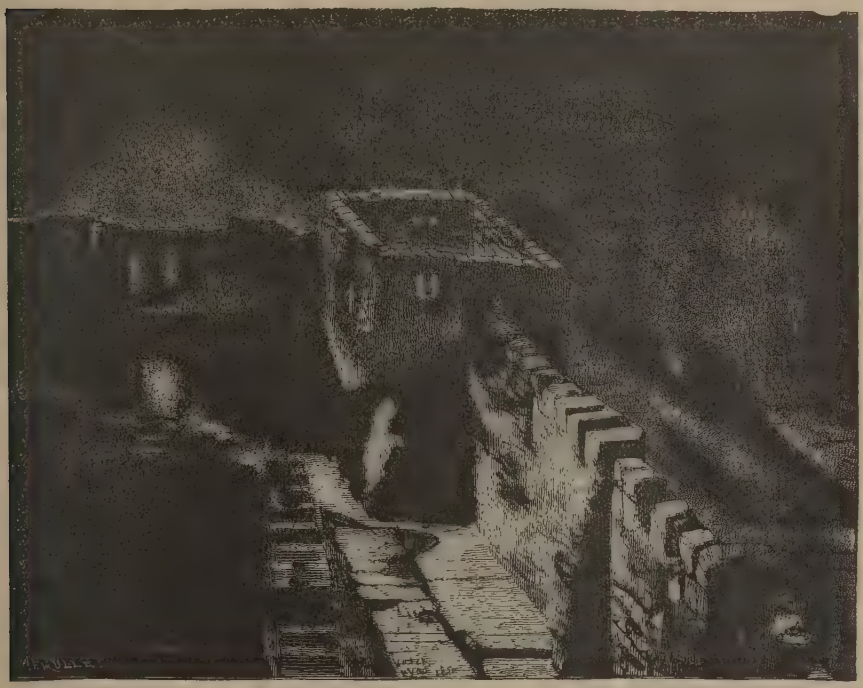
Now, what aspect did all this present when viewed from the top of



THE PORTE SAINT-HONORÉ.

the towers of Notre-Dame in 1482? We will endeavor to describe it.

The spectator, on arriving, out of breath, upon this summit, was first of all struck by a dazzling confusion of roofs, chimneys, streets, bridges, squares, spires, steeples. All burst upon the eye at once—the formally-cut gable, the acute-angled roofing, the hanging turret at the angles of the walls, the stone pyramid of the eleventh century, the slate



obelisk of the fifteenth; the donjon tower, round and bare; the church tower, square and decorated; the large and the small, the massive and the airy. The gaze was for some time utterly bewildered by this labyrinth; in which there was nothing but proceeded from art—from the most inconsiderable carved and painted house-front, with external timbers, low doorway, and stories projecting each upon each, up to the royal Louvre itself, which, at that time, had a colonnade of towers. But the following were the principal masses that were distinguishable when the eye became steady enough to examine this tumultuous assemblage of objects in detail.

First of all, the City. The island of the City, as is observed by

Sauval, who, amidst all his trashiness, has occasional happinesses of expression—"*The isle of the City is shaped like a great ship, sunk in the mud, and run aground lengthwise in the stream, about the middle of the Seine.*" We have already shown that, in the fifteenth century, this ship was moored to the two banks of the river by five bridges. This form of the hull of a vessel had also struck the heraldic scribes; for, from this circumstance, according to Favyn and Pasquier, and not from the siege by the Normans, came the ship emblazoned upon the old escutcheon of Paris. To him who can decipher it, heraldry is an emblematic language. The whole history of the latter half of the middle ages is written in heraldry, as that of the former half is in the symbolism of the churches of Roman architecture. 'Tis the hieroglyphics of feudality succeeding those of theocracy.

The City, then, first presented itself to the view, with its stern to the east and its prow to the west. Looking toward the prow, you had before you an innumerable congregation of old roofs, with the lead-covered apse of Sainte-Chapelle rising above them broad and round, like an elephant's back with the tower upon it. Only that here the place of the elephant's tower was occupied by the boldest, openest, airiest, most notched and ornamented spire that ever showed the sky through its lacework cone. Close before Notre-Dame, three streets terminated in the parvis—a fine square of old houses. The southern side of this Place was overhung by the furrowed and rugged front of the Hôtel-Dieu, and its roof, which looks as if covered with pimples and warts. And then, right and left, east and west, within that narrow circuit of the City, were ranged the steeples of its twenty-one churches, of all dates, forms, and sizes; from the low and decayed Roman campanile of St. Denis-du-Pas *(carcer Glaucini)* to the slender spires of St. Pierre-aux-Bœufs and St. Laundry. Behind Notre-Dame extended northward, the cloister, with its Gothic galleries; southward, the demi-Roman palace of the bishop; and eastward, the uninhabited point of the island, called the terrain. Amid that accumulation of houses the eye could also distinguish, by the high perforated mitres of stone, which at that period, placed aloft upon the roof itself, surmounted the highest range of palace windows, the mansion presented by the Parisians, in the reign of Charles VI., to Juvénal des Ursins; a little farther on, the black, pitch-covered market-sheds of the Marché Palus; and in another direction, the new chancel of St. Germain-le-Vieux, lengthened, in 1458, by an encroachment upon one end of the Rue-aux-Febves; and then, here and there, were to be seen some cross-way crowded with people—some pillory erected at the corner of a street—some fine piece of the pavement of Philip-Augustus—a magnificent flagging, furrowed in the mid-

THE ENTRANCE OF THE SEINE.

dle to prevent the horses from slipping, and so ill-replaced in the sixteenth century by the wretched pebbling called *pavé de la Ligue*—some solitary backyard, with one of those transparent staircase-turrets which they used to build in the fifteenth century, one of which is still to be seen in the Rue des Bourdonnais. And on the right of the Sainte-Chapelle, to the westward, the Palais de Justice rested its group of towers upon the water's brink. The hedges of the royal gardens which occupied the western point of the island, hid from view the islet of the Passeur. As for the water itself, it was hardly visible from the towers of Notre-Dame, on either side of the City; the Seine disappearing under the bridges, and the bridges under the houses.

And when you looked beyond those bridges, the roofs upon which were tinged with green, having contracted untimely mouldiness from the vapors of the water; if you cast your eye on the left hand, toward the University, the first edifice that struck it was a large low cluster of towers, the Petit Châtelet, the gaping porch of which seemed to devour the extremity of the Petit-Pont. Then, if your view ranged along the shore from east to west, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nesle, you beheld a long line of houses exhibiting sculptured beams, colored window-glass, each story overhanging that beneath it—an interminable zigzag of ordinary gables, cut at frequent intervals by the end of some street, and now and then also by the front or the corner of some great stone-built mansion, which seemed to stand at its ease, with its courtyards and gardens, its wings and its compartments, amid that rabble of houses crowding and pinching one another, like a grand seigneur amidst a mob of rustics. There were five or six of these mansions upon the quay, from the Lodge de Lorraine, which shared with the house of the

Bernardines the great neighboring enclosure of the Tournelle, to the Hôtel de Nesle, the principal tower of which formed the limit of Paris on that side, and the pointed roofs of which were so situated as to cut with their dark triangles, during three months of the year, the scarlet disc of the setting sun.

That side of the Seine, however, was the least mercantile of the two; there was more noise and crowd of scholars than of artisans; and there was not, properly speaking, any quay, except from the Pont-Saint-Michel to the Tour de Nesle. The rest of the margin of the river was either a bare strand, as was the case beyond the Bernardines, or a close range of houses with the water at their feet, as between the two bridges.

There was a great clamor of washerwomen along the water-side, talking, shouting, singing, from morning till night, and beating away at their linen—as they do at this day, contributing their full share to the gayety of Paris.

The University, from one end to the other, presented to the eye one dense mass forming a compact and homogeneous whole. Those thousand thick-set angular roofs, nearly all composed of the same geometrical element, when seen from above, looked almost like one crystallization of the same substance. The capricious fissures formed by the streets did not cut this conglomeration of houses into slices too disproportionate. The forty-two colleges were distributed among them very equally, and were to be seen in every quarter. The amusingly varied summits of those fine buildings were a product of the same description of art as the ordinary roofs which they overtopped; being nothing more than a multiplication, to the square or cube, of the same geometrical figure. Thus they complicated the whole, without confusing it; completed without overloading it. Geometry itself is one kind of harmony. Several fine mansions, too, lifted their heads magnificently here and there above the picturesque attic stories of the left bank; as the Logis de Nevers, the Logis de Rome, the Logis de Reims, which have disappeared; and the Hôtel de Cluny, which still exists for the artist's consolation, but the tower of which was so stupidly shortened a few years ago. Near the Hôtel de Cluny, that Roman palace, with fine semicircular arches, were once the Baths of Julian. There were also a number of abbeys of a beauty more religious, of a grandeur more solemn, than the secular mansions, but not less beautiful nor less grand. Those which first caught the attention were that of the Bernardines, with its three steeples; that of Sainte-Geneviève, the square tower of which, still existing, makes us so much regret the disappearance of the remainder; the Sorbonne, half-college, half-monastery, of which so admirable a nave

THE GRAND CHATELET.

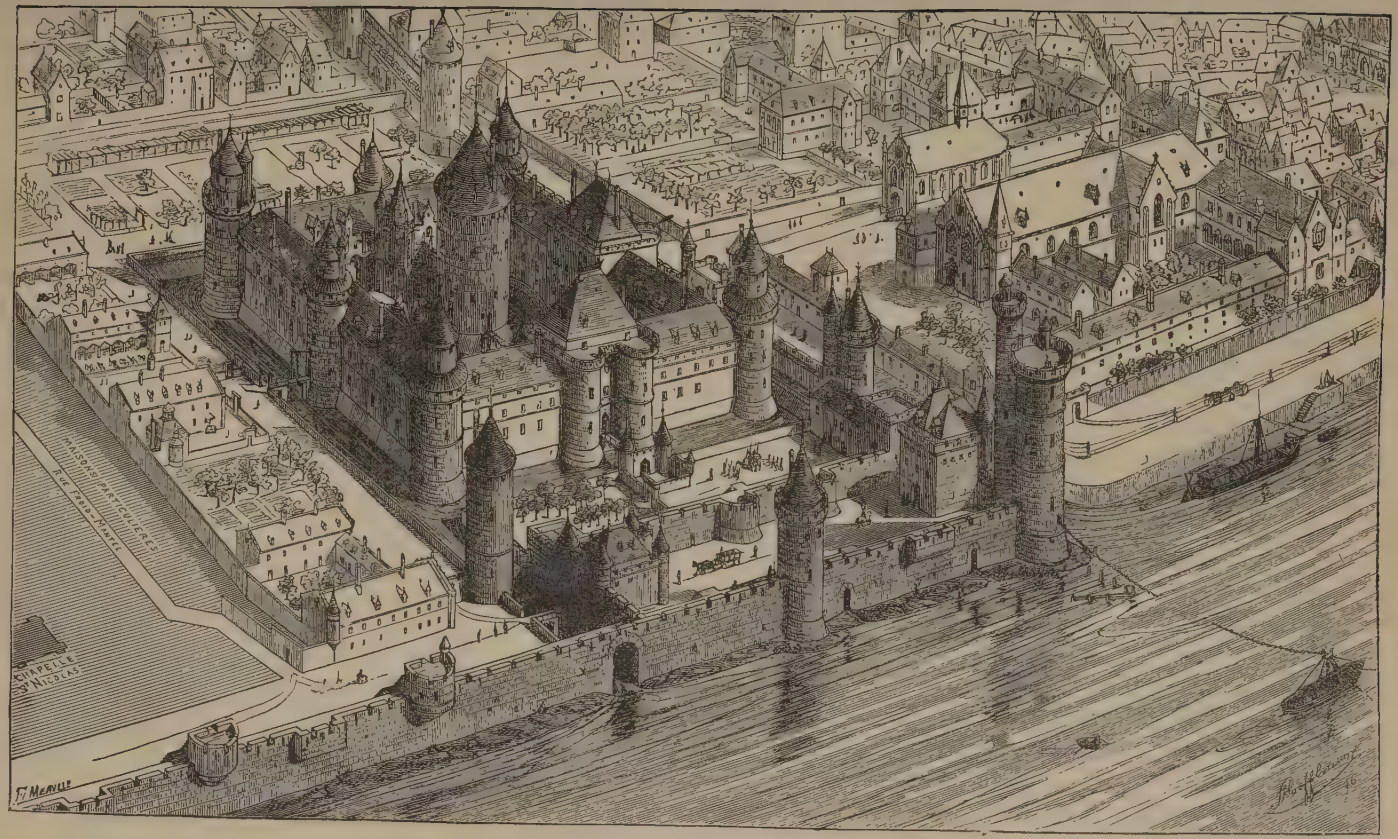
yet survives; the fine quadrilateral cloister of the Mathurins, and, adjacent to it, the cloister of St. Benedict's, in whose walls a theatre was run up between the seventh and eighth edition of this book; the house of the Cordeliers, with its three enormous and contiguous gables; that of the Augustines, the graceful spire of which formed, after the Tour de Nesle, the next lofty projection on that side of Paris, commencing from the westward. The colleges—which are in fact the intermediate link between the cloister and the world—held the medium in the architectural series between the great mansions and the abbeys, exhibiting a severe elegance, a sculpture less airy than that of the palaces, an architecture less stern than that of the convents. Unfortunately, scarcely anything remains of these structures, in which Gothic art held so just a balance between richness and economy. The churches (and they were numerous and splendid in the University, and of every architectural era, from the round arches of Saint-Julian to the Gothic ones of Saint-Severin)—the churches, we say, rose above the whole; and, as one harmony more in that harmonious mass, they pierced in close succession the multifarious indented outline of the roofs, with boldly-cut spires, with perforated steeples, and slender aiguilles, or needle spires, the lines of which were themselves but a magnificent exaggeration of the acute angle of the roofs.

The ground of the University was hilly. The Montagne Ste. Geneviève, on the southeast, made one grand swell; and it was curious to see, from the top of Notre-Dame, that crowd of narrow, winding streets (now the *pays Latin*), those clusters of houses which, scattered in every direction from the summit of that eminence, spread themselves in disorder, and almost precipitously down its sides, to the water's edge; looking, some as if they were falling, others as if they were climbing up, and all as if hanging to one another; while the continual motion of a thousand dark points crossing one another upon the pavement, gave the whole an appearance of life. These were the people in the streets, beheld thus from on high and at a distance.

And in the intervals between those roofs, those spires, those innumerable projections of buildings, which so fantastically bent, twisted, and indented the extreme line of the University, you distinguished here and there some great patch of moss-covered wall, some thick round tower, or some embattled, fortress-looking town gate—this was the enclosure of Philip-Augustus. Beyond extended the green meadows, across which the roads were seen diverging, having along their sides, at quitting the body of the town, a number of maisons de faubourg, or houses without the walls, which were seen more thinly scattered the greater their distances from the barriers. Some of these faubourgs were

considerable. First of all (to go round from the Tournelle), there was the bourg St. Victor, with its bridge of one arch over the Bievre; its abbey, in which was to be read the epitaph of King Louis the Fat—*epitaphium Ludovici Grossi;* and its church with an octagonal spire flanked by four steeple turrets, of the eleventh century (such a one is still to be seen at Etampes). Then there was the bourg St. Marceau, which had already three churches and a convent. Then, leaving on the left the mill of the Gobelins and its four white walls, came the faubourg St. Jacques, with the fine sculptured cross in the middle of it; the church of St. Jacques du Haut-Pas, then a charming Gothic structure; that of St. Magloire, with its fine nave of the fourteenth century, which Napoleon turned into a hay-barn; and that of Notre-Dame des Champs, in which were to be seen some byzantine mosaics. And after leaving in the open country the monastery of the Chartreux, a rich structure of the same period as the Palais de Justice, with its little compartmented gardens, and the haunted ruins of Vauvert, the eye fell toward the West, upon the three Roman-built spires of St. Germain-des-Près. The bourg St. Germain, already a large commune, formed fifteen or twenty streets in the rear, the sharp steeple of St. Sulpice indicating one of its corners. Close by it was to be distinguished the quadrilateral enclosure of the Foire St. Germain, where is now the market; then the abbot's pillory, a pretty little round tower, well capped with a cone of lead; farther on was the tuilerie or tile-kiln; and the Rue du Four, which led to the four banal or manorial bakehouse, with the manorial mill perched upon its mound; and the sick-house, a small, detached, and half-seen building. But that which especially attracted the eye, and kept it long fixed upon this point, was the abbey itself. It is certain that this monastery, which had an aspect of grandeur both as a church and as a seigniory—this abbatial palace, in which the bishops of Paris deemed themselves happy to sleep a single night—that refectory, to which the architect had given the air, the beauty, and the splendid rose-shaped window of a cathedral —that elegant chapel of the Virgin—that monumental dormitory—those spacious gardens—that portcullis and drawbridge—that circuit of battlements which marked its indented outline upon the verdure of the meadows around—those courts in which the mail of men-at-arms shone mingled with golden copes—the whole grouped and rallied, as it were, about the three round-arched spires, solidly based upon a Gothic chancel —made a magnificent figure in the horizon.

When at length, after long contemplating the University, you turned toward the right bank to the Town, properly so called, the character of the scene was suddenly changed. The Town was not only much larger than the University, but also less uniform. At first sight



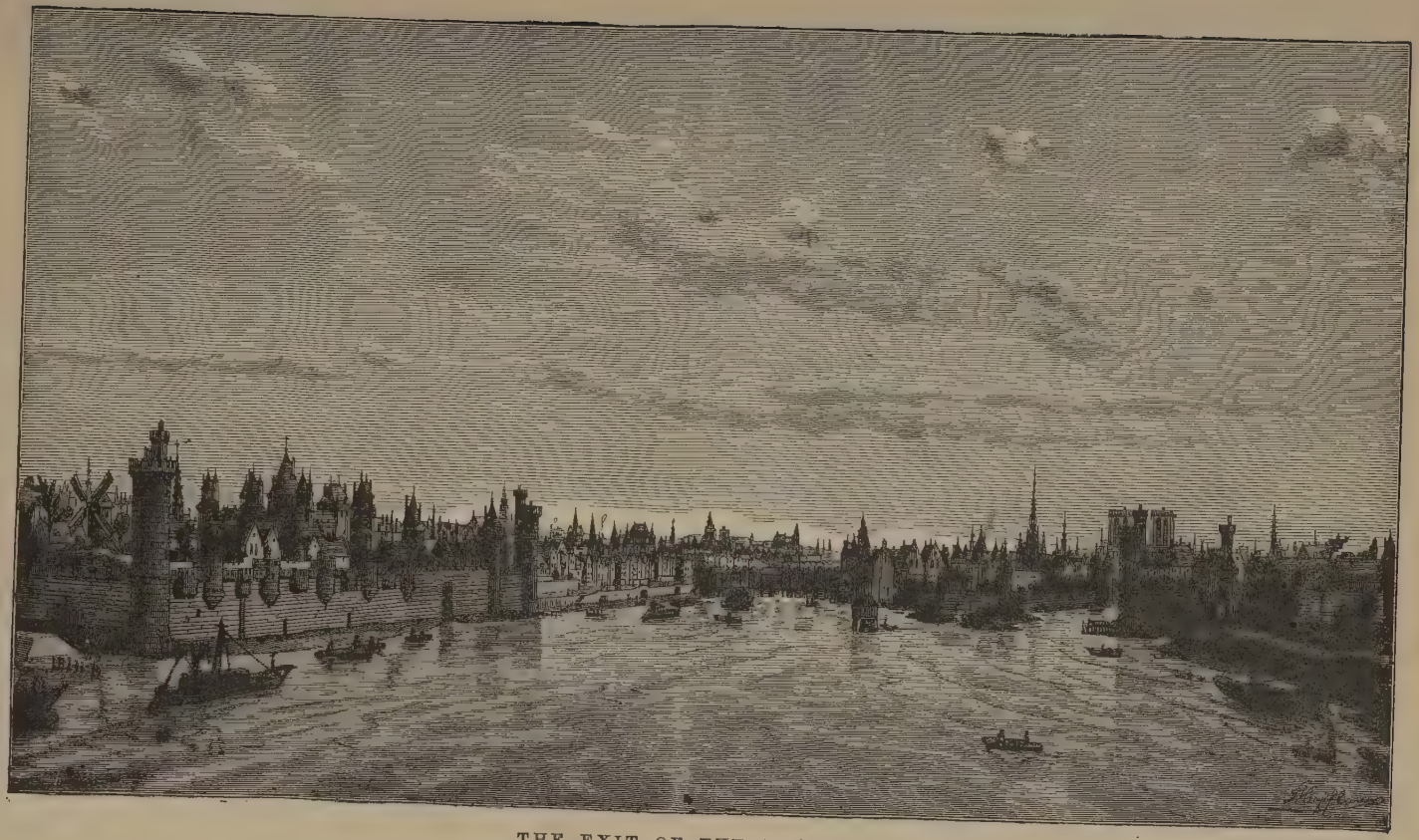

THE OLD LOUVRE.

it appeared to be divided into several masses, singularly distinct from each other. First of all, on the East, in that part of the Town which still takes its name from the marais or marsh in which Camulogenes entangled Cæsar, there was a collection of palaces, the mass of which extended to the waterside. Four great mansions almost contiguous—the Hôtels de Jouy, de Sens, and de Barbeau, and the Lodge de la Reine—cast upon the Seine the reflection of their slated tops intersected by slender turrets. These four edifices occupied the space from the Rue des Nonaindières to the abbey of the Celestines, the small spire of which formed a graceful relief to their line of gables and battlements. Some sorry, greenish-looking houses overhanging the water did not conceal from view the fine angles of their fronts, their great square stone-framed windows, their Gothic porches loaded with statues, the boldly-cut borderings about their walls, and all those charming accidents of architecture which make Gothic art seem as if it recommenced its combinations at every fresh structure. Behind those palaces ran in every direction, in some places cloven, palisaded, and embattled, like a citadel, in others veiled by large trees like a Carthusian monastery, the vast and multiform circuit of that wonderful Hôtel de St. Pol, in which the French king had room to lodge superbly twenty-two princes of the rank of the dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy, with their trains and their domestics, besides the grands seigneurs or superior nobles, and the emperor when he came to visit Paris, and the lions, who had a mansion to themselves within the royal mansion. And we must here observe, that a prince's lodgings then consisted of not less than eleven principal apartments, from the audience-room to the chamber appropriated to prayer; besides all the galleries, baths, stove-rooms, and other "superfluous places," with which each suite of apartments was provided; besides the private gardens of each one of the king's guests; besides the kitchens, cellars, pantries, and general refectories of the household; the basses-cours or backyards, in which there were two-and-twenty general offices, from the bakehouse to the butlery; places for games of fifty different kinds, as mall, tennis, riding at the ring, etc.; aviaries, fish-ponds, menageries, stables, cattle-stalls, libraries, armories, and foundries. Such was, at that day, a Royal Palace—a Louvre—a Hôtel St. Pol; it was a city within a city.

From the tower upon which we have placed ourselves, the Hôtel St. Pol, though almost half hidden from view by the four great mansions of which we have just spoken, was, nevertheless, very considerable and very wonderful to behold. You could clearly distinguish in it, although they had been skillfully joined to the main building by means of long windowed and pillared galleries, the three several mansions which

Charles V. had thrown into one together with his former palace; the Hôtel du Petit-Muce, with the airy balustrade which gracefully bordered its roof; the hôtel of the abbot of St. Maur, presenting the variety of an entrance regularly fortified, with a massive tower, machicolations, shot-holes, *moinaux de fer*, and over the wide Saxony gateway, the abbot's escutcheon placed between the two notches for the drawbridge; the hôtel of the Count d'Etampes, the keep of which, being ruinous at the top, looked rounded and indented, like the crest of a cock; here and there three or four old oaks, making together one great swelling tuft like huge cauliflowers; haunts of swans amid the clear waters of the fish preserves, all wavering in light and shade; the picturesque corner of many a court; the mansion of the Lions, with its low-pointed arches upon short Saxon pillars, its iron portcullises and its perpetual roaring; then, shooting up above this group of objects, the scaly spire of the Ave-Maria; on the left, the mansion of the provost of Paris, flanked by four turrets delicately moulded and perforated; and, in the center and heart of the whole, the Hôtel St. Pol itself, properly so called, with its multiplied fronts, its successive enrichments since the time of Charles V., the heterogeneous excrescences with which the fancy of the artists had loaded it in the course of two centuries; with all the chancels of its chapels, all the gables of its galleries, its thousand weathercocks, and its two contiguous towers, the conical roof of which, surrounded by battlements at its base, looked like a pointed hat with the brim turned up.

In continuing to ascend the steps of that amphitheatre of palaces which thus displayed itself at a distance, after crossing a deep fissure in the roofs of the Town, which marked the course of the Rue St. Antoine, the eye traveled on to the Logis d'Angoulême, a vast structure of several different periods, in which there were some parts quite new and almost white, scarcely better harmonizing with the rest than a red waistcoat might with a blue doublet. However, the singularly sharp and elevated roof of the modern palace, bristling with carved sprout-ends, and covered with sheets of lead, over which ran sparkling incrustations of gilt copper in a thousand fantastic arabesques—that roof so curiously damascened, sprang gracefully up from amid the brown ruins of the ancient edifice, the old massive towers of which were bellying with age into the shape of casks, their height shrunk with decrepitude, and breaking asunder from top to bottom. Behind rose the forest of spires of the Palais des Tournelles. Nor was any assemblage of objects in the world—not even at Chambord nor at the Alhambra—more magical, more aërial, more captivating, than that grove of spires, turrets, chimneys, weathercocks, spiral staircases, airy lanterns as clearly cut as if by



THE EXIT OF THE SEINE.

a punch, pavilions, spindle-shaped turrets, or tournelles, as they were then called—all differing in form, height, and position. One might call it a huge chess-board of stone.

To the right of the Tournelles, that bundle of enormous towers perfectly black, growing, as it were, one into another, and looking as if bound together by their circular fosse; that donjon tower, looped much more with shot-holes than with windows; that drawbridge always lifted; that portcullis always down;—those are the Bastille. Those objects like black beaks, projecting between the battlements, and which, at this distance, you would take for the mouth of spouts, are cannon.

Under their fire, at the foot of the formidable structure, you may perceive the Porte St. Antoine, almost buried between its two towers.

Beyond the Tournelles, as far as the wall of Charles V., extended, in rich compartments of verdure and of flowers, a tufted carpet of garden-grounds and royal parks, in the midst of which was distinguishable, by its labyrinth of groves and walks, the famous Dædalus garden which Louis XI. had given to Coictier. The doctor's observatory rose above the labyrinth, like a great isolated column with a small house for its capital; and in that study had been practiced astrologies of terrible effect. That spot is now occupied by the Place Royale.

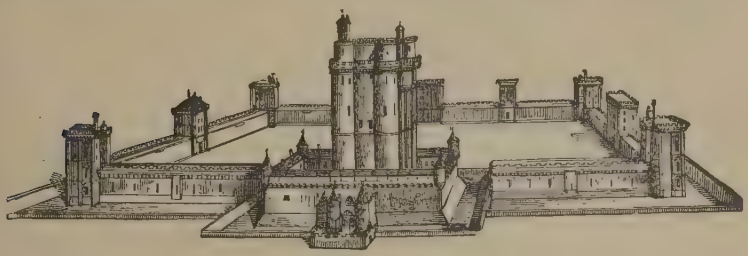
As we have already observed, the Palace and its precincts, of which we have endeavored to give the reader some idea, though by specifying only its most prominent features, filled up the angle which Charles V.'s enclosure made with the Seine on the east. The center of the town was occupied by a heap of ordinary houses. Indeed, it was there that the three bridges of the City on the right bank discharged their stream of passengers; and bridges led to the building of houses before that of palaces. This accumulation of common dwelling-houses, pressed against one another like the cells in a hive, was not without its beauty. In the roofs of a capital, as in the waves of a sea, there is, at least, grandeur of outline. In the first place, then, the streets, crossed and intertwined, diversified the mass with a hundred amusing figures; around the Halles, it was like a star with a thousand rays. The Rues St. Denis and St. Martin, with their innumerable ramifications, ascended one after the other, like two great trees mingling their branches; and then there were tortuous lines, the Rues de la Plâtrerie, de la Verrerie, de la Tixanderie, etc., winding about over the whole. There were also some fine edifices lifting their heads above the petrified undulation of this sea of gables. First, at the entrance of the Pont-aux-Changeurs, behind which the Seine was seen foaming under the mill-wheels at the Pont-aux-Meuniers, there was the Châtelet; no longer a Roman tower as under Julian the Apostate, but a feudal tower of the thirteenth century, and of a stone

so hard, that in three hours the pick did not remove it to the depth of a man's fist. Then there was the rich square steeple of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, its angles all rounded with sculptures, and already worthy of admiration, although it was not finished in the fifteenth century. (It wanted in particular those four monsters which, still perched at the four corners of its roof, look like so many sphinxes giving to the modern Paris the enigma of the ancient to unriddle. Rault, the sculptor, placed them there, not until the year 1526; and had twenty francs for his trouble.) Then, again, there was the Maison-aux-Piliers, overlooking that Place de Grève of which we have already given some description. There was the church of St. Gervais, which a doorway in "good taste" has since spoiled; that of St. Méry, the old pointed arches of which were almost approaching to the semicircular; and that of St. Jean, the magnificent spire of which was proverbial; besides twenty other structures which disdained not to bury their attractions in that chaos of deep, dark, and narrow streets. Add to these the carved stone crosses, more abounding in the crossways even than the gibbets themselves; the cemetery of the Innocents, of which you discovered at a distance the architectural enclosure; the pillory of the Halles, the top of which was visible between the chimneys of the Rue de la Cossonnerie; the gallows of the Croix-du-Trahoir, in its carrefour or opening, which was constantly darkened with people; the circular hovels of the Halle-au-Blé or Corn-market; the broken fragments of the old wall of Philip-Augustus, distinguishable here and there, buried among the houses—ivy-mantled towers, ruinous gateways—crumbling and shapeless pieces of wall; the quay with its thousand shops, and its bloody-looking skinning-yards; the Seine covered with boats, from the Port-au-Foin to the For-l'Evéque; and you will have some general idea of the appearance presented, in 1482, by the central trapezium or irregular quadrangle of the Town.

Together with these two quarters, the one of palaces, the other of houses, the third great feature then observable in the Ville, was a long zone or belt of abbeys which bordered it almost in its whole compass on the land side, from east to west, and, behind the line of fortification by which Paris was shut in, formed a second internal enclosure, consisting of convents and chapels. Thus, close to the park of the Tournelles, between the Rue St. Antoine and the old Rue du Temple, there was St. Catherine's, with its immense grounds, bounded only by the wall of Paris. Between the old and the new Rue du Temple, there was the Temple itself, a frowning bundle of towers, lofty, erect, and isolated in the midst of an extensive embattled enclosure. Between the Rue Neuve du Temple and the Rue St. Martin, in the midst of its gardens, stood St. Martin's, a superb fortified church, whose girdle of towers, whose

tiara of steeples, were second in strength and splendor only to St. Germain-des-Près. Between the two streets of St. Martin and St. Denis, was the enclosure of the convent of the Trinity. And between the Rue St. Denis and the Rue Montorgueil, was that of the Filles-Dieu. Close by the latter were to be distinguished the decayed roofs and dilapidated circuit of the Cour des Miracles, the only profane link that obtruded itself into that chain of religious houses.

Lastly, the fourth compartment which presented itself distinctly in the conglomeration of roofs upon the right bank, occupying the western angle of the great enclosure, and the water-side downward, was a fresh knot of palaces and great mansions crowding at the foot of the Louvre. The old Louvre of Philip-Augustus, that immense structure —the great tower of which mustered around it twenty-three principal



towers, besides all the smaller ones—seemed, at a distance, to be encased, as it were, within the Gothic summits of the Hôtel d'Alençon and the Petit-Bourbon. This hydra of towers, the giant keeper of Paris, with its four-and-twenty heads ever erect—with the monstrous ridges of its back sheathed in lead or scaled with slates, and all variegated with glittering metallic streaks—terminated the configuration of the Town on the west with wonderful effect.

This, an immense block—what the Romans called an *insula* or island—of ordinary dwelling-houses, flanked on either side by two great clusters of palaces, crowned, the one by the Louvre, the other by the Tournelles, and bordered on the north by a long belt of abbeys and cultivated enclosures—the whole mingled and amalgamated in one view —and over those thousands of buildings, whose tiled and slated roofs ran in so many fantastic chains, the steeples, engraved, embroidered, and inlaid, of the forty-four churches on the right bank—myriads of cross streets—the boundary, on one side, a line of lofty walls with square towers (those of the University wall being round), and on the other, the Seine, intersected by bridges and crowded with numberless boats—such was the Town of Paris in the fifteenth century.

Beyond the walls there were some faubourgs adjacent to the gates, but less numerous and more scattered than those on the University side. Thus, behind the Bastille, there were a score of mean houses clustered around the curious carvings of the cross called the Croix-Faubin, and the buttresses of the abbey of St. Anthony's-in-the-Fields; then there was Popincourt, lost amid the corn fields; then, La Courtille, a merry village of cabarets or public houses; the bourg St. Laurent, with its church, the steeple of which, at a distance, seemed in contact with the pointed towers of the Porte St. Martin; the Faubourg St. Denis, with the extensive enclosure of St. Ladre; then, out at the Porte Montmartre, the Grange-Batelière, encircled with white walls; and behind it Montmartre itself, with its chalky declivities—Montmartre, which had then almost as many churches as windmills, but which has retained only the windmills, for society now seeks only bread for the body. And then, beyond the Louvre, you saw, stretching into the meadows, the Fauborg St. Honoré, even then of considerable extent; and, looking green, La Petite-Bretagne or Little Britain; and, spreading itself out, the Marché-aux-Porceaux, or Hog-market, in the center of which heaved the horrible boiler used for executing those convicted of coining. Between La Courtille and St. Laurent your eye had already remarked, on the summit of a rising ground that swelled amidst a solitary plain, a sort of structure, which looked at a distance like a ruinous colonnade standing upon a basement with its foundation laid bare. This, however, was neither a Parthenon, nor a temple of the Olympian Jupiter; it was Montfaucon.

Now, if the enumeration of so many edifices, brief as we have sought to make it, has not shattered, in the reader's mind, the general image of old Paris as fast as we have endeavored to construct it, we will recapitulate it in a few words. In the center was the island of the City, resembling in its form an enormous tortoise, extending on either side its bridges all scaly with tiles, like so many feet, from under its gray carapace of roofs. On the left, close, dense, bristling, the monolithic quadrangle of the University; and on the right, the vast semicircle of the Town, much more interspersed with gardens and great edifices. The three masses, City, University, and Town, are veined with innumerable streets. Across the whole runs the Seine, "the nursing Seine," as Father du Breul calls it, obstructed with islands, bridges, and boats. All around is an immense plain, checkered with a thousand different sorts of cultivation, and strewed with beautiful villages; on the left, Issy, Vanvres, Vaugirard, Montrouge, Gentilly, with its round tower and its square tower, etc.; and on the right, twenty others, from Conflans to Ville-l'Evêque. In the horizon a circle of hills formed, as it

were, the rim of the vast basin. And in the distance, on the east, was Vincennes, with its seven quadrangular towers; on the south, the Bicêtre, with its pointed turrets; on the north, St. Denis and its spire; and on the west, St. Cloud and its donjon. Such was the Paris beheld from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame by the crows who lived in 1482.

And yet it is of this city that Voltaire has said, that "before the time of Louis XIV. it possessed only four fine pieces of architecture," that is to say, the dome of the Sorbonne, the Val-de-Grâce, the modern Louvre, and—we have forgotten which was the fourth—perhaps it was the Luxembourg. Voltaire, however, was not the less the author of "Candide" for having made this observation; nor is he the less, among all the men who have succeeded one another in the long series of human characters, the one who has possessed in the greatest perfection the *rire diabolique*, the sardonic smile. This opinion of his only affords one evidence, among so many others, that a man may be a fine genius, and yet understand nothing of an art which he has not studied. Did not Molière think he was doing great honor to Raphael and Michael Angelo when he called them "those Mignards of their age"?

But to return to Paris and to the fifteenth century.

It was not then a fine town only—but it was a homogeneous town—an architectural and historical production of the Middle Ages—a chronicle in stone. It was a city composed of two architectural strata only, the Romance and the Gothic layer—for the Roman layer had long disappeared, except in the Baths of Julian, where it still pierced through the thick incrustation of the Middle Ages—and as for the Celtic stratum, no specimen of that was now to be found, even in sinking a well.

Half a century later, when the Renaissance came and broke into that unity so severe and yet so varied, with the dazzling profuseness of its systems and its fancies, its rioting among Roman arches, Grecian columns, and Gothic basements—its carving so delicate and so imaginative—its peculiar taste for arabesques and foliage—its architectural paganism contemporary with Luther—Paris was perhaps more beautiful still, though less harmonious to the eye and to the mind. But that splendid period was of short duration. The Renaissance was not impartial. Not content with erecting, it thought proper to pull down—it must be acknowledged, too, that it wanted room. So the Gothic Paris was complete but for a moment. Scarcely was St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie finished, before the demolition of the old Louvre was begun.

Since then this great city has been daily sinking into deformity. The Gothic Paris, under which the Romanish Paris was disappearing,

has disappeared in its turn; but what name shall we give to the Paris that has taken its place?

There is the Paris of Catherine de Medicis at the Tuileries, the Paris of Henry II. at the Hôtel-de-Ville—two edifices which are still in fine taste;—the Paris of Henry IV. at the Place Royale—brick fronts, faced with stone, and roofed with slate—real tri-colored houses;—the Paris of Louis XIII. at the Val-de-Grâce—of architecture crushed and squat—with basket-handle vaults, big-bellied columns, and a hump-backed dome;—the Paris of Louis XIV. at the Invalides—great, rich, gilded, and cold;—the Paris of Louis XV. at St. Sulpice—with volutes, knots of ribbons, clouds, vermicelli, and succory, all in stone;—the Paris of Louis XVI. at the Pantheon—St. Peter's at Rome ill-copied—and the building has been awkwardly compiled, which has by no means rectified its lines;—the Paris of the Republic at the School of Medicine—a poor Greek and Roman style, just as much to be compared to the Coliseum or the Parthenon, as the constitution of the year III. is to the laws of Minos; the denomination for which style in architecture is, *le goût messidor;*—the Paris of Napoleon, at the Place Vendôme—something sublime—a brazen column composed of cannon;—the Paris of the Restoration, at the Bourse or Exchange—a colonnade very white, supporting a frieze very smooth; the whole square,—and costing twenty millions of francs.

To each of these characteristic structures is allied, by similarity of style, manner, and disposition of parts, a certain number of houses scattered over the different quarters of the town, which the eye of the connoisseur easily distinguishes and assigns to their respective dates. When a man understands the art of seeing, he can trace the spirit of an age and the features of a king even in the knocker on a door.

The present Paris has therefore no general physiognomy. It is a collection of specimens of several different ages, and the finest of all have disappeared. This capital is increasing in dwelling-houses only—and in what dwelling-houses! If it goes on as it is now doing, Paris will be renewed every fifty years. So, also, the historical meaning of its architecture is daily wearing away. Its great structures are becoming fewer and fewer, seeming to be swallowed up one after another by the flood of houses. Our fathers had a Paris of stone—our sons will have one of plaster.

As for the modern structures of the new Paris, we shall gladly decline enlarging upon them. Not, indeed, that we do not pay them all proper admiration. The Ste. Geneviève of M. Soufflot is certainly the finest Savoy cake that was ever made of stone. The Palace of the Legion of Honor is also a very distinguished piece of pastry. The

dome of the Halle-au-Blé or Corn-market, is an English jockey-cap on a magnificent scale. The towers of Saint-Sulpice are two great clarinets; now, nobody can deny that a shape is a shape; and then, the telegraph, crooked and grinning, makes an admirable diversity upon the roof. The church of Saint-Rock has a doorway, with whose magnificence only that of St. Thomas d'Aquin can compare; it has also a Mount Calvary in high relief down in a cellar, and a sun of gilt wood; these, it must be owned, are things positively marvelous. The lantern of the labyrinth at the Jardin des Plantes, too, is vastly ingenious. As for the Palais de la Bourse or Exchange, which is Grecian in its colonnade, Roman by the circular arches of its doors and windows, and of the Renaissance by its great depressed ceiling, it is doubtless a structure in great correctness and purity of taste; one proof of which is, that it is crowned by an attic story such as was never seen at Athens, a fine straight line, gracefully intersected here and there by stovepipes. We must add, that if it be a rule that the architecture of a building should be so adapted to the purpose of the building itself, as that the aspect of the edifice should at once declare that purpose, we can not too much admire a structure which, from its appearance, might be either a royal palace, a chamber of deputies, a town-hall, a college, a riding-house, an academy, a repository, a court of justice, a museum, a barrack, a mausoleum, a temple, or a theatre—and which, all the while, is an Exchange. It has been thought, too, that an edifice should be made appropriate to the climate—and so this one has evidently been built on purpose for a cold and rainy sky. It has a roof almost flat, as they are in the East; and, consequently, in winter, when it snows, the roof has to be swept—and does any one doubt that roofs are intended to be swept? As for the purpose of which we have just now been speaking, the building fulfills it admirably. It is an Exchange in France, as it would have been a temple in Greece. True it is that the architect has had much ado to conceal the clock-face, which would have destroyed the purity of the noble lines of the façade; but to make amends, we have that colonnade running round the whole structure, under which, on the grand days of religious solemnity, may be magnificently developed the schemes of money-brokers and stock-jobbers.

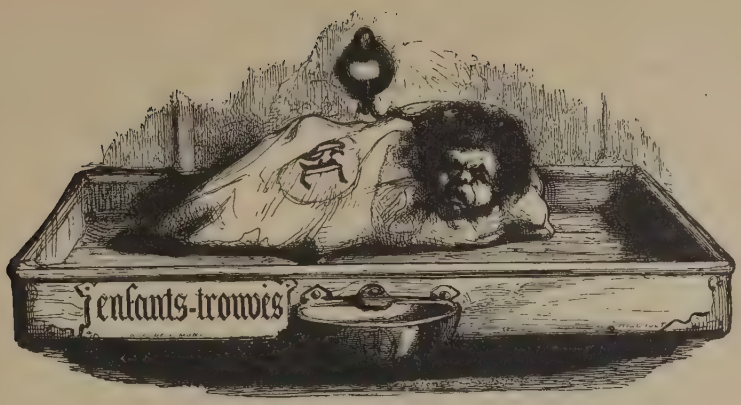
These, doubtless, are very superb structures. Add to these many a pretty street, amusing and diversified, like the Rue de Rivoli; and we need not despair that Paris shall one day present, as seen from a balloon, that richness of outline and opulence of detail—that peculiar diversity of aspect—that something surpassingly grand in the simple and striking in the beautiful—which distinguishes a draught-board.

However, admirable as you may think the present Paris, recon-

struct in your imagination the Paris of the fifteenth century—look at the sky through that surprising forest of spires, towers, and steeples—spread out amidst the vast city, tear asunder at the points of the islands, and fold round the piers of the bridges, the Seine, with its broad green and yellow patches, more variegated than the skin of a serpent—project distinctly upon a horizon of azure the Gothic profile of that old Paris—make its outline float in a wintry mist clinging to its innumerable chimneys—plunge it in deep night, and observe the fantastic play of the darkness and the lights in that gloomy labyrinth of buildings—cast upon it a ray of moonlight, showing it in glimmering vagueness, with its towers lifting their great heads from that foggy sea—or draw that dark veil aside, cast into shade the thousand sharp angles of its spires and its gables, more indented than a shark's jaw, and exhibit it all fantastically indented upon the copper sky at sunset—and then compare.

And if you would receive from the old city an impression which the modern one is quite incapable of giving you, ascend, on the morning of some great holiday, at sunrise, on Easter, or Whit-Sunday, to some elevated point from which your eye can command the whole capital—and attend the awakening of the chimes. Behold, at a signal from heaven—for it is the sun that gives it—those thousand churches starting from their sleep. At first you hear only scattered tinklings, going from church to church, as when musicians are giving one another notice to begin. Then, all on a sudden, behold—for there are moments when the ear itself seems to see—behold, ascending at the same moment, from every steeple, a column of sound, as it were, a cloud of harmony. At first the vibration of each bell mounts up direct, clear, and, as it were, isolated from the rest, into the splendid morning sky; then, by degrees, as they expand, they mingle, unite, are lost in each other, and confounded in one magnificent concert. Then it is all one mass of sonorous vibrations, incessantly sent forth from the innumerable steeples—floating, undulating, bounding, and eddying, over the town, and extending far beyond the horizon the deafening circle of its oscillations. Yet that sea of harmony is not a chaos. Wide and deep as it is, it has not lost its transparency; you perceive the windings of each group of notes that escapes from the several peals; you can follow the dialogue, by turns grave and clamorous, of the wooden clapper and the big bell; you perceive the octaves leaping from one steeple to another; you observe them springing aloft, winged, light, and whistling, from the bell of silver; falling broken and limping from the bell of wood. You admire among them the rich gamut incessantly descending and reascending the seven bells of Saint-Eustache; and you see clear

and rapid notes, running across, as it were, in three or four luminous zigzags, and vanishing like flashes of lightning. Down there you see Saint-Martin's Abbey, a shrill and broken-voiced songstress; here is the sinister and sullen voice of the Bastille; and at the other end is the great tower of the Louvre, with its counter-tenor. The royal chime of the Palais unceasingly casts on every side resplendent trillings, upon which fall, at regular intervals, the heavy strokes from the belfry of Notre-Dame, which strike sparkles from them like the hammer upon the anvil. At intervals, you see sounds pass by, of every form, from the triple peal of Saint-Germain-des-Près. Then, again, from time to time, that mass of sublime sounds half opens, and gives passage to the *stretto* of the Ave-Maria, which glitters like an aigrette of stars. Below, in the deepest of the concert, you distinguish confusedly the internal song of the churches, exhaled through the vibrating pores of their vaulted roofs. Here, certainly, is an opera worth hearing. Ordinarily, the murmur that escapes from Paris in the day-time, is the city talking; in the night, it is the city breathing; but here, it is the city singing. Listen, then, to this *tutti* of the steeples—diffuse over the whole the murmur of half a million of people—the everlasting plaint of the river—the boundless breathings of the wind—the grave and far quartet of the four forests placed upon the hills, in the distance, like so many vast organs—immersing in them, as in a demi-tint, all in the central concert that would otherwise be too rugged or too sharp; and then say whether you know of anything in the world more rich, more joyous, more golden, more dazzling, than this tumult of bells and chimes—this furnace of music—these thousand voices of brass, all singing together in flutes of stone three hundred feet high—this city which is all one orchestra—this symphony which has the roar of a tempest.




# BOOK IV

## CHAPTER I

### GOOD SOULS

IT was sixteen years before the period of our story that, on a fine morning of the first Sunday after Easter—*le dimanche de la Quasimodo*—that a young child had been deposited, after mass, in the cathedral church of Notre-Dame, upon the bedstead fixed in the pavement on the left hand of the porch, opposite to that great image of St. Christopher which the stone figure of Messire Antoine des Essarts, knight, had been contemplating on his knees since the year 1413, at the time that it was thought proper to throw down both the saint and his faithful adorer. Upon this bedstead it was customary to expose foundlings to the charity of the public; any one took them that chose; and in the front of the bedstead was placed a copper basin for the reception of alms.

The sort of living creature that was found lying upon these planks on Quasimodo Sunday morning, in the year of our Lord 1467, appeared to excite, in a high degree, the curiosity of a very considerable group of persons which had collected round the bedstead, and which consisted,

in great measure, of individuals of the fair sex. Indeed, they were nearly all old women.

In the front line of the spectators, and stooping the most intently over the bedstead, were to be seen four of them, who by their gray cagoule (a sort of cassock), appeared to be attached to some devout sisterhood. We know not why history should not hand down to posterity the names of these discreet and venerable demoiselles. They were Agnès la Herme, Jehanne de la Tarme, Henriette la Gaultière, and Gauchère la Violette—all four widows, all four good-wives of the Chapelle Etienne Haudry, who had come thus far from their house, with their mistress's leave, and conformably to the statutes of Pierre d'Ailly, to hear the sermon.

However, if these good Haudriettes were observing for the moment the statutes of Pierre d'Ailly, assuredly they were violating, to their heart's content, those of Michel de Brache and the Cardinal of Pisa, which so inhumanly prescribed silence to them.

"What ever can that be, sister?" said Agnès to Gauchère, as she looked at the little exposed creature, which lay screaming and twisting itself about upon the bedstead, frightened at being looked at by so many people.

"Bless you!" said Jehanne, "what's to become of us all, if that's the way they make children now?"

"I'm no great judge of children," resumed Agnès, "but it must surely be a sin to look at such a one as this!"

"It's no child at all, Agnès—"

"It's a misshapen baboon," observed Gauchère.

"It's a miracle," said Henriette la Gaultière.

"Then," remarked Agnès, "this is the third since *Lætare* Sunday; for it's not a week since we had the miracle of the mocker of pilgrims divinely punished by Our Lady of Aubervilliers; and that was the second miracle of the month."

"This pretended foundling's a very monster of abomination," resumed Jehanne.

"He brawls loud enough to deafen a chanter," added Gauchère; "hold your tongue, you little bellower."

"To say that it's monsieur of Reims that sends this monstrosity to monsieur of Paris!" exclaimed La Gaultière, clasping her hands.

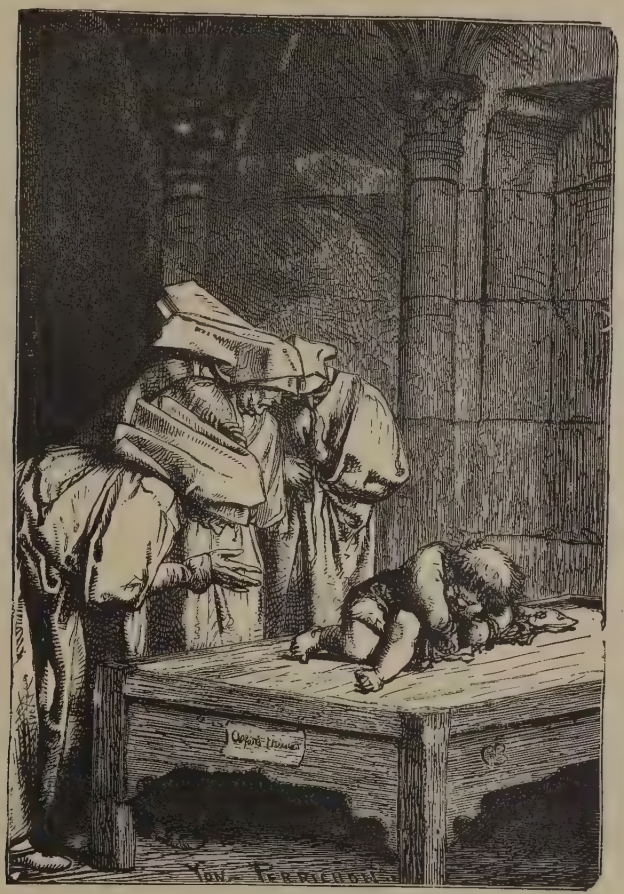
"I imagine," said Agnès la Herme, "that it's some strange animal —the offspring of a Jew and a sow—something, at all events, that's not Christian, and so must be thrown into the water or into the fire."

"Surely," resumed La Gaultière, "nobody'll ask to have it!"

"Ah, my God!" exclaimed Agnès, "those poor nurses that live

down there in the foundling-house at the bottom of the alley, going down to the river, close by the lord bishop's; suppose they were to go and take them this little monster to suckle! I'd rather give suck to a vampire."

"Is she a simpleton, that poor La Herme?" rejoined Jehanne.



"Don't you see, my dear sister, that this little monster is at least four years old, and wouldn't have half so much appetite for your breast as for a piece of roast meat."

In fact, the "little monster" (for we ourselves should be much puzzled to give it any other denomination) was not a new-born infant. It was a little, angular, restless mass, imprisoned in a canvas bag marked with the cipher of Messire Guillaume Chartier, then bishop of Paris—

with a head peeping out at one end of it. This head was very deformed, exhibiting only a forest of red hair, one eye, a mouth, and some teeth. The eye was weeping; the mouth was crying; and the teeth seemed to desire, above all things, to bite. The whole lump was struggling violently in the bag, to the great wonderment of the increasing and incessantly renewing crowd around it.

Dame Aloise de Gondelaurier, a wealthy and noble lady, holding by the hand a pretty little girl about six years of age, and drawing after her a long veil attached to the golden horn of her coif, stopped as she was passing before the bedstead, and looked for a moment at the unfortunate creature; while her charming little daughter, Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, all clad in silk and velvet, was spelling with her pretty finger, upon the permanent label attached to the bedstead, the word *Foundlings.*

"Really," said the lady, turning away with disgust, "I thought they exposed here nothing but children."

She turned her back; at the same time throwing into the basin a silver florin, which rang among the liards, and opened wide the eyes of the poor good-wives of the Chapelle Etienne Haudry.

A moment afterward the grave and learned Robert Mistricolle, king's prothonotary, passed by, with an enormous missal under one arm, and his wife under the other (Damoiselle Guillemette-la-Mairesse), having thus at his side his two regulators, the spiritual and the temporal.

"Foundling, indeed!" said he, after examining the living lump; "yes—found, apparently, upon the bank of the river Phlegethon!"

"It has but one eye visible," observed Damoiselle Guillemette; "it has a great wart upon the other."

"It's no wart," exclaimed Maître Robert Mistricolle; "it's an egg, that contains just such another demon, which has upon its eye another little egg enclosing another devil—and so on."

"How do you know that?" asked Guillemette-la-Mairesse.

"I know it for very sufficient reasons," answered the prothonotary.

"Monsieur the prothonotary," asked Gauchère, "what do you prognosticate from this pretended foundling?"

"The greatest calamities," answered Mistricolle.

"Ah, my God!" said an old woman among the by-standers, "withal that there was a considerable pestilence last year, and that they say the English are going to land in great company at Harfleur!"

"Perhaps that will prevent the queen from coming to Paris in September," observed another; "and trade's so bad already!"

"I'm of opinion," cried Jehanne de la Tarme, "that it would be

better for the inhabitants of Paris, for that little conjuror there to be lying upon a fagot than upon a board."

"A fine flaming fagot!" added the old woman.

"It would be more prudent," said Mistricolle.

For some minutes a young priest had been listening to the argument of the Haudriettes and the oracular sentences of the prothonotary.

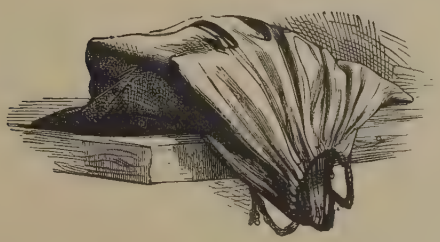
He had a severe countenance, with a broad forehead and a penetrating eye. He made way silently through the crowd, examined the *little conjuror* with his eyes, and stretched out his hand over him. It was time; for all the devout old ladies were already regaling themselves with the anticipation of a *fine flaming fagot.*

"I adopt that child," said the priest.

He wrapped it in his cassock, and carried it away with him; the by-standers gazing after him with looks of affright. In a minute he had disappeared through the Porte Rouge, or red door, which at that time led from the church into the cloisters.

When the first surprise was over, Jehanne de la Tarme whispered in the ear of La Gaultière:

"Did I not tell you, sister, that that young clerk, Monsieur Claude Frollo, is a sorcerer!"



## CHAPTER II

### CLAUDE FROLLO

CLAUDE FROLLO was in fact no vulgar person. He belonged to one of those families of middle rank which were called indifferently, in the impertinent language of the last century, haute bourgeoisie or petite noblesse—that is, high commoners or petty nobility. This family had inherited from the brothers Paclet the fief of Tirechappe, which was held of the Bishop of Paris, and the twenty-one houses of which had been, in the thirteenth century, the object of so many pleadings before *the official*. As possessor of this fief, Claude Frollo was one of the *seven score and one* seigneurs, claiming censive, or manorial dues, in Paris and its faubourgs; and in that capacity his name was long to be seen inscribed between that of the Hôtel de Tancarville, belonging to Master François Le Rez, and that of the college of Tours, in the chartulary deposited at Saint Martin-des-Champs.

The parents of Claude Frollo had destined him, from his infancy, for the ecclesiastical state. He had been taught to read in Latin; and had been bred to cast down his eyes, and to speak low. While yet a child, his father had cloistered him in the college of Torchi, in the University; and there it was that he had grown up, over the missal and the lexicon.

He was, moreover, a melancholy, grave, and serious boy, who studied ardently and learned with rapidity; he never shouted loud when at play; he mixed little in the bacchanalia of the Rue du Fouarre; knew not what it was to *dare alapas et capillos laniare;* nor had figured in that mutiny of 1463, which the annalists gravely record under the title of "Sixième Trouble de l'Université." It did not often happen to him to rally the poor scholars of Montaigu upon their *cappettes*, from which

they derived their University nickname; nor the fellows of the college of Dormans, upon their smooth tonsure and their tripartite frock, made of cloth, blue gray, blue, and violet—*azurini coloris et bruni*, as the charter of the Cardinal des Quatre-Couronnes expresses it.

But, on the other hand, he was assiduous at the great and the little schools of the Rue Saint-Jean-de-Beauvais. The first scholar whom the abbot of Saint-Pierre-de-Val, at the moment of commencing his reading in canon law, always observed intently fixed, opposite to his chair, against a pillar of the Saint-Vendregesile school, was Claude Frollo, armed with his inkhorn, chewing his pen, scrawling upon his much-worn knee, and, in winter, blowing his fingers. The first auditor that Messire Miles d'Isliers, doctor in decretals, saw arrive every Monday morning, quite out of breath, at the opening of the doors of the school of the Chef Saint-Denis, was Claude Frollo. Thus, at the age of sixteen, the young clerk was a match, in mystical theology, for a father of the Church; in canonical theology, for a father of the Council; and in scholastic theology, for a doctor of the Sorbonne.

Theology being passed through, he had then rushed into the study of the decretals. After the *Master of Sentences*, he had fallen upon the *Capitularies of Charlemagne;* and had successively devoured, in his appetite for knowledge, decretals upon decretals; those of Theodore, Bishop of Hispalis; those of Bouchard, Bishop of Worms; those of Yves, Bishop of Chartres; then the decretal of Gratian, which succeeded the capitularies of Charlemagne; then the collection by Gregory IX.; then the epistle *Super specula* of Honorius III. He made himself clearly familiar with that vast and tumultuous period of the civil and the canon law, in collision and at strife with each other in the chaos of the Middle Ages—a period which opens with Bishop Theodore, in 618, and closes, in 1227, with Pope Gregory.

Having digested the decretals, he plunged into medicine and the liberal arts. He studied the science of herbs, the science of unguents. He became expert in the treatment of fevers and of contusions, of wounds and of imposthumes. Jacques d'Espars would have admitted him as a physician; Richard Hellain, as a surgeon. In like manner he ran through every degree—bachelor, master and doctor—in the faculty of arts. He studied the languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew; a triple sanctuary, then but very little frequented. He was possessed by an absolute fever of acquiring and storing up science. At eighteen, he had made his way through the four faculties; it seemed to the young man that life had but one sole object, and that was, to know.

It was just about this period that the excessive heat of the summer of 1466 gave birth to the great plague which carried off more than forty

thousand souls within the viscounty of Paris, and amongst others, says John of Troyes, "Master Arnoul, the king's astrologer, a man full honest, wise, and pleasant." It was rumored in the University, that the Rue Tirechappe was one of those especially devastated by the pestilence. It was there, in the midst of their fief, that the parents of Claude resided. The young scholar hastened in great alarm to his paternal roof. On entering, he found that his father and his mother had both died the day before. A little brother, quite an infant, still in its swaddling clothes, was yet living, and crying abandoned in its cradle. It was all that remained to Claude of his family. The young man took the child under his arm, and went away pensive. Hitherto, he had lived only in science; he was now beginning to live in the world.

This catastrophe was a crisis in Claude's existence. An older brother, an orphan, and the head of a family at nineteen, he felt himself rudely aroused from the reveries of the school to the realities of this life. Then, moved with pity, he was seized with passion and devotion for this infant brother; and strange at once and sweet was this human affection to him who had never yet loved anything but books.

This affection developed itself to a singular degree; in a soul so new to passion it was like a first love. Separated since his childhood from his parents, whom he had scarcely known—cloistered and walled up, as it were, in his books—eager above all things to study and to learn—exclusively attentive, until then, to his understanding, which dilated in science—to his imagination, which expanded in literature—the poor scholar had not yet had time to feel that he had a heart. This little brother, without father or mother—this infant which suddenly dropped, as it were, from heaven into his charge—made a new man of him; he discovered that there was something else in the world besides the speculations of the Sorbonne and the verses of Homerus—that man has need of affections—that life without tenderness and without love, is but a piece of dry machinery, noisy and wearisome. Only he fancied—for he was still at that age when illusions are as yet replaced only by illusions—that the affections of blood and kindred were the only ones necessary; and that a little brother to love, was sufficient to fill up his whole existence.

He threw himself, then, into the love of his little Jehan, with all the warmth of a character which was already deep, ardent, concentrated. This poor, helpless creature, pretty, fair-haired, rosy, and curly—this orphan with another orphan for its only support—moved him to the inmost soul; and, like a grave thinker as he was, he began to reflect upon Jehan with a feeling of the tenderest pity. He bestowed all his solicitude upon him, as upon something extremely fragile, especially

commended to his care: he was more than a brother to the infant—he became a mother to it.

Now, little Jehan having lost his mother before he was weaned, Claude put him out to nurse. Besides the fief of Tirechappe, he inherited from his father that of Moulin, which was held of the square

tower of Gentilly; it was a mill standing upon a hill, near the Château de Winchestre, since corrupted into Bicêtre. The miller's wife was suckling a fine boy, it was not far from the University, and Claude carried his little Jehan to her in his own arms.

Thenceforward, feeling that he had a burden to bear, he began to look on life as a serious matter. The thought of his little brother became not only his recreation from study, but the object of his studies

themselves. He resolved to devote himself entirely to the future life of the being for whom he thought himself answerable before God, and never to have any other spouse, any other offspring, than the happiness and the fortune of his brother. He attached himself, therefore, more devotedly than ever to his clerical vocation. His merit, his learning, his quality as an immediate vassal of the Bishop of Paris, opened wide to him the gates of the Church. At twenty years of age, by special dispensation from the Holy See, he was ordained priest; and performed the service, as the youngest of the chaplains of Notre-Dame, at the altar called, on account of the late mass that was said at it, *altare pigrorum*, the altar of the lazy.

There, more than ever immersed in his dear books, which he quitted only to hasten for an hour to the fief of Moulin, this mixture of learning and austerity, so rare at his age, had speedily gained him the admiration and reverence of the cloister. From the cloister his reputation for learning had been communicated to the people, amongst whom it had been in some degree converted, as not unfrequently happened in that day, into renown for sorcery.

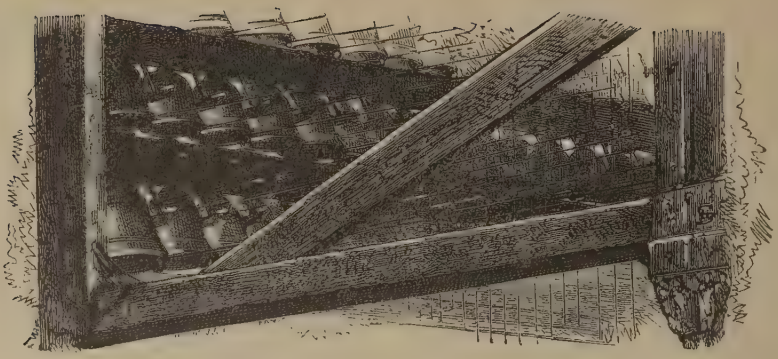
It was at the moment of returning, on the Quasimodo Sunday, from saying his mass of the slothful at their altar, which was at the side of that gate of the choir which opened into the nave, on the right hand, near the image of the Virgin, that his attention had been awakened by the group of old women screaming around the bed of the foundlings.

Then it was that he had approached the unfortunate little creature, the object of so much hatred and menace. That distress, that deformity, that abandonment, the thought of his little brother—the idea which suddenly crossed his mind that, were he himself to die, his dear little Jehan, too, might chance to be miserably cast upon those boards—all that had rushed upon his heart at once—a deep feeling of pity had taken possession of him, and he had borne off the child.

When he drew the infant out of the bag, he found it to be very deformed indeed. The poor little imp had a great lump covering its left eye—the head compressed between the shoulders—the spine crooked—the breastbone prominent—and the legs bowed. Yet it seemed to be full of life; and although it was impossible to discover what language it spluttered, yet its cry indicated a certain degree of health and strength. Claude's compassion was increased by this ugliness; and he vowed in his heart to bring up this child for the love of his brother; in order that, whatever might in future time be the faults of little Jehan, there might be placed to his credit this piece of charity performed on his account. It was a sort of putting out of good works at interest, which he transacted in his brother's name—an investment of good

actions which he wished to make for him beforehand—to provide against the chance of the little fellow's one day finding himself short of that sort of money, the only kind taken at the toll-gate of heaven.

He baptized his adopted child by the name of *Quasimodo;* whether it was that he chose thereby to commemorate the day which he had found him; or that he meant to mark by that name how incomplete and imperfectly moulded the poor little creature was. Indeed, Quasimodo, one-eyed, hump-backed, and bow-legged, could hardly be considered as anything more than an "almost."



## CHAPTER III

### IMMANIS PECORIS CUSTOS, IMMANIOR IPSE

HOW, in 1482, Quasimodo had grown up, and had been for several years ringer of the bells of Notre-Dame, by the grace of his adoptive father, Claude Frollo; who was become Archdeacon of Josas, by the grace of his suzerain, Messire Louis de Beaumont; who had become Bishop of Paris in 1472, on the death of Guillaume Chartier, by the grace of his patron, Olivier le Daim, barber to Louis XI., king by the grace of God.

Quasimodo, then, was ringer general at Notre-Dame.

With time, a certain peculiar bond of intimacy had been contracted between the ringer and the church. Separated forever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his natural deformity—imprisoned from his infancy within that double and impassable circle—the poor unfortunate had been accustomed to see nothing on this earth beyond the religious walls which had received him into their shade. Notre-Dame had been to him successively, as he grew up, the egg—the nest—his house—his country—the world.

And certain it is, there was a sort of mysterious and pre-existing harmony between this creature and this edifice. When, while yet quite little, he used to drag himself along, tortuously and tumblingly, under the gloom of its arches, he seemed, with his human face and his bestial members, the native reptile of that damp dark floor, upon which the shadows of the Roman capitals projected so many fantastic forms.

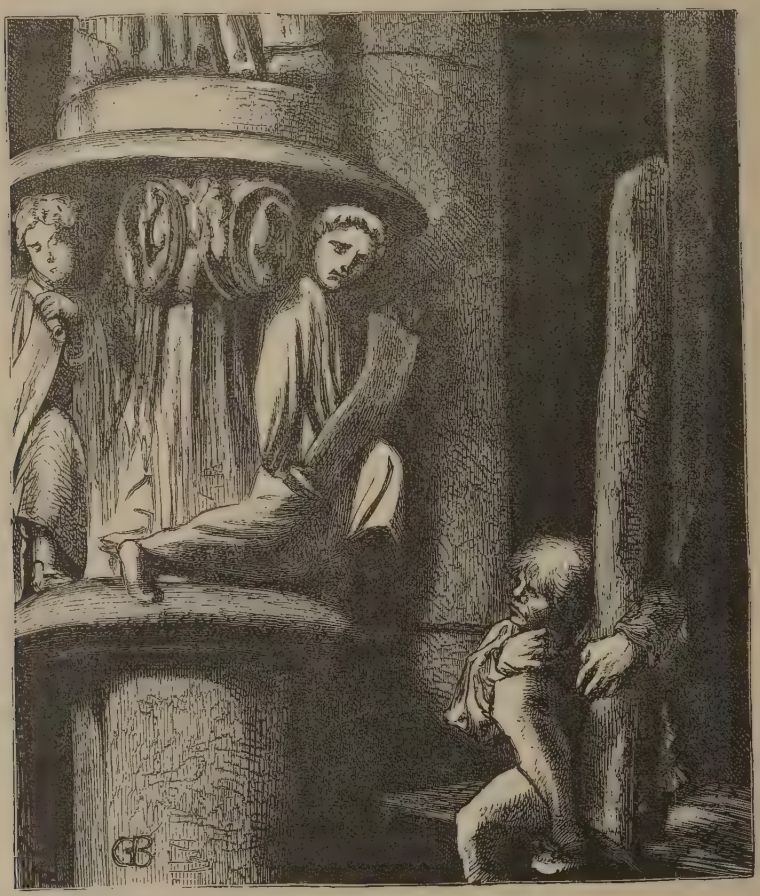
And, afterwards, the first time that he clung mechanically to the bell-rope in the towers, hung himself upon it, and set the bell in motion, the effect upon Claude, his adopted father, was that of a child finding its tongue and beginning to talk.

Thus it was that, gradually unfolding his being, which constantly took its mould from the cathedral, living in it, sleeping in it, scarcely ever going out of it, receiving every hour its mysterious impress, he came at length to resemble it, to be fashioned to it as it were, to make an integral part of it. His salient angles fitted themselves (if we may be allowed the expression) into the re-entering angles of the structure, and he seemed to be not only its inhabitant, but even the natural tenant of it. He might almost be said to have taken its form, as the snail takes that of its shell. It was his dwelling-place, his hole, his envelope. Between the old church and himself, there was an instinctive sympathy so profound, so many affinities, magnetic as well as material, that he in some sort adhered to it, like the tortoise to its shell. The cathedral, with its time-roughened surface, was his carapace.

It is needless to hint to the reader, that he is not to accept literally the figures that we are here obliged to employ in order to express that singular assimilation, symmetrical, immediate, consubstantial, almost, of a man to a building. Nor is it less evident to what a degree he must have familiarized himself with the whole cathedral during so long and so intimate a cohabitation. This was his own peculiar dwelling-place; it had no depth which Quasimodo had not penetrated, no height which he had not scaled. Many a time had he clambered up its front to one story after another, with no other help than the projections of its architecture and sculpture; the towers, over the external surface of which he was sometimes seen creeping, like a lizard gliding upon a perpendicular wall; those giant twins of the building, so lofty, so threatening, so formidable, had for him neither giddiness, nor dizziness, nor terror. To see them so gentle under his hand, so easy to scale, one would have said that he had tamed them. By dint of leaping, climbing, sporting amid the abysses of the gigantic cathedral, he was become in some sort both monkey and chamois—like the Calabrian child, which swims before it can run, and plays in its infancy with the sea.

Moreover, not only did his body seem to have fashioned itself according to the cathedral, but his mind also. In what state was that soul of his? what bend had it contracted, what form had it taken, under that close-drawn envelope, in that savage mode of life? This it would be difficult to determine. Quasimodo was born one-eyed, hump-backed, limping. It was with great difficulty and great patience that Claude Frollo had succeeded in teaching him to speak. But a fatality pursued the poor foundling. Made ringer of Notre-Dame at fourteen years of age, a fresh infirmity had come to complete his desolation—the bells had broken the tympanum of his ear, and he had become deaf. The only door that nature had left him wide open to the external world, had been suddenly closed forever.

And in closing, it intercepted the sole ray of joy and light that still penetrated to the soul of Quasimodo. That was plunged into deep night. The poor creature's melancholy became incurable and complete as his deformity; add to which, his deafness rendered him in some sort dumb. For, that he might not make himself laughed at by others, from



the moment that he found himself deaf, he resolutely determined to observe a silence which he scarcely ever broke, except when he was alone. He tied up voluntarily that tongue which Claude Frollo had had so much trouble to untie. And hence it was that, when necessity compelled him to speak, his tongue moved stiffly and awkwardly, like a door of which the hinges have grown rusty.

Were we now to endeavor to penetrate to Quasimodo's soul through

that thick, hard rind—could we sound the depths of that ill-formed organization—were it possible for us to look, as it were, with a torch in our hands, behind the non-transparency of those organs—to explore the darksome interior of that opaque being—to elucidate its obscure corners and absurd no-thoroughfares, and throw all at once a strong light upon the Psyche chained down in that drear cavern—doubtless we should find the poor creature in some posture of decrepitude, stunted and rickety, like those prisoners that used to grow old in the low dungeons of Venice, bent double in a stone chest too low and too short for them either to stand or to lie at full length.

It is certain that the spirit pines in a misshapen body. Quasimodo scarcely felt, stirring blindly within him, a soul made after his own image. The impressions of external objects underwent a considerable refraction before they reached his apprehension. His brain was a peculiar medium; the ideas which passed through it issued forth completely distorted. The reflection which proceeded from that refraction was necessarily divergent and astray.

Hence, he was subject to a thousand optical illusions, a thousand aberrations of judgment, a thousand wanderings of thought, sometimes mad, sometimes idiotic.

The first effect of this fatal organization was to disturb the look which he cast upon external objects. He received from them scarcely any immediate perception. The external world seemed to him much farther off than it does to us.

The second effect of his misfortune was to render him mischievous.

He was mischievous, indeed, because he was savage; and he was savage because he was ugly. There was a consequentiality in his nature as well as in ours.

His strength, too, developed in so extraordinary a degree, was another cause of mischievousness *malus puer robustus*, says Hobbes.

Besides, we must do him the justice to observe that mischievousness, perhaps, was not inherent in him. At his very first steps among mankind, he had felt himself, and then he had seen himself, repulsed, branded, spit upon. Human speech had ever been to him a scoff or a malediction. As he grew up, he had found naught around him but hatred. What wonder that he should have caught it! He had but contracted his share of malice, he had but picked up the weapon that had wounded him.

And, after all, he turned but reluctantly toward mankind, his cathedral was sufficient for him. It was peopled with figures in marble —with kings, saints, bishops—who, at all events, did not burst out laughing in his face, but looked upon him with uniform tranquillity and

benevolence. The other figures, those of the monsters and demons, had no hatred for him, Quasimodo. He was too much like them for that. They seemed much rather to be scoffing at the rest of mankind. The saints were his friends, and blessed him; the monsters were his friends, and protected him. And, accordingly, he used to have long communings with them; he would sometimes pass whole hours squatted down before one of those statues, holding a solitary conversation with it; if any one happened to approach, he would fly like a lover surprised in his serenade.

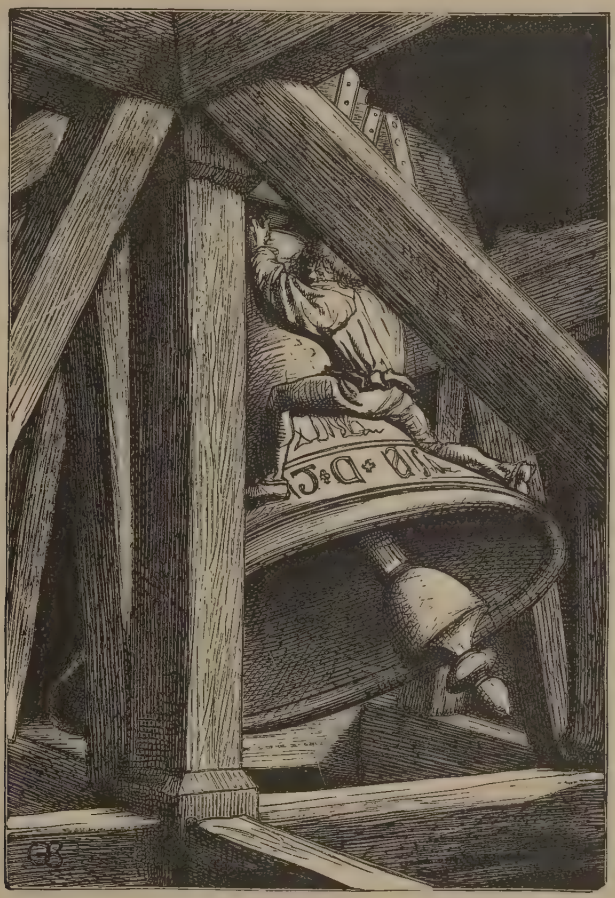
And the cathedral was not only society to him—it was the world—it was all nature. He dreamt of no hedgerows but the stained windows ever in flower—no shades but the stone foliage which unfolds itself loaded with birds in the tufted Saxon capitals—no mountains but the colossal towers of the church—no ocean but Paris, murmuring at their feet.

That which he loved above all in his maternal edifice—that which awakened his soul, and made it stretch forth its poor pinions, which it kept so miserably folded up within its cavern—that which sometimes made him happy—was, the bells. He loved them, caressed them, talked to them, understood them. From the chime in the central steeple, to the great bell over the doorway, they all shared his affections. The central steeple and the two towers were to him three great cages, the birds in which, taught by himself, sang for him alone. It was, however, those same bells that had made him deaf. But a mother is often the fondest of that child which has cost her the most suffering.

It is true that their voices where the only ones that he was still capable of hearing. On this account, the great bell of all was his best beloved. She it was whom he preferred among this family of noisy sisters that fluttered about him on festival days. This great bell was named Marie. She was placed in the southern tower, where she had no companion but her sister Jacqueline, a bell of smaller dimensions, shut up in a smaller cage by the side of her own. This Jacqueline was so named after the wife of Jean Montagu, which Jean had given her to the church—a donation, however, which had not prevented him from going and figuring without his head at Montfaucon. In the other tower were six other bells; while the six smallest inhabited the central steeple, over the choir, together with the wooden bell, which was rung only from the afternoon of Maunday-Thursday until the morning of Easter-eve. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bells in his seraglio; but the big Marie was his favorite.

It is not easy to give an idea of his delight on those days on which they rang in full peal. The moment the archdeacon had set him off with

the word "Go," he ascended the spiral staircase of the steeple quicker than any other person would have descended it. He rushed, all breathless, into the aërial chamber of the big bell; he gazed upon her for a moment intently and fondly; then he addressed her softly; patted her with his hand, like a good horse setting out on a long journey; express-



ing sorrow for the trouble he was going to give her. After these first caresses, he called out to his assistants, placed in the lower story of the tower, to begin. The latter then hung their weight at the ropes, the wheel creaked, and the enormous round of metal swung slowly. Quasimodo, panting, followed it with his eye. The first stroke of the clapper against the brazen wall that encircled it shook the woodwork upon

which he stood. Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Vah!" he would cry, with a burst of insensate laughter. Meanwhile, the motion of the bell became quicker; and as it went on, taking a wider and wider sweep, Quasimodo's eye, in like manner, opened wider and wider, and became more and more phosphoric and flaming. At length the great peal commenced—the whole tower trembled—wood, lead, stone—all shook together—from the piles of the foundation to the trifoliations at the summit. Quasimodo was now in a violent perspiration, running to and fro, and shaking, with the tower, from head to foot. The bell, now in full and furious swing, presented alternately to each wall of the tower its brazen throat, from whence escaped that tempest breath which was audible at four leagues' distance. Quasimodo placed himself before this gaping throat—squatted down and rose up again at each turn of the bell—inhaled that furious breath—looked by turns down upon the Place which was swarming with people two hundred feet below him, and upon the enormous brazen tongue which came, second after second, and bellowed in his ear. It was the only speech that he understood—the only sound that broke to him the universal silence. His soul dilated in it, like a bird in the sunshine. All at once he would catch the frenzy of the bell; and then his look became extraordinary—he would wait the next coming of the vast mass of metal, as the spider waits for the fly, and then throw himself headlong upon it. Now, suspended over the abyss, borne to and fro by the formidable swinging of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by the ears—gripped it between his knees—spurred it with both his heels—and redoubled, with the whole shock and weight of his body, the fury of the peal. Meanwhile, the tower trembled—while he shouted and ground his teeth—his red hair bristling up—his breath heaving like the blast of a forge—and his eye flaming—while his monstrous steed was neighing and palpitating under him. Then it was no longer either the great bell of Notre-Dame, or Quasimodo the ringer—it was a dream—a whirl—a tempest—dizziness astride upon clamor—a strange centaur, half man, half bell—a sort of horrible Astolpho, carried along upon a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

The presence of this extraordinary being breathed, as it were, a breath of life through the whole cathedral. There seemed to escape from him—so at least said the exaggerating superstitions of the multitude—a mysterious emanation, which animated all the stones of Notre-Dame, and heaved the deep bosom of the ancient church. To know that he was there, was enough to make you think you saw life and motion in the thousand statues of the galleries and doorways. The old cathedral did indeed seem a creature docile and obedient to his hand; she waited his will, to lift up her loud voice; she was filled and possessed

with Quasimodo as with a familiar spirit. One would have said that he made the immense building breathe. He was to be seen all over it; he multiplied himself upon every point of the structure. Sometimes you beheld with dread, at the very top of one of the towers, a fantastic dwarfish-looking figure—climbing—twisting—crawling about—descending outside over the abyss—leaping from projection to projection—and then thrusting his arm into the throat of some sculptured gorgon; it was Quasimodo pulling the crows from their nests. Sometimes, in a dark corner of the church, you would stumble against a sort of living chimera, squatting and dogged-looking—it was Quasimodo musing. Sometimes you espied, upon one of the steeples, an enormous head and a parcel of deranged limbs, swinging furiously at the end of a rope—it was Quasimodo ringing the vesper-bell, or the Angelus. Often, at night, a hideous form was seen wandering upon the light delicate balustrade which crowns the towers and borders the top of the chancel—it was still the hunchback of Notre-Dame. Then, the good women of the neighborhood would say, something fantastic, supernatural, horrible, was to be seen in the whole church—eyes and mouths opened in it here and there—the stone dogs, griffons, and the rest, that watch day and night, with outstretched necks and open jaws, around the monstrous cathedral, were heard to bark. And if it was a Christmas night—while the great bell, that seemed to rattle in its throat, was calling the faithful to the blazing midnight mass, there was such an air spread over the gloomy front, that the great doorway seemed to be devouring the multitude, while the rose window above it was looking down upon them. And all this came from Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of this temple; the Middle Ages believed him to be its demon; he was in fact its soul.

So much was this the case that to those who know that Quasimodo has existed, Notre-Dame is now solitary, inanimate, dead. They feel that something has disappeared. That vast body is empty—it is a skeleton—the spirit has quitted it—they see the place thereof, but that is all. It is like a skull, which still has holes for the eyes, but no eyesight.

## CHAPTER IV

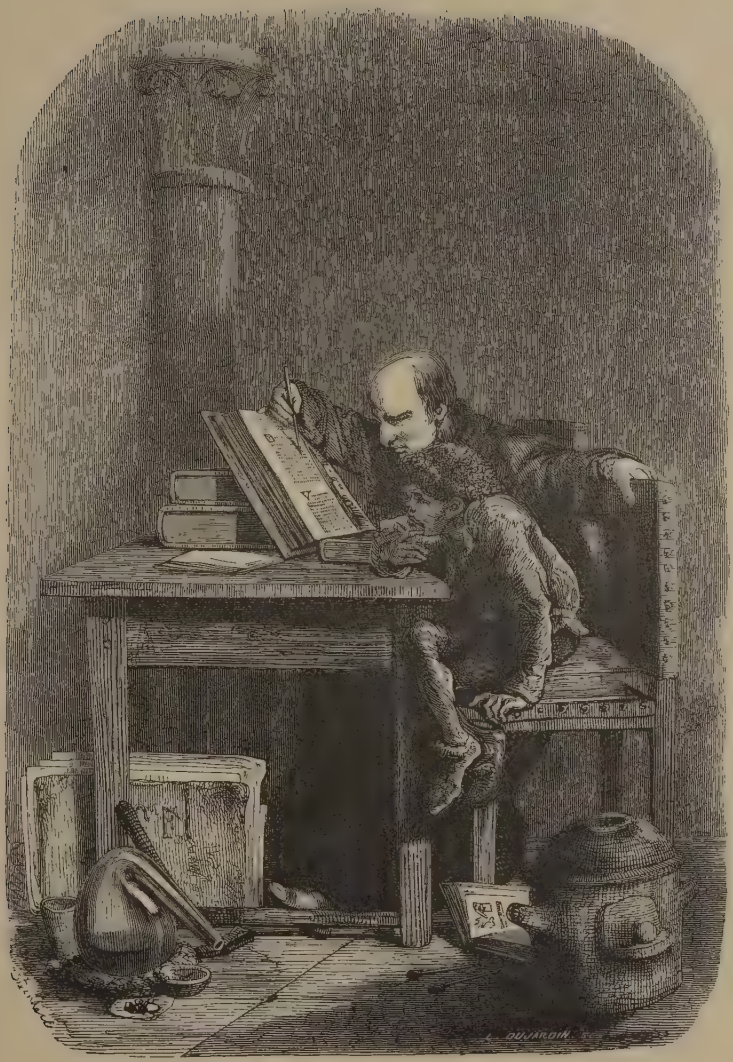
### THE DOG AND HIS MASTER

THERE was, however, one human creature whom Quasimodo excepted from the malice and hatred for the rest, and whom he loved as much, perhaps more, than his cathedral; this was Claude Frollo.

The case was simple enough. Claude Frollo had received him, adopted him, nursed him, brought him up. While yet quite little, it was between Claude Frollo's knees that he had been accustomed to take refuge when the dogs and the children ran yelping after him. Claude Frollo had taught him to speak, to read, to write. Claude Frollo, in fine, had made him ringer of the bells—and to give the great bell in marriage to Quasimodo, was giving Juliet to Romeo.

Accordingly, Quasimodo's gratitude was deep, ardent, boundless; and although the countenance of his adopted father was often clouded and severe—although his mode of speaking was habitually brief, harsh, imperious—never had that feeling of gratitude wavered for a single instant. The archdeacon had in Quasimodo the most submissive of slaves, the most tractable of servants, the most vigilant of watch-dogs. When the poor ringer had become deaf, there was established between him and Claude Frollo a language of signs, mysterious, and intelligible only to themselves. So that the archdeacon was the only human being with whom Quasimodo had preserved a communication. There were only two existences in this world with which he had any intercourse—Notre-Dame and Claude Frollo.

Unexampled were the sway of the archdeacon over the ringer, and the ringer's attachment to the archdeacon. One sign from Claude, and the idea of pleasing him would have sufficed to make Quasimodo throw himself from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame. There was some-



CLAUDE FROLLO TEACHING QUASIMODO

thing remarkable in all that physical strength, so extraordinarily developed in Quasimodo, and blindly placed by him at the disposal of another. In this there was undoubtedly filial devotion and domestic attachment; but there was also fascination of one mind by another mind. There was a poor, weak, awkward organization, hanging its head and casting down its eyes in the presence of a lofty and penetrating intellect, powerful and commanding. In fine, and above all the rest, there was gratitude—gratitude pushed to that extreme limit, that we know not to what to compare it. This virtue is not one of those of which the finest examples are found amongst mankind; we must therefore say that Quasimodo loved the archdeacon as no dog, no horse, no elephant ever loved his master.

## CHAPTER V

### MORE ABOUT CLAUDE FROLLO

IN 1482, Quasimodo was about twenty years old, and Claude Frollo about thirty-six. The one had grown up; the other had grown old.

Claude Frollo was no longer the simple scholar of the Torchi college—the tender protector of a little boy—the young dreaming philosopher, who knew many things and was ignorant of many. He was a priest, austere, grave, morose—having cure of souls—Monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas—the second acolyte of the bishop—having charge of the two deaneries of Montlhéry and Châteaufort and of a hundred and seventy-four country curés. He was an imposing and sombre personage, before whom trembled the chorister boys in alb and cassock, the vicar's choral, the brethren of St. Augustine, and the "early clerks" of Notre-Dame, when he passed slowly under the lofty pointed arches of the choir, majestic, pensive, with his arms crossed, and his head so much inclined upon his breast that nothing could be seen of his face but his large bald forehead.

Dom Claude Frollo, however, had abandoned neither science nor the education of his brother, the two occupations of his life. But in the course of time, some bitterness had been mingled with these things which he had found so sweet. In time, as Paul the Deacon says, the best lard becomes rancid. Little Jehan Frollo, surnamed *Du Moulin* from the place where he had been nursed, had not grown up in the direction which Claude had been desirous of giving him. The elder brother had reckoned upon a pupil pious, docile, learned, creditable. But the younger brother, like those young plants which baffle the endeavors of the gardener, and turn obstinately toward that side alone from which they receive air and sunshine—the younger brother increased and multiplied, and shot forth full and luxuriant branches, only on the side of idleness, ignorance, and debauchery. He was a very devil;

extremely disorderly, which made Dom Claude knit his brows, but very droll and very cunning, which made the elder smile. Claude had consigned him to that same college of Torchi in which he himself had passed his earlier years in study and modest seclusion; and it grieved him that this sanctuary, once edified by the name of Frollo, should be scandalized by it now. He sometimes read Jehan very long and very severe lectures upon the subject, which the latter intrepidly sustained. After all the young rake had a good heart—as all our comedies take care to assure us. But when the lecture was over, he did not the less quietly resume the course of his seditions and enormities. Sometimes it was a *béjaune* or yellow-beak, as a new-comer at the University was

called, whom he had hazed till he made him pay his footing—a precious tradition, which has been carefully handed down to the present day. Sometimes he had set in motion a band of scholars, who had classically fallen upon a cabaret—*quasi classico excitati*—then had beaten the tavern-keeper "with offensive weapons," and merrily pillaged the tavern, even to the staving in of the hogsheads of wine in the cellar. And then there was a fine report, drawn up in Latin, which the sub-monitor of the Torchi college brought piteously to Dom Claude, with this dolorous heading—*Rixa; prima causa vinum optimum potatum.* And, in fine, it was said—a thing quite horrible in a boy of sixteen—that his raking oftentimes led him as far as the Rue de Glatigny.

Owing to all this, Claude, saddened and discouraged in his human affections, had thrown himself the more ardently into the arms of science —that sister who, at all events, does not laugh in your face, but ever

repays you (albeit in coin sometimes rather light) for the attention you have bestowed upon her. He became, then, more and more learned—and, at the same time, by a natural consequence, more and more rigid as a priest, more and more melancholy as a man. There are in each individual of us, certain parallelisms between our understanding, our manners, and our character, which develop themselves continuously, and are interrupted only by the greater disturbances of life.

As Claude Frollo had, in his youth, gone through nearly the whole circle of positive human knowledge, external and lawful, he was under the absolute necessity, unless he was to stop *ubi defuit orbis*, of going further, and seeking other food for the insatiable activity of his intellect. The ancient symbol of the serpent biting his tail is especially appropriate to science; and it seems that Claude Frollo had experienced this. Many grave persons affirmed, that after exhausting the *fas* of human knowledge, he had ventured to penetrate into the *nefas*. He had, they said, successively tasted all the apples of the tree of knowledge; and, whether from hunger or disgust, he had ended with tasting of the forbidden fruit. He had taken his place by turns, as our readers have seen, at the conferences of the theologians at the Sorbonne; at the meetings of the faculty of arts at the image of St. Hilary; at the disputations of the decretists at the image of St. Martin; at the congregations of the physicians at the holy water basin of Notre-Dame, *ad cupam nostræ dominæ*. All the viands, permitted and approved, which those four great cook-shops called the four faculties could prepare and serve up to the understanding, he had devoured; and he had been satiated with them before his hunger was appeased. Then he had penetrated further—lower—underneath all that finite, material, limited science; he had perhaps risked his soul, and seated himself in the cavern, at that mysterious table of the alchemists, the astrologers, the hermetics, of which Averroës, William of Paris, and Nicolas Flamel occupy the lower extremity in the Middle Ages, and which extends in the East, under the light of the seven-branched candlestick, up to Solomon, Pythagoras, and Zoroaster.

So, at least, it was supposed, whether rightly or not.

It is certain that the archdeacon often visited the cemetery of the Holy Innocents; in which, it is true, his father and mother had been buried, with the other victims of the plague of 1466; but that he testified much less devotion to the cross at the head of their grave, than to the strange figures upon the tomb of Nicolas Flamel and Claude Pernelle, which stood close by it.

It is certain that he had often been seen to pass along the Rue des Lombards, and enter stealthily into a small house at the corner of the

two streets, the Rue des Ecrivains and the Rue Marivaux. It was the house which Nicolas Flamel had built, in which he had died about the year 1417, and which, uninhabited ever since, was beginning to fall into ruins, so much had the hermetics and alchemists of all countries worn away its walls by simply engraving their names upon them. Some of the neighbors even affirmed, that they had once seen, through an air-hole, the archdeacon Claude digging and turning over the earth at the bottom of those two cellars, the buttresses in which had been scrawled over with innumerable verses and hieroglyphics by Nicolas Flamel himself. It was supposed that Flamel had buried the philosopher's stone in these cellars; and the alchemists for two centuries, from Magistri down to Father Pacifique, never ceased to turn about the ground, until the house itself, so mercilessly ransacked and turned inside out, had at last crumbled into dust under their feet.

It is certain, too, that the archdeacon had been seized with a singular passion for the symbolical doorway of Notre-Dame, that page of conjuration written in stone by Bishop William of Paris, who has undoubtedly been damned for attaching so infernal a frontispiece to the sacred poem eternally chanted by the rest of the structure. Archdeacon Claude had also the credit of having sounded the mysteries of the colossal St. Christopher, and of that long enigmatical statue which then stood at the entrance of the Parvis, and which the people had nicknamed Monsieur Legris. But what everbody might have remarked, was, the interminable hours which he would often spend, seated upon the parapet of the Parvis, in contemplating the sculptured figures of the portal —now examining the foolish virgins with their lamps turned upside down, and the wise ones with their lamps the right end up—at other times calculating the angle of vision of that crow which clings to the left side of the doorway, casting its eye upon a mysterious point within the church—where the philosopher's stone is certainly hidden, if it be not in Nicolas Flamel's cellar.

It was a singular destiny (we may remark in passing) for the church of Notre-Dame, at that period, to be thus beloved in two different ways, and with so much devotion, by two beings so unlike as Claude and Quasimodo—loved by the one, a sort of half-human creature, instinctive and savage, for its beauty, for its stature, for the harmonies dwelling in the magnificent whole—loved by the other, a being of cultivated and ardent imagination, for its signification, its mystic meaning, the symbolic language lurking under the sculpture on its front, like the first text under the second in a palimpsest—in short, for the enigma which it eternally proposes to the understanding.

And, furthermore, it is certain that the archdeacon had fitted him-

self up, in that one of the two towers which looks upon the Grève, close by the cage of the bells, a little cell of great secrecy, into which no one entered—not even the bishop, it was said—without his leave. This cell had been constructed of old, almost at the top of the tower, among the crows' nests, by Bishop Hugo of Besançon,* who had played the necromancer there in his time. What this cell contained, no one knew. But from the strand of the Terrain, at night, there was often seen to appear, disappear, and reappear, at short and regular intervals, at a small round window or luthern that admitted light into it from the back of the tower, a certain red, intermittent, singular glow, seeming as if it followed the successive puffings of a pair of bellows, and as if it proceeded from a flame rather than from a light. In the dark, at that elevation, it had a very odd appearance; and the good women of the neighborhood used to say: "There's the archdeacon blowing! Hell-fire's casting sparks up there!"

Not that here were, after all, any great proofs of sorcery; but still there was quite as much smoke as was necessary to make the good people suppose a flame; and the archdeacon had a reputation not a little formidable. We are bound to declare, however, that the sciences of Egypt—that necromancy—that magic—even the whitest and most innocent—had no more violent enemy, no more merciless denouncer before the episcopal authorities of Notre-Dame, than himself. Whether it was sincere abhorrence, or merely the trick of the robber who cries *Stop thief!* this did not prevent the archdeacon from being considered by the learned heads of the chapter as one who had risked his soul upon the threshold of hell—as one lost in the caverns of the Cabala—feeling his way in the darkness of the occult sciences. Neither were the people blinded to the real state of the case; to the mind of every one possessed of the smallest sagacity, Quasimodo was the demon, and Claude Frollo the sorcerer; it was evident that the ringer was to serve the archdeacon for a given time, at the expiration of which he was to carry off his soul by way of payment. So that the archdeacon, despite the excessive austerity of his life, was in bad odor with all pious souls; and there was never a nose of a devotee, however inexperienced, but could smell him for a magician.

And if, as he grew older, he had formed to himself abysses in science, others had opened themselves in his heart. So at least they had reason to believe who narrowly observed that face of his, in which his soul shone forth only through a murky cloud. Whence that large bald forehead—that head constantly bent forward—that breast constantly heaved with sighs? What secret thought wreathed that bitter

* "Hugo II. de Bisuncio," 1326–1332.

smile about his lips, at the same moment that his lowering brows approached each other fierce as two encountering bulls? Why were his remaining hairs already gray? What internal fire was that which occasionally shone in his glance, to such a degree as to make his eye look like a hole pierced through the wall of a furnace?

These symptoms of a violent moral preoccupation had acquired an especially high degree of intensity at the period to which our narrative refers. More than once had a chorister-boy fled affrighted at finding him alone in the church, so strange and fiery was his look. More than once, in the choir, at service-time, the occupant of the stall next his own had heard him mingle, in the plain-chant *ad omnem tonum*, unintelligible parentheses. More than once had the laundress of the Tarrain, whose business it was "to wash the chapter," observed, not without dread, marks of finger-nails and clenched fingers in the surplice of Monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas.

However, he became doubly rigid, and had never been more exemplary. By character, as well as by calling, he had always kept at a distance from women; and now he seemed to hate them more than ever. The mere rustling of a silken cotte-hardie brought his hood down over his eyes. On this point so jealous were his austerity and reserve, that when the king's daughter, the Lady of Beaujeu, came in December, 1481, to visit the cloister of Notre-Dame, he gravely opposed her entrance, reminding the bishop of the statute in the Black Book of the chapter, dated St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1344, forbidding access to the cloister to every woman "whatsoever, old or young, mistress or maid." Whereupon the bishop was constrained to cite to him the ordinance of the legate, Odo, which makes an exception in favor of certain ladies of high rank—*aliquæ magnates mulieres, quæ sine scandalo evitari non possunt.* The archdeacon still protested; objecting that the legate's ordinance being dated as far back as the year 1207, was a hundred and twenty-seven years anterior to the Black Book, and was consequently, to all intents and purposes, abrogated by it. And accordingly he had refused to make his appearance before the princess.

It was moreover remarked that, for some time past, his abhorrence of gypsy-women and zingari had been redoubled. He had solicited from the bishop an edict expressly forbidding the gypsies from coming to dance and play the tambourine in the Place du Parvis; and for the same length of time he had been rummaging among the mouldy archives of the official principal, in order to collect together all the cases of wizards and witches condemned to the flames or the halter for having been accomplices in sorcery with he-goats, sows, or she-goats.

# CHAPTER VI

## UNPOPULARITY

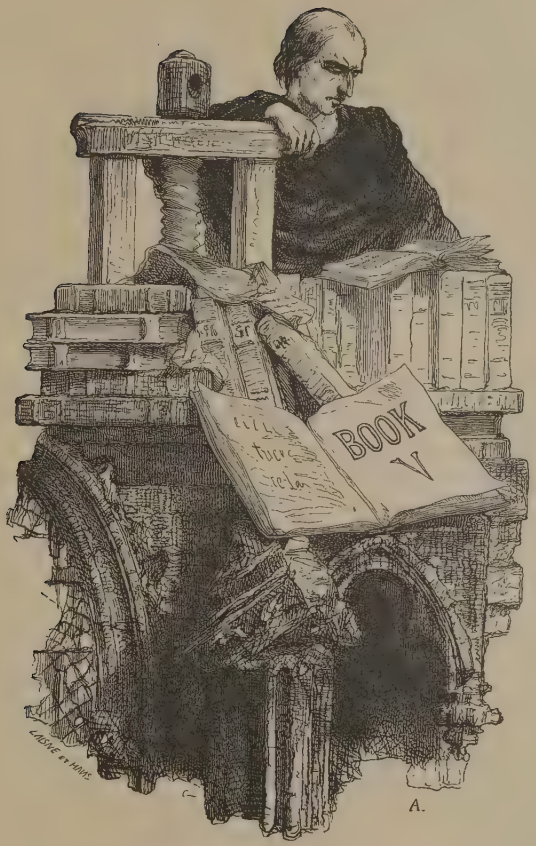
THE archdeacon and the bellringer, as we have already said, were but little esteemed among the little and great folks of the environs of the cathedral. When Claude and Quasimodo walked abroad on divers occasions, and they were observed in company, the servant following his master, traversing the clean, but narrow and dusky, streets of the neighborhood of Notre-Dame, more than one malicious word, or ironical smile, or insulting jest, greeted them on their way; unless Claude Frollo—though this happened rarely—walked with head erect, exhibiting his stern and almost noble brow to the gaze of the astonished gossips.

The pair were in that neighborhood almost like the "poets," of whom Regnier speaks:

> Toutes sortes de gens vont après les poètes,
> Comme après les hiboux vont criant les fauvettes.

Sometimes an ill-natured body would risk his head and bones for the ineffable pleasure of running a pin into Quasimodo's hump. Sometimes a pretty girl, more full of frolic and boldness than became her, would rustle the priest's black gown, singing to his face the sarcastic song beginning: "*Nestle, nestle, the Devil is caught.*" Sometimes a squalid group of old women, crouching down in the dusk along the steps of a porch, grumbled aloud as the archdeacon and the bellringer passed, or called after them with curses—this encouraging greeting: "Ho! here comes one with a soul as crooked as the other's body." Sometimes a band of scholars playing at hopscotch would jump up together and salute them classically with some cry in Latin, as "*Eia! eia! Claudius cum claudo!*"

But in most instances the insult passed unperceived by the priest and the ringer. Quasimodo was too deaf, Claude too dreamy to hear these pleasant remarks.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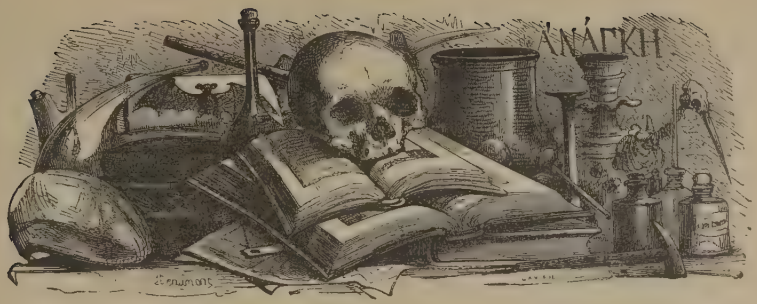



# BOOK V

## CHAPTER I

ABBAS BEATI MARTINI

THE fame of Dom Claude extended far, and very nearly at the period when he refused to see Madame de Beaujeu, it cost him a visit of which he retained the remembrance long afterwards.

It was evening, and he had just retired after divine service into his canon's cell in the cloister of Notre-Dame. The cell, excepting a few glass vials banished into a corner and filled with a dubious sort of powder, which much resembled the "powder of projection" of the alchemist, presented nothing strange or mysterious. There were indeed, here and there, some inscriptions on the walls, but they were sentences extracted from good authors, and referred to points of science and religion. The archdeacon had sat down, by the light of a copper lamp with three burners, before a desk loaded with manuscripts. He rested his elbow on the open volume of Honorius of Autun, *De prædestinatione et libero arbitrio*, and, with an air of deep reflection, turned over the leaves of a printed folio, the only production of the press which his cell contained. In the midst of his reverie, there came a knock at the door. "Who is

there?" cried the student, in the tone of a hungry dog whose bone is disturbed.

A voice from without replied, "Your friend, Jacques Coictier." He rose and opened the door.

It was indeed the king's physician, a man of fifty years, whose hard face was only relieved by a sly look. Another person accompanied him. They both wore long slate-colored robes, edged with gray fur, closed in front and girt at the waist, and caps of the same material and the same color. Their heads were concealed by their sleeves, their feet by their skirts, and their eyes by their caps.

"God help me, gentlemen," said the archdeacon, as he led them in; "I did not expect such distinguished visitors at an hour like this." While speaking in this courteous fashion, he cast a disturbed and scrutinizing look on the physician and his companion.

"It is never too late to pay a visit to a scholar of such attainments as Dom Claude Frollo de Tirechappe," replied Doctor Coictier, whose drawling accent—that of the Franche-Comté—gave to all his phrases the majesty of a train-dress.

The physician and the archdeacon then began one of those congratulatory prologues which, according to custom at that epoch, preceded all conversation between scholars, and which did not hinder them from detesting each other, in the most cordial fashion in the world. We may add, it is just the same to-day; the mouth of a philosopher who compliments another philosopher is a honeyed cup of gall.

The congratulations of Claude Frollo to Jacques Coictier, referred chiefly to the numerous temporal advantages which the worthy doctor had learned to extract, in the course of his enviable career, from every malady of the king, the result of an alchemy, better and surer than the pursuit of the philosopher's stone.

"I assure you, Doctor Coictier, I had great pleasure in learning of the bishopric given to your nephew, my reverend Lord Pierre Versé. Is he not Bishop of Amiens?"

"Yes, Archdeacon, by the grace and mercy of God."

"You presented an admirable appearance on Christmas Day, at the head of your company of the Chamber of Account, M. le President."

"Vice-President, Dom Claude. Alas, nothing more."

"And your superb house in the street of St. André des Arcs! Why, it is a Louvre. I admire especially the apricot tree sculptured on the gate with the punning motto: *A l'Abri-cotier*."

"Ah, Master Claude, all that mason-work costs high. I shall be ruined before the house is up."

"Why! Have you not your fees from the gaol and the bailiffship

of the Palais? And the rents of all the houses, sheds, stalls, and booths in the enclosure? It is a good cow to milk."

"My rights as chatelain of Poissy have brought in nothing this year."

"But your ferry-tolls at Triel, at Saint-James, and at St. Germain-en-Laye are always good."

"Six score livres, and not livres of Paris."

"You have your office as councillor of the King. That is a rare thing."

"Yes, brother Claude, but that accursed lordship of Poligny, about which there is such talk, does not bring in sixty gold crowns, good years and bad, together."

In all the compliments addressed by Dom Claude to Jacques Coictier there was that sardonic accent, the bitter and latent mockery, the sad, cruel smile of the man who was his superior, yet unhappy, and who, in a moment of distraction, is playing with the thick-witted prosperity of a vulgar man. The other did not perceive it.

"By my life," said Claude at last, shaking him by the hand; "I am delighted to see you in such good health."

"Thanks, Master Claude."'

"By the way," cried Dom Claude, "how is your royal patient?"

"He does not pay his doctor enough," replied Coictier, casting a side glance on his companion.

"Do you find it so, Brother Coictier?" said the latter.

This remark, uttered in a tone of surprise and reproach, recalled the attention of the archdeacon to the unknown personage. In truth, Claude had never turned his head for a single moment since this stranger had crossed the threshold of his cell. It required the thousand reasons which he had to be civil to Doctor Jacques Coictier, the all-powerful physician of the King, to induce him to receive him thus accompanied. The expression, then, had no cordiality in it when Jacques Coictier said:

"That reminds me, Dom Claude. I have brought with me a friend whom your reputation has led to wish to see you."

"One of the profession?" asked the archdeacon, fixing a penetrating eye on Coictier's companion. He met from beneath the eyebrows of the unknown, a look no less piercing and no less distrustful than his own.

As far as the feeble light of the lamp permitted one to judge, the stranger was an old man of about sixty, and of moderate stature, who seemed somewhat sick and broken. His countenance, although the profile was very commonplace, had something powerful and stern, his

eyeball glittered from a very deep socket beneath a projecting eyebrow, like a light from the depths of a cavern, and under his low cap, which fell down to his nose, there could be detected the broad expanse of a brow of genius.

He took upon himself to reply to the archdeacon's question.

"Reverend sir," he said, in a grave tone, "your renown has reached my ears, and I wished to consult you. I am only a poor provincial gentleman, who takes off his shoes before entering the presence of scholars. It is right that you should know my name. I am called Gossip Tourangeau."

"Strange name for a gentleman," thought the archdeacon. Still he felt himself in the presence of a strong and serious character. The instinct of his own high intelligence divined an intelligence no less high beneath the furred cap of Gossip Tourangeau; and as he examined this grave countenance, the ironical smile which the presence of Jacques Coictier had called up on his sad visage gradually disappeared, as twilight before night. He reseated himself in gloomy silence in his large arm-chair, his elbow resumed its accustomed place on the table and his brow on his hand. After some moments of reflection, he signed to his two visitors to be seated, and addressed his conversation to Gossip Tourangeau.

"You come to consult me, master mine; pray on what branch of science?"

"Reverend sir," replied Tourangeau, "I am sick, very sick. You are said to be a great Esculapius, and I come to ask your advice as a student of medicine."

"Medicine!" said the archdeacon, raising his head suddenly; he seemed to collect himself for an instant and resumed—"Gossip Tourangeau, as that is your name, turn your head; you will find my answer written on the wall."

Gossip Tourangeau obeyed and read above his head this inscription engraved on the wall: "*Medicine is the daughter of dreams.*—IAMBLICHOS."

Doctor Jacques Coictier, however, had heard his companion's question with a displeasure which Dom Claude's answer had redoubled. He leaned over to Tourangeau and whispered in his ear, too low for the archdeacon to hear: "I told you he was mad. Yet you would see him."

"He may be quite right, however, this madman, Doctor Jacques!" replied the gossip, in the same low tone, with a bitter smile.

"As you like," replied Coictier dryly. Then addressing the archdeacon, "You are smart and quick in your work, Dom Claude, and care no more for Hippocrates than a monkey for a filbert. The Art of Medi-

cine a dream! The apothecaries and pharmacopolists would, I fear me, stone you if they were here. You deny the influence of philters on the blood and of unguents on the skin! You deny that eternal pharmacy of flowers and metals which is called the world, made expressly for that eternal malady called man!"

"I do not deny," said Dom Claude, coldly, "the existence of drugs or of disease. What I deny is the medical man."

"Then it is not true," replied Coictier, with warmth, "that gout is a deep-seated ring-worm; that the wound from a piece of artillery can be healed by the application of a roasted shrew-mouse; that young blood, properly injected, restores youth to old veins! It is not true, then, that two and two make four, and that the emprostathonos follows the opistathonos!"

The archdeacon replied tranquilly, "There are certain things which I regard in a certain fashion."

Coictier became red with anger.

"Ta! ta! ta! my good Coictier, do not let us lose our tempers," said Gossip Tourangeau. "The archdeacon is our friend."

Coictier restrained himself, grumbling half aloud, "After all, he's mad."

"*Pasquedieu*, Master Claude," continued Gossip Tourangeau, after a brief silence, "you perplex me much. I wanted to consult you on two things, first touching my health, secondly touching my star."

"Sir," replied the archdeacon, "if that is your motive, you would have done well not to lose your breath in climbing up my stairs. I do not believe in the Art of Medicine. I do not believe in Astrology."

"Really," said Tourangeau, with surprise.

Coictier gave a forced laugh.

"You must see he is mad," he whispered to Gossip Tourangeau. "He does not believe in Astrology!"

"To fancy," continued Dom Claude, "that every ray of a star is a thread connected with a human life!"

"What, then, do you believe in?" cried Gossip Tourangeau.

The archdeacon remained for a moment undecided; then, with a stern smile that seemed to contradict his answer, he replied, "*Credo in Deum.*"

"*Dominum nostrum*," added Gossip Tourangeau, crossing himself.

"*Amen*," said Coictier.

"Reverend master," resumed Tourangeau, "I am delighted in my soul to see you so truly religious. But, great scholar as you are, have you reached such a point as no longer to believe in science?"

"No!" said the archdeacon, seizing Gossip Tourangeau by the arm,

and a flash of enthusiasm lighted up his dark eyeball, "No! I do not deny science. I have not crawled so long, flat on my belly in the earth, through the innumerable ramifications of its depths, without seeing, far before me, at the end of the obscure gallery, a light, a flame, a something, the reflection, doubtless, of the fires of that central laboratory where the wise and the patient have discovered God!"

"To conclude," Tourangeau, interrupting him, exclaimed, "what do you hold as true and certain?"

"Alchemy!"

Coictier objected. "Alchemy, Dom Claude, has doubtless something to say for itself, but why blaspheme medicine and astrology?"

"Your knowledge of man is naught, naught is your knowledge of the heavens!" said the archdeacon, haughtily.

"You make light work of Epidaurus and Chaldea," replied the doctor, with a grin.

"Listen, Master Jacques. I speak in good faith. I am not the king's physician, and his majesty has not given me the Dædalus garden to watch the constellations.—Keep quiet and listen to me!—What truth have you drawn, I do not say from medicine, which really is too absurd a thing, but from astrology? Quote the virtues of the vertical boustrophedon, the blessings of the number ziruph and those of the number zephirod."

"Do you deny," said Coictier, "the sympathetic power of the clavicule, and what the cabbala deduces therefrom?"

"Wrong, Messire Jacques; none of your formulas end in reality. Alchemy, on the other hand, has her discoveries. Do you dispute results like these? Ice buried for a thousand years becomes rock crystal. Lead is the ancestor of all the metals. For gold is not a metal, it is Light. Lead requires only four periods of two hundred year each, to change from the state of lead to the state of red arsenic, from red arsenic to tin, and from tin to silver. Are these facts? But to believe in the clavicule, in the full line, in the stars, is as ridiculous as to believe with the natives of Grand-Cathay, that dormice change into moles, and grains of wheat into a kind of carp."

"I have studied hermetics," cried Coictier, "and I affirm—"

The impetuous archdeacon would not let him finish—"I—I have studied medicine, astrology, and hermetics. Here alone is the truth" (while thus speaking he took from the cupboard a phial full of powder, spoken of above), "here alone is light. Hippocrates a dream; Urania a dream; Hermes a thought! Gold is the sun; to make gold is to be God! This is the one and only science! I have sounded the depths of

GOSSIP TOURANGEAU.

medicine and astrology, and I say—nothing! nothing! the human frame, all dark! the stars, all dark!"

He sank back in his chair in an attitude of command and inspiration. Gossip Tourangeau watched him in silence, Coictier tried to grin, shrugged his shoulders, and repeated in a low voice:

"Mad!"

"The wondrous goal," cried Tourangeau, suddenly, "have you reached it? Have you made gold?"

"If I had made gold," said the archdeacon, articulating his words slowly, as a man who reflects, "the King of France would be named Claude, and not Louis."

Gossip Tourangeau frowned.

"What did I say then?" continued Dom Claude, with a smile of disdain. "Why care for the throne of France, when I could rebuild the empire of the East!"

"All right!" said Tourangeau.

"Poor fool!" murmured Coictier.

The archdeacon continued, appearing to answer only his own thoughts:

"But no, I am still creeping; my face is torn, my knees flayed with the rock of the subterranean path. I have a glimpse, I do not behold; I do not read, I spell!"

"And when you know how to read," asked Gossip Tourangeau, "you will make gold?"

"Who doubts it?" said Claude.

"In that case Our Lady knows that I have great need of money, and I would like to learn to read your books. Tell me, reverend sir, is your science not hostile or displeasing to Our Lady?"

To this question Dom Claude contented himself with answering, in quiet contempt:

"Of whom am I the archdeacon?"

"That is true, my master. Well, then, will you kindly initiate me? Teach me to spell with you."

Claude assumed the majestic and pontifical air of a Samuel.

"Old man. It requires longer years than remain to you, to undertake this journey through the mysterious. Your head is gray. White hairs come forth from the cavern, but only dark hairs enter it. Science by herself can mar and waste and bleach the face of man; she needs not that old age contribute countenances already wrinkled. Still if the longing possesses you, of going to school at your age, and of deciphering the awful alphabet of the sages, come to me, and I will endeavor to teach you. I will not tell you, you poor old man, to visit the sepulchral

chambers of the Pyramids, of which the ancient Herodotus speaks, nor the brick tower of Babylon, nor the immense sanctuary of white marble of the Indian temple of Eklinga. I have not seen any more than you have, the Chaldean mason-work constructed according to the sacred formula of the Sikra, nor the temple of Solomon, which is destroyed, nor the stone doors of the tombs of the Kings of Israel, which are broken. We will content ourselves with the fragments of the book of Hermes which we have here. I will explain to you the statue of Saint Christopher, the symbol of the Sower, and that of the two angels at the porch of the Sainte-Chapelle, one of which has his hand in a vase, the other in a cloud . . . "

Here Jacques Coictier, whom the impetuous replies of the archdeacon had unhorsed, climbed up again into his saddle, and, with the triumphant tone of a savant who corrects another, exclaimed, "*Erras amice Claudi.* The symbol is not the number. You take Orpheus for Hermes."

"There you err," replied the archdeacon, gravely. "Dædalus is the base, Orpheus the wall, Hermes is the edifice—that is, the whole. Come when you like," he continued, turning to Tourangeau, "I will show you the grains of gold remaining at the bottom of the crucible of Nicolas Flamel, and you may compare them with the gold of William of Paris. I will teach you the secret virtues of the Greek word *peristera.* But, first of all, I shall make you read, one after the other, the marble letters of the alphabet, and the granite pages of the book. We will go from the porch of Bishop William and of Saint Jean le Rond, to the Sainte-Chapelle; thence to the house of Nicolas Flamel, in the Rue Marivault, to his tomb at the Holy Innocents, and to his two hospitals in the Rue de Montmorency. I will make you read the hieroglyphs which cover the four huge andirons of the porch of the hospital Saint-Gervais, and of the Rue de la Ferronnerie. We will spell out together the façades of Saint Cosmas, of Saint Geneviève-des-Ardents, of Saint Martin, of Saint Jacques de la Boucherie . . . "

For some time past, Tourangeau, intelligent as he looked, had seemed not to understand Dom Claude. He interrupted him:

"*Pasquedieu!* What, then, are your books?"

"Here is one!" said the archdeacon, and opening the window of the cell, he pointed with his finger to the immense church of Notre-Dame, which projecting, on a starry sky, the black outline of its twin towers, of its sides of stone, and of its monstrous loins, seemed an enormous two-headed sphinx seated in the midst of the town.

The archdeacon gazed for some time in silence on the gigantic edifice. Then, with a sigh, extending his right hand toward the printed

book, open on the table, and his left to Notre-Dame, and directing a sad glance from the book to the church, exclaimed: "Alas! This will kill that!"

Coictier, who had eagerly approached the book, could not refrain from crying: "What! What! What is there terrible in this? GLOSSA IN EPISTOLAS D. PAULI. *Norimbergæ, Antonius Koburger.* 1474. It is not new. It is a book of Peter Lombard, the Master of Sentences. Is it the fact of its being printed?"

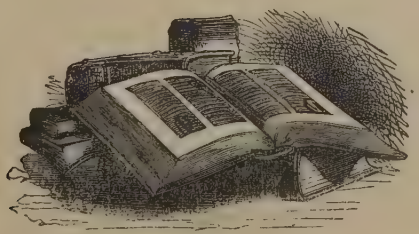
"You have said it!" replied Claude, who seemed absorbed in a profound meditation, and remained standing, with his forefinger resting on the folio issued by the famous press of Nuremberg. Then he added these mysterious words: "Alas! Alas! Little things make an end of great ones. A tooth triumphs over a mass. The Nile rat kills the crocodile, the harpoon kills the whale, the book will kill the edifice."

The curfew from the cloister sounded at the moment when Doctor Jacques was repeating to his companion the eternal refrain, "*He is mad.*" To which his companion this time replied, "I think he is."

It was the hour when strangers had to withdraw from the cloister. The two visitors retired. "Master," said Gossip Tourangeau, in taking leave of the archdeacon, "I love learned men and lofty intellects, and I hold you in singular esteem. Come to-morrow to the palace of the Tournelles, and ask for the Abbot of Saint Martin of Tours."

The archdeacon re-entered his cell in a state of stupefaction, on discovering at last who was Gossip Tourangeau, and recalling the passage of the cartulary of Saint Martin of Tours: *Abbas beati Martini,* SCILICET REX FRANCIÆ, *est canonicus de consuetudine et habet parvam præbendam quam habet sanctus Venantius et debet sedere in sede thesaurarii.*

It is stated that after this period the archdeacon had frequent conferences with Louis XI. when his Majesty came to Paris, and that the influence of Dom Claude quite overshadowed that of Olivier le Daim and of Jacques Coictier, who, in his usual manner, scolded the king severely.



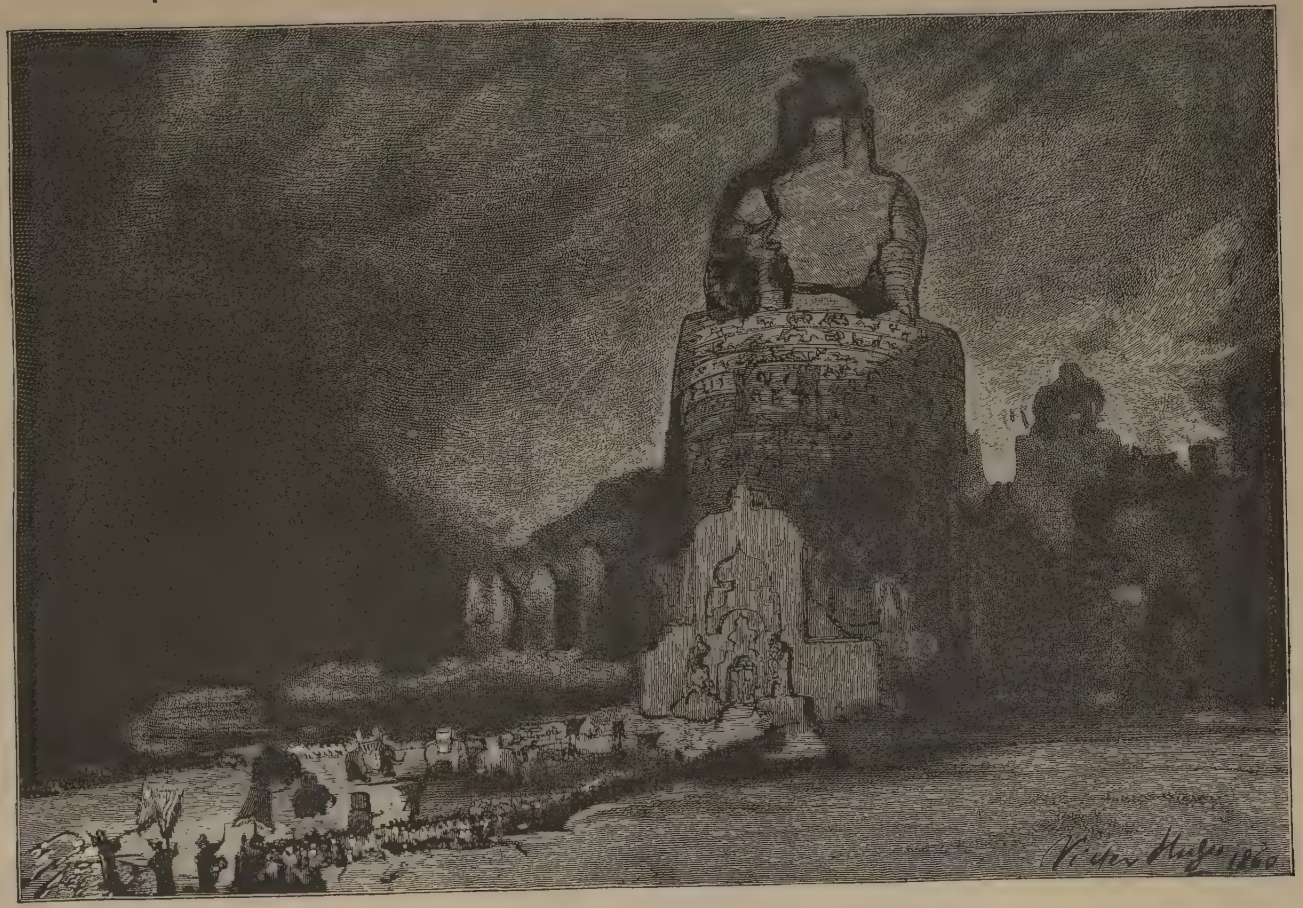
## CHAPTER II

### THIS WILL KILL THAT

THE ladies who deign to read this work will pardon us for pausing a moment to examine what might be the thought concealed in the enigmatic words of the archdeacon. *This will kill that. The book will kill the edifice.*

In our opinion, the thought has two sides. It was, to begin with, a thought of a priest. It was an expression of the alarm of sacerdotalism in presence of a new agent, the printing press. It was the terror and bedazzlement of the man of the sanctuary in presence of the luminous press of Gutenberg. It was the pulpit and the manuscript, speech written and speech spoken in alarm at speech printed; it was something like the astonishment of a sparrow at the sight of the demon Legion spreading his six millions of wings. It was the cry of the prophet who already hears the buzzing and the swarming of emancipated humanity; who sees, in the future, intelligence sapping faith, opinion dethroning belief, and the world shaking Rome. It was the prognostic of the philosopher who sees human thought volatilized by the press, and evaporated from the theocratic recipient; it was the terror of the soldier who examines the iron battering-ram, and says, "The tower will crumble." It signified that one power was about to succeed to another power; it meant—"The Press will kill the Church."

But under this thought, the first and most simple one, no doubt, there lay, we think, another newer one, a corollary of the first, but less easy to perceive and more easy to dispute, a view too perfectly philosophic, no longer of the priest alone, but of the savant and the artist.



THE ORIENT.

It was the presentiment that human thought, in changing the form, was about to change the mode of expression; that the dominant idea of each generation would no longer be written with the same matter and in the same fashion, that the book of stone, solid and durable as it was, would give place to the book of paper, still more solid and still more durable. Thus regarded, the vague phrase of the archdeacon had a second sense; it signified that one art would dethrone another art; it meant, "Printing will kill architecture."

In fact, since the origin of the world down to the fifteenth century of the Christian era, inclusive, architecture is the great book of human-

ity, the principal expression of man at his various stages of development, either as force or as intelligence.

When the memory of the early races felt itself surcharged; when the recollections of mankind became so heavy and so confused that the bare winged speech ran the risk of losing its way, men transcribed them on the surface of the earth in the most visible, the most durable, and, at the same time, the most natural fashion. Each tradition was sealed down by a monument.

The first monuments were simple blocks of rock, "that iron had not touched," as Moses says. Architecture began like every kind of writing; it was, at first, alphabetic. A rock was placed upright and it was a letter, and each letter was a hieroglyph, and in each hieroglyph

a group of ideas reposed like the capital on a column. This was the practice of the early races everywhere, at the same moment, on the entire surface of the globe. The "Standing Stones" of the Celts are found in the Siberia of Asia, and in the pampas of America.

Later, words were made. One stone was placed on another, the syllables of granite were coupled together, and some combinations were attempted. The *dolmen* and the *cromlech* of the Celt, the Etruscan *tumulus*, the Hebrew *galgal*, are words. Some, especially the tumulus, are proper names. Sometimes even, when there was stone in plenty and a vast space, a phrase was written. The immense pile of Karnac is already a complete sentence.

Last, came books. Traditions produced symbols, under which they disappeared like the trunk of a tree beneath its foliage; then these symbols, in which mankind placed their faith, went on increasing, multiplying, crossing, and complicating more and more; the early monuments no longer could contain them, they were overflowed by them on all sides, they could scarcely express any longer the primitive tradition, which, like themselves, was simple, bare, and lying on the surface. The symbol required to expand into the edifice. Then architecture developed itself along with human thought, she became a giantess with a thousand heads and a thousand arms, and fixed all that floating symbolism in one eternal, visible, palpable form. While Dædalus who is force was measuring, and while Orpheus who is intelligence was singing, the pillar which is a letter, the arcade which is a syllable, the pyramid which is a word, all set in movement at once by a law of geometry and a law of poetry, grouped themselves together, combined, amalgamated, descended, ascended, drew up side by side on the soil, rising stage after stage to heaven, until they had written, at the dictation of the general idea of an epoch, those marvelous books which were also marvelous edifices, the pagoda of Eklinga, the Rhamseion of Egypt, and the Temple of Solomon.

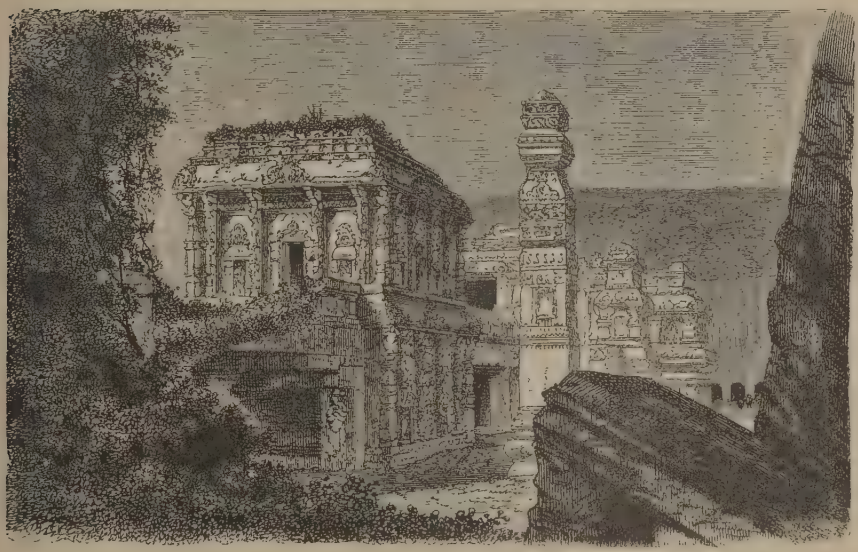
The mother idea, the Word, was not only at the bottom of these edifices, but also in the form. The Temple of Solomon, for example, was not merely the binding of the Holy Book, it was the Holy Book itself. On each of its concentric inclosures, the priests could read the Word translated and manifested to the eye, and thus they followed its transformations from sanctuary to sanctuary till they grasped it in its last tabernacle, under its most concrete form, which still belonged to architecture, the Ark. So the word was inclosed in the building, but its image was on its enveloping inclosure as the human figure in a mummy case.

Not only the form of the buildings, but also the location chosen for them, revealed the thought that they expressed. According as the sym-

bol to be expressed was graceful or sombre, the Greeks crowned their mountains with temples harmonious to the eye, and India disemboweled her masses of rock to chisel therein the formless subterranean pagodas supported by gigantic rows of elephants in granite.

Thus, during the six thousand early years of the world, from the most immemorial pagoda of Hindostan to the cathedral of Cologne, architecture has been the hand-writing of the human race. And this is so true, that not only every religious symbol but even every human thought has its page and its monument in this immense book.

Every civilization begins with theocracy and ends in democracy.



This law of liberty succeeding to unity is written in architecture. For, we insist on this point, we must not believe that masonry was powerful only in building the temple, in expressing the myth and sacerdotal symbolism, and in transcribing into hieroglyphics on its pages of stone the mysterious tables of the law. If it were merely so, since in every human society a time comes when the sacred symbol is worn out and obliterated by free thought, when man hides himself from the priest, and when the growth of philosophies and of systems scars the face of religion, architecture would not be able to reproduce this new state of the human mind; its pages printed in *recto* would be blank in *verso*, its work would be maimed and its book incomplete. But it is not so.

Let us take for example the Middle Ages, where we see more clearly

because they are nearest to us. During its first period, while theocracy organized Europe, while the Vatican rallies and marshals about itself the elements of a Rome made out of the Rome which lies crumbling about the capitol, and while Christianity goes on seeking in the remains of the preceding civilization all the stages of society, and builds with the ruins a new hierarchical universe of which sacerdotalism is the keystone, there comes first a dull echo from that chaos; then, bit by bit, beneath the breath of Christianity and beneath the hand of the barbarians, there rises up from the fragments of the dead architecture of Greece and Rome, that mysterious Romanic architecture, the sister of the theocratic masonry of Egypt and of India, an unchangeable emblem of pure catholicism, and an immovable hieroglyph of papal unity. All the thought of that time is, in fact, written in that sombre Romanic style. You feel throughout it, authority, unity, the impenetrable, the absolute, Gregory the seventh, always the priest, never the man, always the caste, never the people. But the Crusades enter on the scene. It is a great popular movement, and every great popular movement, whatever be its cause or aim, always disengages from its last precipitation, the spirit of liberty. New things come and clear a road for themselves. The stormy period of Jacqueries, Pragueries, and Leagues opens. Authority is shaken, unity is cleft in twain. Feudalism claims to share with theocracy, waiting for the day when the people, which inevitably will come afterwards, will play, as always, the part of the lion; *Quia nominor leo.* The rule of the feudal lord crops up through the sacerdotal system, the commonalty through the feudal lordship. The face of Europe is changed and the face of architecture changed with it. Like civilization, she has turned over a page, and the new Spirit of the times finds her ready to write to his dictation. She came back from the Crusades with the pointed arch, and the nations returned with liberty. Then, while Rome was losing its members one after another, the Romanic style of architecture died. The hieroglyph deserted the cathedral and proceeded to blazon the donjon keep and give a prestige to feudalism. The cathedral itself, the building once so dogmatic, but since invaded by the citizen, the commonalty, and by liberty, escapes from the priest, and falls into the power of the artist. The artist built to please himself. Farewell to mystery, to myth, to law! Welcome, fancy and caprice! Provided that the priest had his basilica and his altar, he had nothing to say. The four walls were the artist's. The architectural book belongs no more to sacerdotalism, to religion, or to Rome; it is the property of the imagination, of the poetic instinct, and of the people. Hence, the rapid, countless transformations of this architecture which lived only for three centuries, but which forms such a striking contrast after the

stagnant immobility of the Romanic architecture which lived for six centuries. Art meanwhile advances with great strides. The genius and originality of the people perform the task the bishops used to do. Each race writes, in passing, its life on the book; it erases the old Romanic hieroglyphs on the frontispieces of the cathedrals, and, at the most, one only sees, here and there, dogma cropping out through the new symbolism which it has deposited. The skeleton of religion can scarcely be seen under the popular drapery. No idea can be formed of the license assumed by the architects even towards the church. There are capitals covered with monks and nuns in lascivious embraces, as in the Salle des

Cheminées in the Palais de Justice at Paris. There are the adventures of Noah sculptured in all details, as in the great porch of Bourges. There is a bacchanalian monk with an ass's ears, and glass in hand, laughing in the face of a whole community, as in the lavatory of the Abbey of Bocherville. There exists at this epoch a privilege for thought expressed in stone quite comparable to our actual liberty of the press. It is the liberty of architecture.

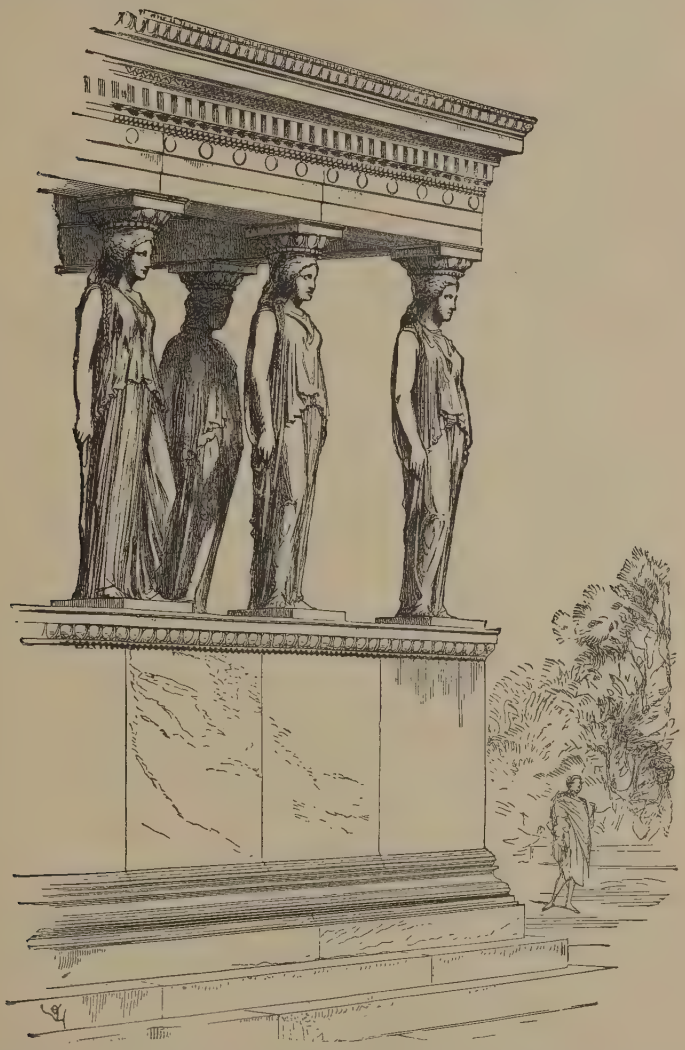
This liberty went to extremes. Sometimes a porch, a façade, a whole church, presents a symbolic sense absolutely foreign to the forms of worship, or even hostile to the Church. After the thirteenth century William of Paris, in the fifteenth, Nicolas Flamel wrote pages of sedition. Saint Jacques de la Boucherie was a church of the opposition.

It was in this form alone that thought was then free; the only complete reproduction of it was when it was written in the book called building. Thought in the form of edifice could see itself burnt in the public square by the common hangman in its manuscript form, if it was imprudent enough to venture on the latter. Thought in a church porch was a spectator of the punishment of thought in a book. Having then only this road open, namely, masonry, thought flung herself into it everywhere. Hence the immense quantity of cathedrals which covered Europe, a number so prodigious that it is almost past belief, even when it has been verified. All the material forces and all the intellectual forces of society converged to the same point, namely, architecture. In this manner, under the pretext of building churches to God, art developed herself in magnificent proportions.

In those days, whoever was born a poet became an architect. Genius, scattered among the masses, crushed in on all sides by feudalism as by a *testudo* of iron bucklers, and finding no issue except on the side of architecture, debouched by that artistic path, and its Iliads took the form of cathedrals. All the other arts did homage and became the pupils of architecture; they were the workmen in the great work. The architect, the poet, the master, summed up in his own person the sculpture which chiseled his façades, the painting which illuminated his windows, and the music that set his bells a-ringing and worked the bellows of his organ. There was nothing, not even poor poetry, properly so called, the poetry which obstinately would vegetate in manuscript, that was not obliged, if it wished to be anything, to come and take its place in the building under the form of the hymn or the *prose;* the same part, after all, which the tragedies of Eschylus played in the sacerdotal feasts of Greece, and Genesis in the temple of Solomon.

Thus, till the time of Gutenberg, architecture is the principal, the universal mode of writing. In the granite book begun by the Orient, continued by Greek and Roman antiquity, the Middle Ages wrote the last page. Moreover, the phenomenon of an architecture of the people succeeding to the architecture of a caste, which we have just observed in the Middle Ages, is reproduced with every analogous movement of human intelligence in other grand epochs of history. Thus, to enounce here only summarily a law which would need volumes to develop, in the far Orient, the cradle of primitive times, after Hindoo architecture came Phœnician architecture, the bounteous mother of Arabian architecture; in antiquity, after the Egyptian architecture, of which the Etruscan style and the Cyclopean monuments are only a variety, came Greek architecture, of which the Roman style is merely a continuation, enriched by the Carthaginian dome; in modern times after the Romanic

architecture, came Gothic architecture. And if we make a cross division of these three series, we find in the three elder sisters, in Hindoo architecture, Egyptian architecture, and Romanic architecture, the same



symbol, that is to say, theocracy, caste, unity, dogma, myth, God; and in the three younger sisters, Phœnician architecture, Greek architecture, and Gothic architecture, whatever may be the diversity of form inherent in their nature, the same signification, that is, liberty, the people, Man.

Whether he calls himself Brahmin, Magus, or Pope, in Hindoo, Egyptian, or Romanic architecture, it is always the priest, nothing but the priest. It is not thus in the architectures of the people. They are more rich and less religious. In Phœnician architecture we find the merchant; in Greek, the republican; and in Gothic, the citizen.

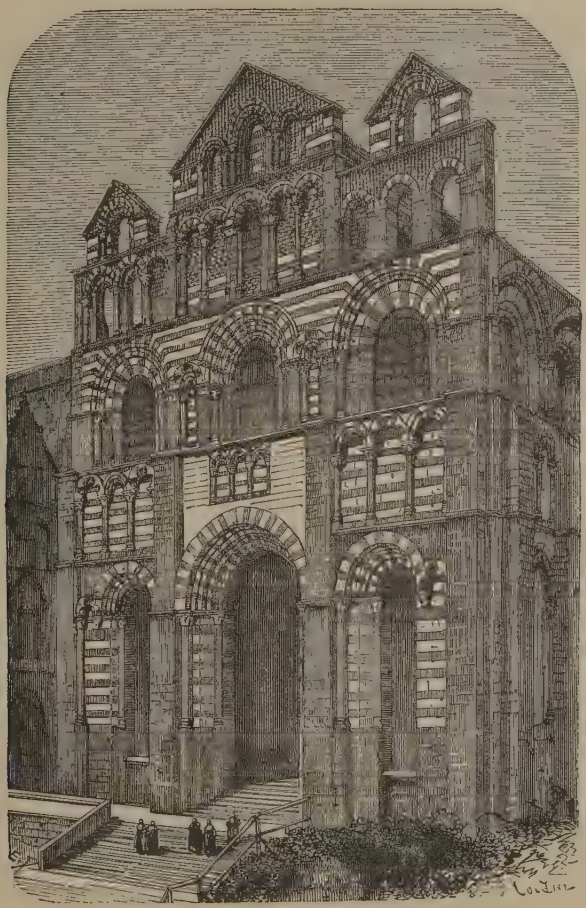
The general characteristics of all theocratic architecture are immutability, dread of progress, conservation of traditional lines, the consecration of primitive types, the constant twisting of all the forms of man and of nature to the incomprehensible caprices of symbolism. These form the dark book which only the initiated can decipher. Besides, every form, every deformity even has in it a sense which makes it inviolable. Ask not of the Hindoo, Egyptian, or Romanic masonry, to reform their plans or improve their statuary. All attempts at perfecting it is impiety. In these styles of architecture, it seems as if the rigidity of the dogma had diffused itself over the stone as a second petrification. The general characters of popular mason-works, on the contrary, are variety, progress, originality, opulence, perpetual movement. They are already so far detached from religion that they can think of their own beauty, can take care of it, and can, without pause, enrich and refashion their *parure* of statues or arabesques. They belong to the age. They have something human which they mingle unceasingly with the divine symbolism under which they are still produced. Hence, buildings, comprehensible to every soul, to every intellect, and to every imagination, still symbolic, but as easy to understand as nature. Between theocratic architecture and this there is the difference between a sacred tongue and common speech, between the hieroglyph and art, or between Solomon and Phidias.

If we sum up what we have thus far indicated very briefly, while neglecting a thousand proofs and also a thousand objections of detail, we arrive at this: That architecture down to the fifteenth century was the principal register of humanity; that during this period there did not appear in the world a thought of any complexity which was not worked into a building; that every popular idea and every religious law had its monumental records; that, in fine, the human race had no important thoughts which it did not write in stone. And why? It is because every thought, be it religious or be it philosophical, is interested in perpetuating itself, and because the idea which moved one generation wishes to move others and leave its traces. How precarious is the immortality of the manuscript! How different a book is an edifice, solid, durable, resistant! To destroy written speech, nothing was required but a torch and a Turk. To demolish speech wrought into building, it required a social revolution or a terrestrial revolution. The

barbarians passed over the Coliseum; the deluge, perhaps, has swept over the Pyramids.

In the fifteenth century all changes.

Human thought discovers a means of perpetuating itself, a means not only more durable and more resistant than architecture, but also



more simple and more easy. Architecture is dethroned. To the stone letters of Orpheus there succeed the leaden letters of Gutenberg.

*The Book will kill the Edifice.*

The invention of printing is the greatest event in history. It is the mother of all revolutions; it is humanity's mode of expression made completely afresh; it is human thought casting off one form and don-

ning another; it is the complete definite change of skin undergone by the symbolic serpent which, since Adam, represents intelligence.

In its printed form, thought is more imperishable than ever; it is volatile, irresistible, and indestructible. It pervades the air. In the days of architecture, thought was a mountain and majestically took possession of an age and a region. Now she is a flock of birds, flies abroad to all the four winds of heaven, and occupies at once all the points of air and of space.

Who does not see, we repeat, that in this form she is more indelible than ever? She was solid, she is now living; she passes from duration in time to immortality. A mass may be demolished, but how can ubiquity be extirpated? If a deluge come, the mountain will have long disappeared beneath its waves while the birds still fly over them, and if a single ark floats on the surface of the cataclysm, they will alight thereon, will sail with it, and be present with it at the subsidence of the waters; and the new world arising from this chaos will, on awakening, see, hovering overhead, winged and living, the thought of the submerged world.

And when we observe that this mode of expression is not only the most preservative, but also the most simple, the most commodious, and the most practicable for all; when we reflect that it drags along no heavy baggage, and requires no ponderous apparatus; when we compare thought,—obliged, in order to translate itself into a building, to set in motion four or five other arts and tuns of gold, a mountain of stones, a whole forest of timber, and a whole people of workmen;—when we compare it to thought transformed into a book, and requiring only a slip of paper, a little ink and a pen, why should we be astonished that human intelligence has deserted architecture for printing? Cut sharply the primitive bed of a stream by a channel sunk below its level, the stream will leave its bed.

Thus we see that, starting from the discovery of printing, architecture has gradually become withered, atrophied, and denuded. How clearly we see the water falling, the sap disappearing, the thought of the times and the peoples retiring from it! The alienation is almost imperceptible in the fifteenth century; the press is still too weak, and, at most, only withdraws from still puissant architecture a superabundance of life. But from the time of the sixteenth century the sickness of architecture is visible; she no longer essentially expresses social forces, but miserably turns herself into classic art. Instead of being Gallican, European, indigenous, she becomes Greek and Roman; instead of being true and modern, she is pseudo-antique.

This decadence is named the Renaissance, a magnificent decadence,

RENAISSANCE

nevertheless, for the old Gothic genius, that sun which is setting behind the gigantic press of Mayence, still penetrates with its last rays this hybrid pile of Latin arcades and Corinthian colonnades.

It is the setting sun which we mistake for the dawn.

From the time when architecture becomes only an art like any other, when it is no longer the abode of art, the sovereign art, the tyrant art, it has no longer strength to retain the other arts. They emancipate themselves, they break the yoke of architecture and go, each its own way. Each of them gains by the divorce. Isolation aggrandizes them all; sculpture becomes statuary, imagery becomes painting, and the canon becomes music. It might be described as an empire dismembered by the death of its Alexander, while its provinces become kingdoms.

Hence Raphael, Michael Angelo, Jean Gougon, Palestrina, those splendid lights of the dazzling sixteenth century.

Contemporary with the emancipation of the arts is the general emancipation of thought. The heresiarchs of the Middle Ages had already made deep inroads into Catholicism. The sixteenth century shattered religious unity. Before printing, reform was only a schism; printing made it a revolution. Take away the press, heresy is disarmed. Whether by fate or by the decrees of Providence, Gutenberg was the forerunner of Luther.

Then when the sun of the Middle Ages has completely set and Gothic genius forever sunk beneath the horizon of art, architecture continues to grow dull, to lose color, to retire more and more into the background. The printed book, that gnawing worm of architecture, sucks her blood and devours her limbs. She strips off her robes, she sheds her leaves, she grows thinner and thinner to the eye. She is sickly, she is poor, she is null. She no longer expresses anything, not even the recollections of the art of by-gone days. Reduced to herself, abandoned by the other arts because abandoned by human thought, she calls on the laborer in default of artists. The pane of glass replaces the stained glass window: the stone-cutter succeeds the sculptor. Farewell all vigor, all originality, all life, all intelligence! She drags herself, poor beggar of the studio, from copy to copy. Michael Angelo who, in the sixteenth century, perceived her without doubt dying, had one last idea, an idea of despair. This Titan of art piled the Pantheon on the Parthenon and made St. Peter's at Rome. A grand work which deserved to remain unique, the last original architectural creation, the signature of a great artist at the foot of a colossal register of stone which is closed forever. With Michael Angelo dead, what does this miserable thing named architecture, which survives itself in the state of spectre and shadow? It takes St. Peter's at Rome, makes a tracing of it, and a

parody on it. It is a mania. It is a pity. Each century has its St. Peter's of Rome, the seventeenth the Val-de-Grâce, the eighteenth Sainte Geneviève. Each country has its St. Peter's of Rome. London has one, Petersburg another, Paris, two or three. A last will that is void and meaningless, the final dotage of a great art which in its decrepit old age falls again into childhood before it dies!

If in place of such characteristic monuments as those we have described, we examine the general aspect of art from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, we remark the same phenomena of decay and atrophy. Starting with Francis II., the architectural form of the edifice conceals itself more and more, and leaves prominent the geometrical form like the bony frame-work of some sufferer who is pining and wasting away. The beautiful lines of art give place to the cold, stern lines of geometry. The edifice is no longer an edifice, but a polyhedron. Architecture, however, is tormented with her struggles to hide this nudity. Look at the Greek front stuck into a Roman front, and *vice versâ*. It is still the Parthenon and the Pantheon, or St. Peter's of Rome. Look at the brick houses of Henry II. with their coigns of stone, the Place Royale, the Place Dauphine! Look at the churches of Louis XIII., heavy, squat, depressed, squeezed in, and laden with a dome like a hump! Look at the architecture in Mazarin's time, the wretched Italian pasticcio of the Quatre Nations! Look at the palaces of Louis XIV., long barracks for courtiers, rigid, icy, tiresome! Look again at Louis XV., with the curls and vermicelli, and all the warts and funguses which disfigure poor old architecture as she walks into her grave toothless but still a coquette! From Francis II. to Louis XV. the evil increased in geometric proportion. Art had no longer anything but skin on its bones, and is in the agony of death.

Meanwhile, what has printing become? The life which leaves architecture goes to it. In proportion as architecture sinks, printing swells and grows. The capital of forces which human thought once spent on its buildings it now spends on books. From the sixteenth century the press, raised to the level of decaying architecture, struggles with her and slays her; in the seventeenth century, the press is already so sovereign, so triumphant, so surely seated on her victorious throne, that she gives the world the treat of a great literary age. In the eighteenth, after a long repose at the court of Louis XIV., she seizes the old sword of Luther, arms Voltaire with it, and furiously rushes to the destruction of that ancient Europe whose architectural expression she has already killed. At the moment when the eighteenth century closes she has destroyed everything; in the nineteenth she begins to reconstruct.

Now let us ask which of the two arts really represents, during the

last three centuries, the thought of mankind? Which translates them? Which of them expresses not only its literary and scholastic vagaries, but its vast, profound, universal movement? Which of them, without break or gap, imposes itself on the human race and marches ever onward, a monster with a thousand feet? Is it architecture or printing?

It is printing. Let us not deceive ourselves; architecture is dead, dead beyond recall, killed by the printed books, killed because she is less lasting, killed because she is too dear. Every cathedral represents millions. Let us try and imagine what funds would have to be raised in order to rewrite the book of architecture, to make the ground swarm

anew with millions of edifices, and to return to the epoch when, to quote the words of an eye-witness, the crowd of buildings was such that "one might say that the world, while shaking itself, had cast off its old garments to cover itself with a white robe of churches." *Erat enim ut si mundus, ipse excutiendo semet, rejecta vetustate, candidam ecclesiarum vestem indueret.*—Glaber Radolphus.

A book is soon made, costs little, and reaches far! Why be surprised that all human thought flows in this channel? We need not say that architecture may still produce here and there a beautiful work, an isolated masterpiece. We may, of course, have, under the reign of printing, a column made, let us suppose, by a whole army from cannon melted down together, just as we had, under the reign of architecture, Iliads and Romanceros, Mahabháratas and Nibelungen Lieds, made by

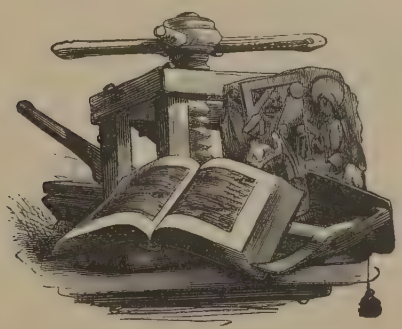
a whole people from rhapsodies parceled out and fused together. The great accident that an architect of genius may appear, can occur in the twentieth century as the accident of Dante in the thirteenth. But architecture will no longer be the art which represents social forms or collective endeavors, and no longer be the dominant art. The great poem, the great edifice, the great work of humanity, will no longer be built, but printed.

And henceforth, if architecture accidentally comes to the front, she will never more be mistress. She will obey the laws of literature which once received its laws from her. The respective positions of the two arts are inverted. In the architectural epochs, poems—rare they were indeed—resembled monumental buildings. In India, Vyasa is quaint, strange, and impenetrable as a Pagoda. In the Egyptian East, poetry, like the buildings, has grandeur and repose of line; in ancient Greece, beauty, serenity, and calm; in Christian Europe, catholic majesty, popular simplicity, the rich and luxuriant vegetation of an age of renewal. The Bible resembles the Pyramids; the Iliad, the Parthenon; Homer, Phidias. Dante, in the thirteenth century, is the last Romanic church; Shakespeare, in the sixteenth, the last Gothic cathedral.

Thus to sum up what we have thus far said in a fashion which is necessarily incomplete and maimed, the human race has two books, two registers, two testaments, architecture and printing, the Bible of stone and the Bible of paper. Beyond doubt, when we contemplate these two Bibles so widely opened during centuries, it is permissible to regret the visible majesty of the granite writing, the gigantic alphabets formulated into colonnades, into pylons, into obelisks, those human mountains which cover the world and the past, from the pyramid to the belfry, from the days of Cheops to the spires of Strasburg. We cannot help reading the past on these marble pages, we must admire and ceaselessly turn over page after page of the book written by architecture, but we must not deny the grandeur of the edifice which printing in its turn is constructing.

This edifice is colossal. Some compiler of statistics has calculated that all the books issued from the press since Gutenberg, if placed one on the top of another, would fill the space between the earth and the moon. This is not the kind of greatness of which we wish to speak. Nevertheless, if we strive to form in thought a complete image of the entire products of printing down to our days, will not this assemblage of them appear to us an immense edifice, which rests on the entire world, at which humanity labors without relaxation, and whose huge head is lost in the profound mists of the future? It is the ant-hill of intellects; the hive where the golden bees of fancy arrive with their loads of honey.

The building has a thousand stories. Here and there we see opening on its staircases the dark caverns of science which intersect in its interior. Over all its surface, art presents to the eye, in graceful luxuriance, arabesques, rose windows, lace-like tracery. Each individual work, capricious and isolated as it seems, has its place and coign of vantage. Harmony results from all. From the cathedral of Shakespeare to the mosque of Byron a hundred spires rise, pell-mell, above this metropolis of universal thought. At its base we find traced some ancient title deeds of humanity which architecture did not register. To the left, as we enter, stands, embedded, the old bas-relief of Homer; on the right the polyglot Bible raises its seven heads. The hydra of the Romancero rustles in the distance, and near it other hybrid forms, the Vedas and the Nibelungen. Moreover, the prodigious edifice remains always unfinished. The press, that giant machine which pumps up incessantly the intellectual sap of society, discharges, without pause, new materials for the work. The whole human race is on the scaffolding, every soul is a mason, the humblest stops a hole or lays a stone. Rétif de la Bretonne brings a hod of mortar. Every day a new story is built. Independently of the original and individual contribution of each writer, there are collective donations. The eighteenth century gives the *Encyclopædia*, and the Revolution gives the *Moniteur*. It is a building which grows and branches into endless spirals; here, too, there is a confusion of tongues, incessant activity, indefatigable labor, fierce competition of the whole human race, and a refuge promised to intelligence against a new deluge, a submersion by barbarians. It is humanity's second tower of Babel.



BOOK . VI .

# BOOK VI

## CHAPTER I

### AN IMPARTIAL GLANCE AT THE ANCIENT MAGISTRACY

ARIGHT enviable personage, in the year of grace 1482, was nobleman Robert d'Estouteville, knight, Sieur of Beyne, Baron of Ivry and Saint Andry in the Marche, councilor and chamberlain to the king, and keeper of the provostry of Paris. Already it was nearly seventeen years since he had received from King Louis, on the 7th of November, 1465, the year of the comet, that fine place of Provost of Paris, which was regarded rather as a fief than as an office—*Dignitas*, says Joanes Lœmnœus, *quæ cum non exiguâ potestate politiam concernente, atque prærogativis multis et juribus conjuncta est.* It was a thing quite marvelous, that, in the year '82, there should be a gentleman holding the king's commission, whose letters of institution were dated as far back as the time of the marriage of Louis XI.'s natural daughter with monsieur the bastard of Bourbon. On the same day that Robert d'Estouteville had taken the place of Jacques de Villiers in the provostry of Paris, Master Jean Dauvet succeeded Messire Hélye de Thorrettes in the first presidency of the court of parliament, Jean Jouvénel des Ursins supplanted Pierre de

Morvilliers in the office of Chancellor of France, and Regnault des Dormans relieved Pierre Puy of the post of master of requests in ordinary to the king's household. Now, over how many heads had the presidency, the chancellorship, and the mastership traveled since Robert d'Estouteville had held the provostry of Paris? It had been "granted into his keeping," said the letters patent; and certainly he kept it well. He had clung to it, incorporated himself, identified himself with it, so thoroughly that he had escaped that rage for changes which possessed Louis XI., a distrustful, parsimonious, and laborious king, bent upon maintaining, by frequent appointments and dismissals, the elasticity of his power. Nay, more—the worthy chevalier had procured the reversion of his office for his son; and already, for two years, had the name of nobleman Jacques d'Estouteville, Esquire, figured at full length behind his own at the head of the register of the ordinary of the provostry of Paris—a rare, assuredly, and signal favor! True it is that Robert d'Estouteville was a good soldier; that he had loyally lifted his pennon against "the league of the public weal;" and that he had made a present to the queen, on the day of her entry into Paris in the year 14—, of a very wonderful stag, all made of confectionery. And, moreover, he had a good friend in Messire Tristan l'Hermite, provost-marshal of the king's household. So that Messire Robert enjoyed a very comfortable and agreeable existence. First of all, he had a very good salary; to which were attached, depending like so many additional bunches from his vine, the revenues of the registries, civil and criminal, of the provostry; then, the revenues of the Auditoires d'Embas, of the Châtelet; besides some little toll from the bridges of Mante and Corbeil, and the profits of the "*sur l'esgrin de Paris*," and on the corders of firewood and the meters of salt. Add to all this the pleasure of displaying, in his official rides through the town, in contrast with the gowns, half red and half tawny, of the échevins and the quarteniers, his fine military dress, which you may still admire sculptured upon his tomb at the abbey of Valmont in Normandy, as you may his richly embossed morion at Montlhéry. And then, was it nothing to have all supremacy over the sergeants of the douzaine, the keeper and the watcher of the Châtelet (*auditores Castelleti*), the sixteen commissioners of the sixteen quarters, the jailer of the Châtelet, the four enfeoffed sergeants, the hundred and twenty mounted sergeants, the hundred and twenty sergeant-vergers, and the knight of the watch, with his men of the watch, the under-watch, the counter-watch, and the rear-watch? Was it nothing to exercise high and low justice, the right of turning, hanging, and drawing, besides the jurisdiction over minor offenses in the first resort (*in prima instantia*, as the charters have it), over that viscounty of Paris, to which were so

gloriously appended seven noble bailiwicks? Can anything be imagined more gratifying than to pass judgment and sentence, as Messire Robert d'Estouteville daily did in the Grand Châtelet, under the wide, depressed, Gothic arches of Philip-Augustus; and to go, as was his wont, every evening to that charming house situated in the Rue Galilee, within the precincts of the Palais-Royal, which he held in right of his wife, Madame Ambroise de Loré, to repose from the fatigue of having sent some poor devil to pass his night in "that small cage in the Rue de l'Escorcherie, which the provosts and échevins of Paris were wont to make their prison; the dimensions of the same being eleven feet in length, seven feet four inches in width, and eleven feet in height?"

And not only had Messire Robert d'Estouteville his particular justice as provost and viscount of Paris; but also he had his share, both by presence and action, in the grand justice of the king. There was no head of any elevated rank but had passed through his hands before it came into those of the executioner. It was he who had gone to the Bastille St. Antoine, to fetch Monsieur de Nemours from thence to the Halles; and to the same place, to carry from thence to the Grève Monsieur de St. Pol, who grumbled and complained, to the great joy of monsieur the provost, who was no friend to monsieur the constable.

Here, assuredly, was more than enough to make a man's life illustrious and happy, and to earn some day a notable page in that interesting history of the provosts of Paris, from which we learn that Oudard de Villeneuve had a house in the Rue des Boucheries, that Guillaume de Hangest bought the great and the little Savoie; that Guillaume Thiboust gave his houses in the Rue Clopin to the nuns of Ste. Geneviève; that Hugues Aubriot lived in the Hôtel du Porc-Epic; with other facts of the like importance.

And yet, with all these reasons for taking life patiently and cheerfully, Messire Robert d'Estouteville had waked on the morning of the 7th of January, 1482, very sulky—quite, indeed, in a massacring humor—though for what cause he himself could not well have told. Was it because the sky was dingy? or because the buckle of his old Montlhéry sword-belt was ill fastened, and girded too militarily his provost-beseeming portliness? or because he had seen the army of ribalds marching through the street, four by four, under his window, jeering at him as they passed by, in doublets without shirts, under hats with their crowns out, and scrip and bottle at their sides? Was it a vague presentiment of the three hundred and seventy livres sixteen sols eight deniers, which the future king, Charles VIII., was to deduct the following year from the revenues of the provostry? Among these reasons, the reader is at liberty to choose; for our own parts, we are much inclined to believe

that he was in an ill-humor simply because he was in an ill-humor.

Besides, it was the day after a holiday—a day of disgust for everybody, and especially for the magistrate whose business it was to sweep away all the filth, literal or figurative, that a holiday accumulated in Paris. And then he was to hold a sitting in the Grand Châtelet; and the reader will probably have remarked, that judges in general contrive matters so, that their day of sitting shall also be their day of ill-humor, in order that they may always have some one upon whom to vent it conveniently, in the name of the king, the law, and justice.

The sitting, however, had commenced without him. His deputies *au civil*, *au criminel*, and *au particulier*, were acting for him, according to custom; and as early as eight o'clock in the morning, some scores of townspeople, men and women, crowded together in a dark corner of the Auditoire d'Embas of the Châtelet, between the wall and a strong barrier of oak, were blissfully attending at the varied and exhilarating spectacle of the administration of civil and criminal justice by Master Florian Barbedienne, auditor at the Châtelet, lieutenant of monsieur the provost—a little pell-mell, to be sure, and altogether at random.

The room was small, low, and vaulted. At the farther end was a table, figured over with fleur-de-lis, with a great arm-chair of carved oak for the provost, which was empty, and, on the left hand of it, a stool for the auditor, Master Florian. Below sat the clerk, scribbling. In front were the people; and before the door, and before the table, were a number of sergeants of the provostry in their violet hoquetons with white crosses upon them. Two sergeants of the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, or Common-hall, in their All-Saints'-Day jackets half red and half blue, stood sentry before a low closed door, which was visible at the other end, behind the table. One solitary pointed window, straightly encased in the massive wall, threw a few pale January rays upon two grotesque countenances; that of the fantastic demon carved upon the key-stone of the vaulted ceiling, and that of the judge, seated at the extremity of the chamber, upon the fleurs-de-lis.

Indeed, figure to yourself, at the prevotal table, between two bundles of cases—leaning upon his elbows, with his foot upon the tail of his gown of plain brown cloth, and his face in its hood of white lambskin, with which his brows seemed to be of a piece, red-faced, harsh-looking, winking, carrying majestically the load of flesh upon his cheeks, which met from either side under his chin, Master Florian Barbedienne, auditor at the Châtelet.

Now, the auditor was deaf, a slight defect for an auditor, and Master Florian did not the less decide without appeal and quite competently.

It is certainly quite sufficient that a judge should appear to listen; and the venerable auditor the better fulfilled this condition, the only one essential to the good administration of justice, as his attention could not possibly be distracted by any noise.

However, there was among the audience a merciless censor of his

deeds and gestures, in the person of our friend, Jehan Frollo du Moulin, the little scholar of the day before—that stroller who was sure to be met with everywhere in Paris, except before the professor's chair.

"Look," said he to his companion Robert Poussepain, who was tittering beside him while he commented on the scenes that were passing before them; "there's Jehanneton du Buisson, the pretty daughter of the lazy dog at the Marche-Neuf! On my soul, he's condemning her, the

old fellow! Then he's no more eyes than ears! Fifteen sous four deniers parisis for wearing two strings of beads—that's rather dear. *Lex duri carminis*—Who's that?—Robin Chief-de-Ville, hauberk-maker, for being passed and admitted a master in the said art and mystery. It's his entrance-money. Ah! what! two gentlemen among these rascals—Aiglet de Soins, Hutin de Mailly, two esquires!—*Corpus Christi!* —Oh! they've been playing at dice. When shall we see our rector here, I wonder? Fined a hundred livres parisis to the king! Barbedienne hits like a deaf man as he is! May I be my brother the archdeacon, if that shall hinder me from playing by day, playing by night, living at play, dying at play, and staking my soul when I've lost my shirt! Holy Virgin! what lots of girls!—one after another, my lambs. Ambrose Lécuyère! Isabeau-la-Paynette! Berarde Gironin! I know them all, *par Dieu!* Fine them! fine them! We'll teach you to wear gilt belts! Ten sols parisis apiece, you coquettes!—Oh, the old muzzle of a judge, deaf and doting! Oh, Florian the lubber! Oh, Barbedienne the dolt! There you see him at table, he dines off the pleader, he dines off the case, he eats, he chews, he swallows, he fills himself! Fines, estrays, dues, expenses, costs, wages, damages, torture, jail and stocks, are to him Christmas camichons and midsummer marchpanes. Look at him, the pig. Go on. Good again!—Another amorous lady! Thibaude-la-Thibaude, I declare, neither more nor less, for going out of the Rue Glatigny. What's this youth? Gieffroy Mabonne, gendarme bearing the cross-bow—he's been profaning the name of the Father.—A fine for La Thibaude! a fine for Gieffroy! a fine for them both! The old deaf boy! he must have jumbled the two things together! Ten to one but he makes the girl pay for the oath, and the gendarme for the amour!—Attention, Robin Pousse-pain! What are they bringing in now? Here are plenty of sergeants, by Jupiter! all the hounds of the pack. This must be the grand piece of game of all—a wild boar, at least! It is one, Robin—it is one! and a fine one, too!—*Hercle!* it's our prince of yesterday, our fool's pope, our ringer, our one-eye, our hunchback, our grin of grins! It's Quasimodo!"

It was he indeed.

It was Quasimodo, bound, girded, hooped, pinioned, and well guarded. The detachment of sergeants that surrounded him were accompanied by the chevalier du guet or knight of the watch, in person, bearing the arms of France embroidered on his breast, and those of the Town of Paris on his back. However, there was nothing in Quasimodo, his deformity excepted, to justify all this display of halberts and arquebusses. He was gloomy, silent, and tranquil; his one eye only just throwing, from time to time, a sullen and resentful glance upon the

bonds that covered him. He cast the same look around him; but it seemed so dull and sleepy, that the women pointed him out to each other with their fingers in derision only.

Meanwhile, Master Florian, the auditor, turned over attentively the leaves of the written charge drawn up against Quasimodo, and presented to him by the clerk; and, after taking that glance, appeared to be meditating for a minute or two. Owing to this precaution, which he was always careful to take at the moment of proceeding to an interrogatory, he knew beforehand the name, quality, and offense of the accused, made premeditated replies to answers foreseen; and so contrived to find his way through all the sinuosities of the interrogatory without too much betraying his deafness. The written charge was to him as the dog to the blind man. If it so happened that his infirmity discovered itself here and there, by some incoherent apostrophe or unintelligible question, it passed with some for profundity, with others for imbecility. In either case the honor of the magistracy did not suffer; for a judge had better be considered either imbecile or profound than deaf. So he took great care to disguise his deafness from the observation of all; and he commonly succeeded so well that he had come at last even to deceive himself about the matter—a species of deception, indeed, which is not so difficult as it may be thought. All hunchbacks walk with head erect; all stammerers are given to speechifying; and the deaf always talk in a whisper. For his part, the utmost admission that he made to himself on this point was, that his hearing was not quite so quick as some people's—it was the only concession in this respect that he could bring himself to make to public opinion, in his moments of candor and examination of conscience.

Having, then, well ruminated on the affair of Quasimodo, he threw back his head and half closed his eyes, by way of greater majesty and impartiality; so that, at that moment, he was blind as well as deaf—a double condition, without which no judge is perfect. It was in this magisterial attitude that he commenced the interrogatory:

"Your name?"

Now here was a case which had not been "foreseen by the law," that of one deaf man interrogated by another.

Quasimodo, receiving no intimation of the question thus addressed to him, continued to look fixedly at the judge, without making any answer. The deaf judge, on the other hand, receiving no intimation of the deafness of the accused, thought that he had answered, as the prisoners generally did; and continued, with his mechanical and stupid right-forwardness.

"Well—your age?"

Quasimodo made no more answer to this question than to the preceding one; but the judge, thinking it replied to, went on:

"Now—your calling?"

The culprit was still silent. The by-standers, however, were beginning to whisper and to look at each other.

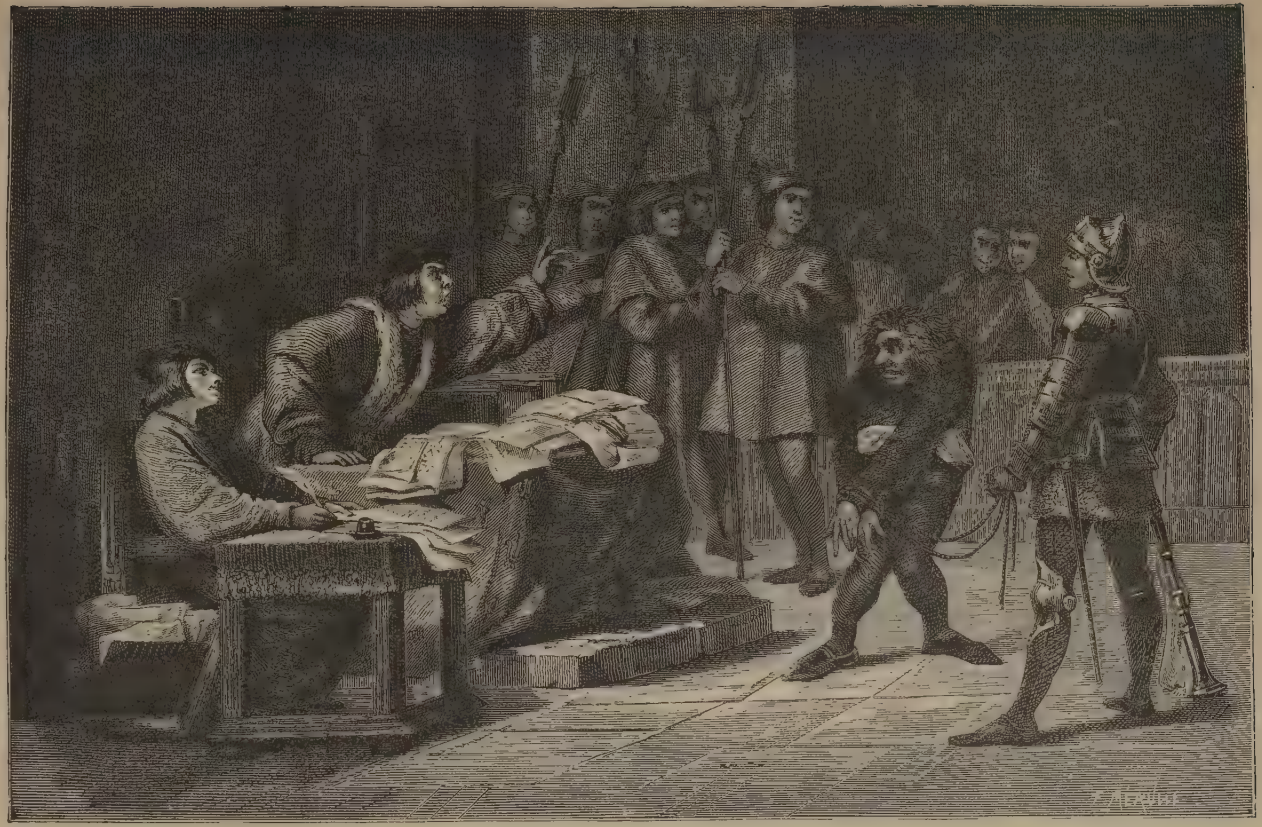
"Enough!" added the imperturbable auditor, when he supposed that the accused had finished his third answer. "You stand charged before us—*primo*, with nocturnal disturbance; *secundo*, with dishonest violence upon the person of a light woman—*in præjudicium meretricis; tertio*, of rebellion and disloyalty toward our lord the king's archers. Explain yourself on all these points. Clerk, have you taken down what the prisoner has said so far?"

At this unlucky question a burst of laughter was heard, caught by the audience from the clerk's desk—so violent, so uncontrollable, so contagious, so universal, that neither of the deaf men could help perceiving it. Quasimodo turned round, shrugging up his hump in disdain; while Master Florian, astonished like himself, and supposing that the laughter of the spectators had been excited by some irreverent reply from the accused, rendered visible to him by that shrug, apostrophized him indignantly.

"Fellow," said he, "you gave me an answer then that deserves the halter. Know you to whom you are speaking?"

This sally was not at all calculated to extinguish the explosion of the general merriment. It seemed to all present so incongruous and left-handed, that the wild laugh caught even the sergeants of the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, a sort of pike-men, with whom stupidity was part of their uniform. Quasimodo alone preserved his gravity; for the very good reason, that he understood nothing at all of what was passing around him. The judge, growing more and more angry, thought himself bound to go on in the same tone; hoping thereby to strike a terror into the accused, which would react upon the by-standers, and bring them back to a proper sense of respect:

"So it seems, then, master, perverse and riotous that you are, that you presume to be impertinent to the auditor of the Châtelet; to the magistrate entrusted with the popular police of Paris; charged to make search into all crimes, offenses and bad courses; to control all trades, and interdict monopolies; to repair the pavements; to prevent forestalling and regrating of poultry and wild-fowl; to superintend the measuring of fire-wood and other sorts of wood; to cleanse the town of mud, and the air of contagious distempers; in a word, to be doing continually the work of the public, without fee or reward, or expectation of any. Know you that my name is Florian Barbedienne, monsieur the



QUASIMODO INTERROGATED.

provost's own proper lieutenant, and, moreover, commissioner, inquisitor, controller, and examiner, with equal power in provostry, bailiwick, conservatorship, and presidial court?"

There is no reason why a deaf man talking to a deaf man should ever stop. God only knows where and when Master Florian would have come to anchor, launched thus in full career upon the main ocean of eloquence, had not the low door behind him opened all at once for the entrance of monsieur the provost in person.

At his entrance Master Florian did not stop short; but, turning half round upon his heel, and suddenly aiming at the provost the harangue with which, the moment before, he had been battering Quasimodo, "Monsieur," said he, "I have to request such penalty as it shall please you, upon the accused here present, for flagrant and aggravated contempt of court."

Then he sat down again, quite out of breath, wiping away the big drops that fell from his forehead and moistened, like tears, the parchments spread out before him. Messire Robert d'Estouteville knitted his brow, and made a motion to Quasimodo to attend, in a manner so imperious and significant, that the deaf prisoner in some degree understood it.

The provost addressed him with severity. "Rascal, what hast thou done to be brought hither?"

The poor devil, supposing that the provost was asking him his name, now broke the silence which he habitually kept, and answered in a hoarse and guttural voice, "Quasimodo."

The answer so little corresponded to the question, that the loud laugh again began to go round; and Messire Robert exclaimed, all reddening with anger: "What, you arrant rogue, you jest at me, too, do you?"

"Ringer at Notre-Dame," answered Quasimodo, thinking that this time he was commanded to state to the judge who he was.

"Ringer!" returned the provost, who, as we have already said, had got up that morning in so bad a humor that his fury needed not to be kindled by such unaccountable answers—"Ringer, indeed! I'll make them ring a peal of rods on thy back through every street in Paris—dost thou hear, rascal?"

"If it's my age you want to know," said Quasimodo, "I believe I shall be twenty next Martinmas."

This was rather too strong. The provost could endure it no longer.

"Ha! so you jeer at the provostry, you wretch! Messieurs the sergeants of the wand, you'll take this fellow to the pillory in the Grève, and there flog him and turn him for an hour. He shall pay for his impudence, *tête-Dieu!* And I order that this present sentence be pro-

claimed by four sworn trumpeters, in the seven castellanies of the viscounty of Paris."

The clerk set about drawing up the sentence forthwith.

"*Ventre Dieu!* but that's a good sentence," cried the little scholar, Jehan Frollo du Moulin, from his corner.

The provost turned round, and again fixed his eyes, all flashing, upon Quasimodo. "I believe the fellow said, *Ventre Dieu!* Clerk, add a fine of twelve deniers parisis for swearing; and let one-half of it go toward the repairs of St. Eustache's church. I've a particular devotion for St. Eustache."

In a few minutes the judgment was drawn out. The tenor of it was simple and brief. The custumel of the provostry and viscounty of Paris had not yet been elaborated by the president, Thibaut Baillet, and Roger Barmue, king's advocate; it was not yet obscured by that deep forest of chicanery and circumlocution which the two jurisconsults planted in it at the commencement of the sixteenth century. All was clear, expeditive, explicit, going direct to the point; and straight you saw before you, at the end of every path, without any thicket about it, or bend in the way to it, the wheel, the gibbet, or the pillory. You at least knew whither you were going.

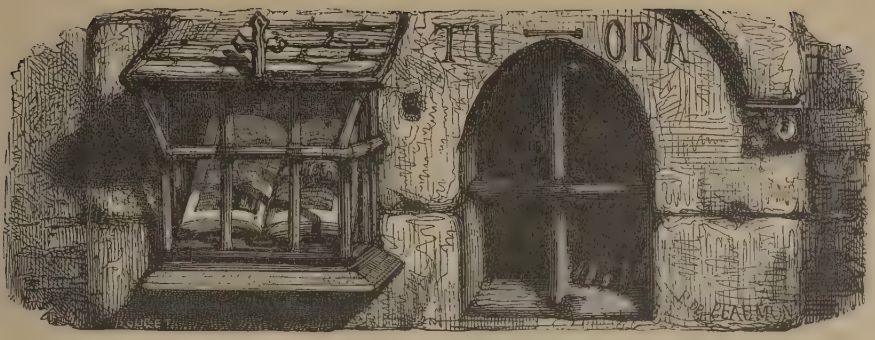
The clerk presented the sentence to the provost, who affixed his seal to it, and then went away, to continue his round at the several auditories, in a temper of mind which seemed destined that day to fill every jail in Paris. Jehan Frollo and Robin Poussepain were laughing in their sleeves; while Quasimodo looked upon the whole with an air of indifference and astonishment.

However, the clerk, at the moment that Master Florian Barbedienne was in his turn reading over the judgment previous to signing it, felt himself moved with pity for the poor devil under condemnation; and, in the hope of obtaining some mitigation of the penalty, he approached the auditor's ear as close as he could, and said to him, pointing to Quasimodo, "That man is deaf."

He hoped that a sense of their common infirmity would awaken some interest for the condemned in the breast of Master Florian. But, in the first place, as we have already observed, Master Florian did not care to have his deafness remarked; and, in the next place, his ear was so obtuse that he did not distinguish a single word of what the registrar said to him; nevertheless, choosing to seem as if he heard, he replied, "Ha, ha! that makes a difference—I didn't know that—in that case, let him have an hour more on the pillory."

And he signed the sentence with this modification.

"Well done!" said Robin Poussepain, who still had a grudge against Quasimodo, "that'll teach him to handle folks so roughly."




## CHAPTER II

### THE RAT-HOLE

THE reader will now accompany us back to the Place de Grève, which we quitted yesterday with Gringoire, to follow Esmeralda.

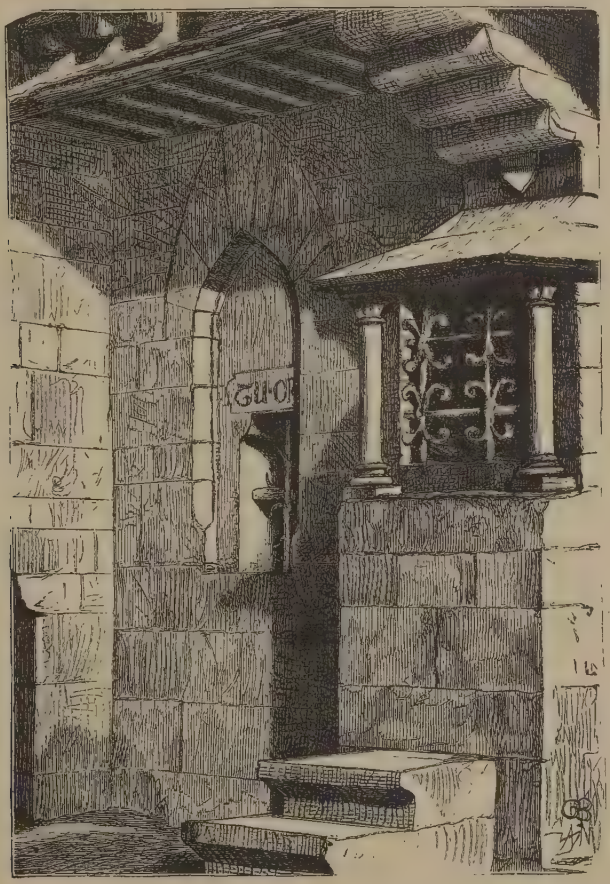
It is ten in the morning. We find everything denoting the day after a holiday. The ground is covered with shreds, ribbons, trimmings, feathers dropped from the plumes, drops of wax from the torch-lights, and fragments from the public banquet. A good many of the townspeople are sauntering about, turning over with their feet the extinguished brands of the bonfire, bursting into rapture before the Maison-aux-Piliers, at the recollection of the fine tapestries exhibited there the day before, and now contemplating the nails that fastened them, the only remnant of the ravishing spectacle. The venders of beer and cider are rolling about their barrels among the several groups. On the other hand, some men of business are going this way and some that. The tradespeople are talking and calling to one another from their shop-doors. The holiday, the ambassadors, Coppenole, the Fools' Pope, are in every one's mouth; they seem to be striving who shall make the smartest comments and laugh the most. Meanwhile, however, four sergeants on horseback, who have just now posted themselves at the four sides of the pillory, have already concentrated around them a good part of the populace that had been scattered over the Place, which crowd is condemning itself to stand wearisomely waiting, in expectation of a little execution.

If the reader will now, after contemplating this stirring and clamorous scene which is enacting upon every point of the square, turn his eyes toward that ancient house of demi-Romanic architecture, of the

Tour-Roland, which stands at the western corner next the quay, he may remark, at the angle of its front, a large public breviary richly illuminated, protected from the rain by a small penthouse, and from thieves by a grating, which, however, allows the passenger to turn over its leaves. Close by this breviary is a narrow, pointed window-hole, guarded by two iron bars placed crosswise, and looking toward the square; the only aperture by which a little air and light are admitted into a small cell without a door, constructed on the level of the ground, in the thickness of the wall of the old mansion, and filled with a stillness the more profound, a silence the more dead, inasmuch as a public square, the most populous and the noisiest in Paris, is swarming and clamoring around.

This cell had been famous in Paris for three centuries, since Madame Rolande, of Roland's Tower, in mourning for her father who died in the crusades, had caused it to be hollowed out of the wall of her own house, to shut herself up in it forever, keeping of all her palace only this wretched nook, the door of which was walled up, and the window open to the elements, in winter as in summer, giving all the rest to God and to the poor. The desolate lady had, in fact, awaited death for twenty years in that anticipated tomb, praying day and night for the soul of her father, sleeping in ashes, without even a stone for her pillow, clad in black sackcloth, and living only upon such bread and water as the pity of the passers-by deposited upon the edge of her window-place—thus receiving charity after she had given it. At her death, at the moment of her passing into the other sepulchre, she had bequeathed this one in perpetuity to women in affliction, mothers, widows, or maidens, who should have many prayers to offer up for others or for themselves, and should choose to bury themselves alive in the greatness of their grief or their penitence. The poor of her time had honored her funeral with tears and benedictions; but to their great regret, the poor maiden had been unable, for want of patronage, to obtain the honors of canonization. Such of them as were a little given to impiety, had hoped that the thing would be done more easily in heaven than at Rome, and had actually presumed to offer up their prayers for the deceased to God Himself, in default of the Pope. Most of them, however, had contented themselves with holding Rolande's memory sacred, and converting the rags she left behind her into relics. The Town of Paris, too, had founded, in pursuance of the lady's intention, a public breviary, which had been permanently fixed near to the window of the cell, in order that the passengers might stop at it now and then, if only to pray; that prayer might make them think of almsgiving; and that the poor female recluses, inheriting the stony cave of Madame Rolande, might not absolutely die of famine and neglect.

Nor was it very rarely that these sort of tombs were to be found in the towns of the Middle Ages. There was not unfrequently to be met with, in the most frequented street, in the most crowded and noisy market-place, in the very midst, under the horses' feet and the wagon wheels, as it were, a cave, a well, a walled and grated cabin, at the



bottom of which was praying, day and night, a human being, voluntarily devoted to some everlasting lamentation or some great expiation. And all the reflections that this strange spectacle would awaken in us of the present day, that horrid cell, a sort of intermediate link between the dwelling-house and the tomb, between the city and the cemetery, that living being cut off from the communion of mankind, and thenceforth numbered with the dead, that lamp consuming its last drop of oil in the

darkness, that remnant of life already wavering in the grave, that breath, that voice, that everlasting prayer, encased in stone, that face forever turned toward the other world, that eye already illumined by another sun, that ear inclined intently to the walls of the sepulchre, that soul a prisoner in that body, that body a prisoner in that dungeon and under that double envelope of flesh and granite, the murmuring of that soul in pain—nothing of all that struck upon the apprehension of the multitude.

The piety of that age, little reasoning and little refined, did not find in an act of religion so many different points of view. It took things in the gross; honoring, venerating, and, upon occasion, blessing the sacrifice; but not analyzing the sufferings attending it, nor feeling any depth of pity for them. It brought some pittance, from time to time, to the wretched penitent; looked through the hole, to see if he were yet living; knew not his name; scarcely knew how many years it was since he had begun to die; and to the stranger, who questioned them respecting the living skeleton rotting in that cave, the neighbors would simply answer, "It's the recluse."

Thus it was that everything was then seen, unmetaphysically, without exaggeration, through no magnifying glass, but with the naked eye. The microscope was not yet invented for objects of mind any more than for those of matter.

However, little wonder or speculation as they excited, the instances of this sort of seclusion in the heart of towns, were, as we have already observed, in reality frequent. In Paris itself there were a considerable number of those cells of penitence and prayer; and nearly all of them were occupied. It is true that the clergy were rather solicitous that they should not be left empty, as that implied lukewarmness in the faithful; and that lepers were put into them when penitents were not to be had. Besides the logette or cell already described at the Grève, there were, one at Montfaucon, one at the charnel-house of the Holy Innocents, another we hardly recollect where, at the logis Clichon, we believe; and others at many different spots, where, in default of monuments, their memory is perpetuated by tradition. The University, too, had its share of them. On the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, a sort of Job of the Middle Ages sang for thirty years the seven penitential psalms, upon a dung-heap at the bottom of a cistern, beginning again immediately each time that he came to the end, singing louder in the night time, *magna voce per umbras;* and the antiquary still fancies that he hears his voice, as he enters the Rue du Puits-qui-parle, or street of the talking well.

To confine ourselves here to the den in Roland's Tower—we are

bound to declare that it had scarcely ever lain idle for want of a tenant. Since Madame Rolande's death, it had rarely been vacant even for a year or two. Many a woman had come and wept there until death over the memory of her parent, her lover, or her failings. The mischievousness of the Parisians, which meddles with everything, even with those things which concern them least, used to pretend that among the number there had been very few widows.

After the manner of the period, a Latin legend, inscribed upon the wall, indicated to the lettered passenger the pious purpose of the cell. This usage continued until the middle of the sixteenth century, of placing a brief explanatory motto above the entrance of a building. Thus in France we still read, over the wicket of the prison belonging to the seigniorial mansion of Tourville, *Sileto et spera;* in Ireland, under the escutcheon placed above the great gateway of Fortescue Castle, *Forte scutum, salus ducum;* and in England, over the principal entrance of the hospitable mansion of the Earls Cowper, *Tuum est.* Every edifice was then, as it were, a thought.

As there was no door to the walled-up cell of the Tour-Roland, there had been engraved, in great Roman capitals, over the window, these two words of invitation to prayer:

TU, ORA.

Whence it was that the people, whose straightforward good sense sees not so many subtleties in things, but readily translates Ludovico Magno into Porte-Saint-Denis, had given to this dark, damp, dismal cavity the name of Trou-aux-Rats—an explanation less sublime, perhaps, than the other, but on the other hand, more picturesque.

## CHAPTER III

### STORY OF A CAKE

AT the period at which the principal events of this history occurred, the cell of the Tour-Roland was occupied. If the reader desires to know by whom, he has only to listen to the conversation of three fair gossips, who, at the moment that we have called his attention to the Trou-aux-Rats, were directing their steps precisely to the same spot, going up the river side from the Châtelet toward the Grève.

Two of these women were attired after the manner of the good bourgeoises of Paris. The fine white neckerchief; the petticoat of tiretaine, with red and blue stripes; the white knitted stockings, with colored clocks, drawn tight upon the leg; the square-toed shoes, of brown leather with black soles; and especially their head-dress, that sort of tinsel-covered horn, loaded with ribbons and lace, which is still worn by the women of Champagne, in common with the grenadiers of the Russian imperial guard; announced that they belonged to that class of rich tradeswomen who hold the medium between what lackeys call a woman and what they call a lady. They wore neither rings nor golden crosses; but it was easy to perceive that this was owing, not to their poverty, but simply to their apprehension of a fine incurred. Their companion was decked out nearly in the same manner; but there were, in her dress and her style, that certain something which indicates the wife of a country attorney. It was evident, from the shortness of her waist, that she had not been long in Paris; to which were to be added a plaited neckerchief, knots of ribbon upon her shoes, her skirt striped across instead of downward, and fifty other enormities revolting to good taste.

The two first walked with the step peculiar to Parisian women

showing Paris to ladies from the country; and the provincial one, held by the hand a big boy, who carried in his hand a large cake.

We are sorry to be obliged to add that, owing to the severity of the season, his tongue was performing the office of his pocket-handkerchief.

This boy made his mother drag him along, *haud passibus æquis*, as Virgil says, and stumbling every moment, to her great outcrying. It is true that he looked more at the cake than upon the ground. Some grave reason, no doubt, prevented him from setting his teeth in it (in the cake), for he contented himself with looking at it affectionately. But the mother ought surely to have taken charge of the cake herself; it was cruel thus to make a Tantalus of the chubby child.

Meanwhile the three damoiselles (for the epithet of *dame* was then reserved for women of the noblesse) were all talking at once.

"Let us make haste, Damoiselle Mahiette," said the youngest of the three, who was also the fattest, to the provincial. "I'm very much afraid we shall get there too late; they told us at the Châtelet that they were going to carry him to the pillory directly."

"Ah, bah! what are you talking about, Damoiselle Oudarde Musnier?" interrupted the other Parisian lady. "He'll be two hours on the pillory. We've time enough. My dear Mahiette, did you ever see anybody pilloried?"

"Yes," said the provincial; "I have at Reims."

"Ah, bah! what's that? What's your pillory at Reims? A paltry cage, where they turn nothing but clowns. That's a great thing, to be sure!"

"What clowns?" said Mahiette. "Clowns in the cloth-market at Reims! We've had very fine criminals there, I can tell you, that had killed both father and mother. Clowns indeed! What do you take us for, Gervaise?"

It is certain that the country dame was on the point of being in a passion for the honor of her pillory. Fortunately, the discreet Damoiselle Oudarde Musnier gave a timely turn to the conversation.

"By-the-by, Damoiselle Mahiette, what say you to our Flemish ambassadors? Have you any so fine at Reims?"

"I must acknowledge," answered Mahiette, "that it's only at Paris one can see such Flemings as those."

"Did you see, among the embassy, that great ambassador that's a hosier?" asked Oudarde.

"Yes," said Mahiette, "he looks like a very Saturn."

"And that fat one, with a face looking like a naked paunch? And that little one with little eyes, and red eyelids all jagged and bearded like the head of a thistle?"

"It's their horses that are fine to see," said Oudarde, "all dressed as they are, after their country fashion."

"Ah! my dear," interrupted the provincial Mahiette, assuming in her turn an air of superiority, "what would you say, then, if you'd seen, in '61, at the coronation at Reims, eighteen years ago, the horses of the princes and all the king's company! There were housings and caparisons of all sorts, some of Damascus cloth, fine cloth of gold, trimmed with sables, some of velvet, trimmed with ermine tails, some all loaded with gold-work and great gold and silver bells. And then, the money that it all cost! And the beautiful boys, the pages, that were upon them!"

"But, for all that," replied Damoiselle Oudarde dryly, "the Flemings have very fine horses—and yesterday they'd a splendid supper given them by monsieur the provost of the merchants, at the Hôtel-de-Ville; where they served up sweetmeats, hippocrass, spices, and such like singularities."

"What are you talking of, my dear neighbor?" said Gervaise—"it was at the lord cardinal's, at the Petit-Bourbon, that the Flemings supped."

"No, no—it was at the Hôtel-de-Ville."

"Yes, yes, I tell you—it was at the Petit-Bourbon."

"So surely was it at the Hôtel-de-Ville," returned Oudarde sharply, "that Doctor Scourable made them a Latin speech, and they were very well pleased with it. It was my husband that told me so, and he's one of the sworn booksellers."

"So surely was it at the Petit-Bourbon," returned Gervaise no less warmly, "that I'll just tell you what my lord cardinal's proctor made them a present of—twelve double quarts of hippocrass, white claret, and vermilion; four-and-twenty cases of gilt double Lyons marchpane; four-and-twenty wax-torches of two pounds apiece; and six demi-queues of Beaune wine, white and claret, the best that could be found. I hope that's proof enough. I had it from my husband, who's cinquantenier at the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, and who was making a comparison this morning between the Flemish ambassadors and those of Prester John and the Emperor of Trebizond, that came to Paris from Mesopotamia, in the last king's time, and that had rings in their ears."

"So true is it that they supped at the Hôtel-de-Ville," replied Oudarde, not a whit moved by all this display, "that never was there seen so fine a show of meat and sugar-plums."

"I tell you that they were waited on by Le Sec, town-sergeant, at the Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon, and that's what has deceived you."

"At the Hôtel-de-Ville, I tell you."

"At the Petit-Bourbon, my dear! for they'd illuminated the word *Espérance* that's written over the great doorway, with magical glasses."

"At the Hôtel-de-Ville! at the Hôtel-de-Ville! Husson-le-Voir was playing the flute to them."

"I tell you, no."

"I tell you, yes."

"I tell you, no."

The good plump Oudarde was preparing to reply; and the quarrel would perhaps have gone on to the pulling of caps, if Mahiette had not all at once exclaimed, "Look at those people there, gathered together at the end of the bridge. There's something among them that they're all looking at."

"I do indeed hear a tambourining," said Gervaise; "I think it's little Smeralda, doing her mummeries with her goat. Make haste, Mahiette—double your pace, and pull your boy along. You're come here to see all the curiosities of Paris. Yesterday, you saw the Flemings; to-day, you must see the little gypsy."

"The gypsy?" said Mahiette, turning sharply around, and forcibly grasping her son's arms. "God preserve me from her! She'd steal my child. Come along, Eustache!"

And she set off running along the quay toward the Grève, until she had left the bridge far enough behind her. The boy, too, whom she was dragging along, stumbled and fell upon his knees; and she herself was out of breath. Oudarde and Gervaise now came up with her.

"That gypsy steal your child!" said Gervaise; "that's an odd fancy of yours!"

Mahiette shook her head thoughtfully.

"It's curious enough," observed Oudarde, "that the Sachette has the same notion about the Egyptian women."

"What's the Sachette?" inquired Mahiette.

"Why," said Oudarde, "it's Sister Gudule."

"And who's Sister Gudule?" returned Mahiette.

"You must be very knowing, with your Reims, not to know that!" answered Oudarde, looking wise. "It's the recluse of the Trou-aux-Rats."

"What!" exclaimed Mahiette; "that poor woman that we're carrying this cake to?"

Oudarde nodded affirmatively.

"Precisely," said she, "you'll see her directly, at her window-place on the Grève. She looks as you do upon those vagabonds of Egypt that go about tambourining and fortune-telling. Nobody knows what has given her this horror of zingari and Egyptians. But what makes you run away so, Mahiette, at the very sight of them?"

"Oh!" said Mahiette, taking in both hands the chubby head of her boy; "I wouldn't have that happen to me which happened to Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie!"

"Ha, now you're going to tell us a story, my good Mahiette," said Gervaise, taking her arm.

"I'm quite willing," answered Mahiette; "but you must be very knowing, with your Paris, not to know that. I must tell you, then (but we needn't stand still to go through our story), that Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie was a pretty girl of eighteen when I was one too, that is to say eighteen years ago; and that it's her own fault if she's not now, as I am, a good fat fresh-looking mother of six-and-thirty, with a husband and

a boy. But alack! from the time that she was fourteen years old, it was too late. I must tell you, then, that she was the daughter of Guybertaut, a boat-minstrel at Reims, the same who had played before King Charles VII. at his coronation, when he went down our river Vesle from Sillery to Muison, and Madame la Pucelle was in the boat. The old father died while Pâquette was quite a child, so that she had only her mother left, who was sister to Monsieur Matthieu Pradon, a master-brazier and tinman at Paris, Rue Parin-Garlin, who died last year. You see that she was of some family. The mother was a good simple woman, unfortunately, and taught Pâquette nothing but a little needle-work and toy-making, which did not hinder the little girl from growing very tall and remaining very poor. They lived both of them at Reims, by the river side, Rue de Folle-Peine. Mark that! for, I believe, that's what brought misfortune to Pâquette. In '61, the year of the coronation of our King Louis XI., whom God preserve! Pâquette was so gay and so pretty, that everywhere they called her nothing but La Chantefleurie. Poor girl! she'd pretty teeth, and she was fond of laughing to show them. Now a girl that's fond of laughing is on the way to cry; fine teeth are the ruin of fine eyes. So she was La Chantefleurie. She and her mother got their bread hardly, they were fallen very low since the death of the musician; their needle-work brought them hardly above six deniers a week, which is not quite two eagle liards. Where was the time when the father Guybertaut used to get twelve sols parisis, at a single coronation, for a song! One winter (it was in that same year '61) when the two women had neither logs nor fagots, and it was very cold; that gave such beautiful colors to La Chantefleurie, the men would call after her 'Pâquette,' and more of them called her a 'Pâquerette,' and she was ruined——Eustache, let me see you bite the cake, if you dare ——We saw directly that she was ruined, one Sunday when she came to church with a gold cross on her neck. At fifteen!—only think of that! At first it was the young Viscount de Cormontreuil, who has his bell-tower three-quarters of a league from Reims; then, Messire Henri de Traincourt, the king's equerry; then, going down lower, Chiart de Beaulion, sergeant-at-arms; then, lower still, Guery Aubergeon, king's carver; then Macé de Frépus, the dauphin's barber; then Thévenin le Moine, the king's first cook; then, still going on, from one to another, from the younger to the less noble, she came to Guillaume Racine, viol-player, and to Thierry-de-Mer, lamp-maker. Then, poor Chantefleurie, she was all things to all men; she was come to the last sou of her piece of gold. What think you, mesdamoiselles? At the coronation, in the same year '61, it was she that made the bed for the king of the ribalds! In the same year!——"

Mahiette sighed, and wiped away a tear that had started to her eyes.

"Here's a story," said Gervaise, "that's not very uncommon; and I find nothing in all that neither about gypsies nor children."

"Patience!" resumed Mahiette—"As for a child, there's one coming for you. In '66, it'll be sixteen years ago this month, on St. Paul's day, Pâquette was brought to bed of a little girl, unfortunate creature; she was in great joy at it, for she'd long been wishing to have a child. Her mother, poor simple woman, who'd never known how to do anything but shut her eyes; her mother was dead. Pâquette had nothing in the world left to love or anything that loved her. For five years past, since she had gone astray, poor Chantefleurie had been a wretched creature. She was lone, lone in this world; pointed at, shouted after, through the streets; beaten by the sergeants; laughed at by the little ragged boys. And then she had seen her twentieth year—and twenty is old age for women like her. Her way of life was beginning to bring her no more than her needle-work had brought formerly. For every wrinkle that came, a crown less found its way into her pocket; she was beginning again to find the winter severe; again was wood growing scarce in her fire-place, and bread in her cupboard. She couldn't work now; for in giving way to pleasure she'd given way to idleness, and she suffered much more than formerly, because while giving way to idleness she'd given way to pleasure. At least, that's the way that monsieur the curé of St. Remy explains how it is that those sort of women feel more cold and hunger than other poor females do, as they get old——"

"Yes," interrupted Gervaise; "but the gypsies?"

"Do wait a moment, Gervaise!" said Oudarde, whose attention was less impatient; "what should we have at the end, if everything was at the beginning? Pray, Mahiette, go on. That poor Chantefleurie!——"

Mahiette continued:

"Well, then; she was very sorrowful, very wretched, and furrowed her cheeks with her tears. But in her shame, her infamy, and her abandonment, she thought she would be less ashamed, less infamous, and less abandoned, if there were something in the world, or somebody, that she could love, and that could love her. She knew it must be a child, because only a child could be innocent enough for that. She was aware of this after trying to love a thief, the only sort of man that could have anything to say to her—but in a little time she had found out that the thief despised her. Those women of love must have a lover or a child to fill up their hearts, else they are very unhappy. As she could not have a lover, all her wishes turned toward having a child; and, as she

PAQUETTE AND HER CHILD.

had all along been pious, she prayed to God everlastingly to send her one. So God took pity on her and gave her a little girl. I cannot tell you what was her joy, it was a fury of tears, kisses, and caresses. She suckled the child herself; she made it swaddling-clothes out of her coverlet, the only one she had upon her bed; and now she felt neither cold nor hunger. Her beauty came again, an old maid makes a young mother, so poor Chantefleurie came into fashion again, and once more had visitors. And out of all those horrors she made baby-clothes, lace robes and little satin caps, without so much as thinking of buying herself another coverlet——Master Eustache, I've told you once not to bite of that cake——Sure enough it is, that little Agnès—that was the child's name, its Christian name; for, as for a surname, it was long since La Chantefleurie had lost hers!—certain it is that the little thing was more wrapped about with ribbons and embroidery than a dauphiness of Dauphiny. Among other things, she'd a pair of little shoes, that it's certain King Louis himself never had the like. Her mother had stitched them and embroidered them herself; she'd spent upon them all the art of a seamstress and all the passequilles of a Holy Virgin's gown. Indeed, they were the two prettiest little rose-colored shoes that ever were seen. They were not longer than my thumb at the most; and unless you saw the infant's little feet come out of them, you could hardly have believed that they had ever gone in. To be sure, the little feet were so little, so pretty, so rosy, rosier than the satin of the shoes! When you have children, Oudarde, you'll know that nothing's so pretty as those little feet and those little hands."

"I wish for nothing better," said Oudarde, sighing; "but I must wait the good pleasure of Monsieur Andry Musnier."

"And then," resumed Mahiette, "Pâquette's infant had not pretty feet only. I saw her when she was only four months old; she was a perfect little love. She had eyes larger than her mouth, and such charming fine black hair, that was curling already. She'd have made a brave brunette at sixteen! Her mother grew fonder and fonder of her every day. She hugged her, kissed her, tickled her, washed her, dressed her out, devoured her. She thanked God for giving her this baby. In fact, it quite turned her head. Its pretty rosy feet especially —there was wondering without end, a very intoxication of joy. She was always pressing her lips to them, always admiring their littleness. She would put them into the little shoes, take them out again, admire them, wonder at them, hold them up to the light, pity them while she was teaching them to step one before the other upon her bed, and would gladly have passed her life upon her knees, covering and uncovering those little feet, as if they'd been the feet of an infant Jesus."

"The tale's all very fine and very good," said Gervaise, in a half whisper, "but what is there about gypsies in all that?"

"You shall hear," replied Mahiette. "One day there came to Reims a very odd sort of gentry. They were beggars and truands, strolling about the country, led by their duke and their counts. Their faces were tawny, their hair all curly, and they'd rings of silver in their ears. The women were still uglier than the men. Their faces were darker, and always uncovered; they wore a sorry frock about their body; an old piece of linen cloth interwoven with cords, bound upon their shoulder; and their hair hanging like a horse's tail. The children that scrambled about their legs would have frightened as many monkeys. An excommunicated gang! They were all come in a straight line from lower Egypt to Reims, through Poland. The Pope had confessed them, it was said, and had set them for a penance to go through the world for seven years together without sleeping in a bed; and so they called themselves penitents, and smelt horribly. It seems they'd formerly been Saracens; and that's why they believed in Jupiter, and demanded ten livres tournois from all archbishops, bishops, and crosiered and mitred abbots. It was a bull of the Pope that gave them that. They came to Reims to tell fortunes in the name of the King of Algiers and the Emperor of Germany. You may suppose that was quite enough for them to be forbidden to enter the town. Then the whole gang encamped of their own accord near the Braine gate, upon that mound where there's a windmill, close by the old chalk-pits. Then none of the folks in Reims could rest till they'd been to see them. They looked into your hand, and told you wonderful prophecies; they were bold enough to have foretold to Judas himself that he should be pope. At the same time there were shocking stories told about them, of child-stealing, purse-cutting, and eating of human flesh. The wise folks said to the foolish ones, 'Don't go!'—and then went themselves by stealth. It was quite a rage. The fact is, that they said things enough to astonish a cardinal. Mothers made a great fuss with their children after the gypsy-women had read in their hands all sorts of miracles, written in Turkish and Pagan. One of them had got an emperor, another a pope, another a captain. Poor Chantefleurie was taken with curiosity; she'd a mind to know what she had got, and whether her pretty little Agnès wasn't some day to be Empress of Armenia, or something. So she carried her to the gypsies; and the gypsy-women admired the child, fondled it, kissed it with their black mouths, and wondered over its little hand—alas! to the great joy of its mother. Above all things they were delighted with the pretty feet and the pretty shoes. The child was not yet a year old. She was already beginning to splutter, laughed at her mother like a little mad

thing, was so fat and plump, and had a thousand little gestures of the angels in paradise. She was very much frightened at the gypsy-women, and cried. But her mother kissed her the harder, and went away delighted at the good fortune which the conjuring women had told her

Agnès. She was to be a beauty, a virtue, a queen. So the mother went back to her garret in the Rue Folle Peine, quite proud to carry with her a queen. The next day, she seized a moment when the child was sleeping upon her bed (for she always had it to sleep with herself), pulled the door to softly, and left it ajar, for fear of disturbing the infant; and ran to relate to one of her neighbors, in the Rue de la

Séchesserie, that the day was to come when her daughter Agnès was to be waited on at table by the King of England and the Archduke of Ethiopia, and a hundred other marvels. When she came back, hearing no cry as she went up the staircase, she said to herself, 'Good—the child's asleep still.' She found her door more open than she had left it—the poor mother, however, went in and ran to the bed.—The child was not there, the place was empty. Nothing was left of the baby but one of its pretty shoes. She rushed out of the room, flew down-stairs, and began to beat the walls with her head, crying out—'My child! my child! who has taken my child?'—The street was solitary, the house stood alone, nobody could tell her anything about it; she went through the town, she sought through every street, ran up and down the whole day, wild, mad, terrible, peeping at the doors and windows like a wild beast that has lost its little ones. She was panting, disheveled, frightful to look upon, and in her eyes there was a fire that dried her tears. She stopped the people that she met, and cried—'My girl! my girl! my pretty little girl! he that will restore me my girl, I will be his servant, the servant of his dog, and he shall eat my heart if he likes.'—She met monsieur the curé of St. Remy, and said to him, 'Monsieur le curé, I'll dig the ground with my nails, but do give me back my child!'—It was heart-rending, Oudarde—and I saw a very hard-hearted man, Master Ponce Lacabre, the attorney, that shed tears. Ah! the poor mother! At night she went back to her garret. While she was away, one of her neighbors had seen two gypsy-women steal up to it with a bundle in their arms; then go down again, after shutting the door, and make haste away. After they were gone, a sort of crying of a child was heard in Pâquette's room, the mother laughed aloud, flew up the staircase as if she'd had wings, burst in her door as if it was a cannon going off, and entered the room. A frightful thing to tell, Oudarde!—instead of her sweet little Agnès, so fresh and rosy, who was a gift from God, there was a sort of little monster, hideous, shapeless, one-eyed, with its limbs all awry, crawling and squalling upon the floor. She turned her eyes away with horror.—'Oh!' said she, 'can the witches have changed my girl into that frightful animal!'—They carried the little clump foot, as quick as possible, out of her sight. He'd have driven her mad. It was a monstrous child of some gypsy woman given to the Devil. It was a boy, that seemed to be about four years old, and spoke a language which was not a human tongue, they were words that are quite impossible. La Chantefleurie had thrown herself upon the little shoe, all that was left her of all she had loved. There she remained so long motionless, speechless, breathless, that they thought she was dead. All at once her whole body trembled; she covered her relic with frantic kisses, and sobbed

violently, as if her heart had burst. I assure you we all wept with her. She said, 'Oh, my little girl! my pretty little girl! where art thou?' and she said it in a tone that went to the bottom of your heart. I weep yet when I think of it. Our children, you see, are the very marrow of our bones. My poor Eustache! thou art so handsome! If you did but know how clever he is! Yesterday he said to me, 'I'll be a man-at-arms.' Oh, my Eustache, if I were to lose thee! La Chantefleurie got up all on a sudden, and went running through Reims, crying out, 'To the gypsies' camp! to the gypsies' camp! Sergeants, to burn the witches!' The gypsies were gone; it was a dark night, so that they couldn't pursue them. The next day, two leagues from Reims, on a heath between Gueux and Tilloy, they found the remains of a great fire, some ribbons that had belonged to Pâquette's child, some drops of blood, and some goat's dung. The night that was just gone over was a Saturday night. Nobody doubted but the gypsies had kept their sabbath upon that heath, and had devoured the baby in company with Beelzebub, as is done among the Mahometans. When La Chantefleurie heard of these horrible things she shed no tears, she moved her lips as if to speak, but could not. The next day her hair was gray; and the next but one, she had disappeared."

"A dreadful story, indeed!" said Oudarde, "enough to draw tears from a Burgundian!"

"I don't wonder now," added Gervaise, "that the fear of the gypsies should haunt you so."

"And you have done the better," resumed Oudarde, "in running away just now with your Eustache; seeing that these, too, are gypsies from Poland."

"No," said Gervaise, "it's said they're come from Spain and Catalonia."

"Catalonia!—well, that may be," answered Oudarde; "Polonia, Catalonia, Valonia, I always confound those three provinces. The sure thing is they are gypsies."

"And it's certain," added Gervaise, "that they've teeth long enough to eat little children. And I shouldn't be surprised if La Smeralda herself eats a little in that way, too, for all that she screws up her mouth so. That white goat of hers has got too many mischievous tricks for there not to be some wickedness behind."

Mahiette was walking on in silence. She was absorbed in that species of musing which is, as it were, a prolongation of a mournful story, and which does not stop until it has communicated the thrilling, from vibration to vibration, to the last fiber of the heart. Gervaise, however, addressed her: "And so it was never known what became of

La Chantefleurie?" Mahiette made no answer. Gervaise repeated her question, at the same time shaking her by the arm and calling her by her name. Mahiette seemed to awake from her reverie:

"What became of La Chantefleurie?" said she, mechanically repeating the words whose impression was yet fresh in her ear. Then, making an effort to bring her attention to the sense of those words—"Ah," said she, emphatically, "it was never known."

And after a pause she added:

"Some said they had seen her go out of Reims, in the dusk of the evening, at the Porte Fléchembault; others, at daybreak, by the old Porte Basée. A poor man found her gold cross hung upon the stone cross in the close where the fair is held. It was that trinket that had ruined her in '61. It was a gift from the handsome Viscount de Cormontreuil, her first lover. Pâquette would never part with it, even in her greatest wretchedness; she clung to it as if it had been her life. So that when we saw this cross abandoned, we all thought she was dead. However, there were some people, at the Cabaret-les-Vautes, who said they'd seen her go by on the Paris road, walking barefoot over the stones. But then she must have gone out at the Porte de Vesle, and all those things don't agree. Or rather I'm inclined to think that she did indeed go out by the gate of the Vesle, but that she went out of this world."

"I don't understand you," said Gervaise.

"The Vesle," answered Mahiette, with a melancholy smile, "is the river."

"Poor Chantefleurie!" said Oudarde, shuddering; "what, drowned?"

"Drowned," replied Mahiette. "And who could have foretold to the good Father Guybertaut, when he was passing down the stream under the Tinqueux bridge, singing in his boat, that his dear little Pâquette should one day pass under that same bridge, but with neither song nor boat!"

"And the little shoe?" inquired Gervaise.

"Disappeared with the mother," answered Mahiette.

"Poor little shoe!" said Oudarde.

Oudarde, a woman of full habit and tender fibre, would have been quite content to sigh along with Mahiette. But Gervaise, more curious, had not yet got to the end of her questions.

"And the monster?" said she all at once to Mahiette.

"What monster?" asked the other.

"Why, the little gypsy monster that the witches left at La Chantefleurie's in exchange for her daughter. What did you do with it? I hope you drowned it too."

"No," answered Mahiette, "we did not."

"What? burned it then? I'faith, that was a better way of disposing of a witch's child."

"We did neither the one nor the other, Gervaise. Monsieur the archbishop took an interest in the child of Egypt; he exorcised it, blessed it, carefully took the devil out of its body, and sent it to Paris to be exposed upon the wooden bed at Notre-Dame as a foundling."

"Those bishops!" muttered Gervaise; "because they're learned, forsooth, they can never do anything like other folks. Only consider, Oudarde, to think of putting the devil among the foundlings, for it's quite certain that little monster was the devil. Well, Mahiette, and what did they do with it at Paris? I'll answer for it that not one charitable person would take it."

"I don't know, indeed," answered the good lady of Reims. "It was just at that time that my husband bought the notaryship of Beru, two leagues from the town; and we thought no more of all that story; for you must know, that just in front of Beru there are two mounds of Cernay, that take the towers of Reims cathedral out of your sight."

While talking thus, the three worthy bourgeoises had arrived at the Place de Grève. In the pre-occupation of their minds, they had passed by the public breviary of the Tour-Roland without observing it, and were proceeding mechanically toward the pillory, around which the crowd was every moment increasing. It is probable that the sight, which at that moment drew every eye toward it, would have made them completely forget the Trou-aux-Rats and the station they had intended to perform there, had not the big Eustache of six years old, whom Mahiette held by the hand, suddenly reminded them of it. "Mother," said he, as if some instinct apprised him that they had left the Trou-aux-Rats behind them, "now may I eat the cake?"

Had Eustache been more adroit, that is to say, less greedy, he would have waited a little longer; and not until they had reached home, in the University, at Master Andry Musnier's, in the Rue Madame-la-Valence, when the two channels of the Seine and the five bridges of the city would have been between the cake and the Trou-aux-Rats, would he have hazarded that timid question—"Mother, now may I eat the cake?"

This same question, imprudent at the moment at which Eustache made it, aroused Mahiette's attention.

"By-the-by," exclaimed she, "we were forgetting the recluse! Show me this Trou-aux-Rats of yours, that I may carry her her cake."

"To be sure," said Oudarde, "it'll be a charity."

This was not the thing for Eustache. "Let me have my cake!" said he, rubbing first one of his ears upon his shoulder, and then the other; the sign, in such cases, of supreme dissatisfaction.

The three women retraced their steps; and when they had nearly reached the house of the Tour-Roland, Oudarde said to the other two: "We must not all three look into the hole at once, lest we should frighten the Sachette. Do you two make as if you were reading *Dominus* in the breviary, while I peep in at the window hole. The Sachette knows me a little. I'll let you know when you may come."

She went by herself to the window-place. The moment that she looked in, profound pity depicted itself in all her features; her cheerful, open countenance changing its expression and its hue as suddenly as if it had passed out of a gleam of sunshine into one of moonlight; her eye moistened, and her mouth took that contraction which is the forerunner of weeping. A moment after, she laid her finger on her lip, and beckoned to Mahiette to come and look.

Mahiette came, tremulous, silent, and stepping on the points of her toes, like one approaching a death-bed.

It was in truth a sorrowful sight that presented itself to the eyes of the two women, while they looked, without stirring or drawing their breath, through the grated window of the Trou-aux-Rats.

The cell was of small dimensions, wider than it was deep, with a gothic-vaulted ceiling, and looking, internally, much in the shape of the inner part of a bishop's mitre. Upon the bare flag-stones that formed its floor, in one corner, a woman was seated, or rather squatted down. Her chin was resting on her knees, with her arms, crossed before her, pressed close against her chest. Thus, gathered up, as it were, into a heap, clad in a brown sackcloth which wrapped her all round in large folds, with her long gray hair turned upon her forehead and hanging over her face, and down by her legs to her feet, she presented, at first sight, only a strange form, projected on the dark background of the cell, a sort of dusky triangle, which the daylight from the window-place crudely distinguished into two tints, the one light, the other dark. It was one of those spectres, half light, half shade, such as are seen in dreams, and in the extraordinary work of Goya, pale, motionless, dismal, squatting on a tomb, or reared against the grating of a dungeon. It was neither woman nor man, nor living being, nor definite form; it was a figure, a sort of vision, in which the real and the fanciful were intermingled like light and shadow. Beneath her hair, that fell all about it to the ground, scarcely could you distinguish a severe and attenuated profile; scarcely did there peep from under the hem of her flowing gown, the extremity of a naked foot, contracted upon the rigid and

frozen pavement. The little of human form that was discernible under that mourning envelope made you shudder.

This figure, which looked as if it had been fixed in the floor, seemed to have neither motion, thought, nor breath. In that covering of thin, brown linen, in January, lying upon a pavement of granite, without fire,

in the darkness of a dungeon, the oblique loophole of which admitted only the north-east wind, and never the sun, she seemed not to suffer, not even to feel. You would have thought that she had turned to stone with the dungeon, to ice with the season. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were fixed. At the first glance you took her for a spectre; at the second, for a statue.

However, at intervals, her blue lips half opened with a breath, and trembled, but as deadly and mechanically as leaves parted by the wind. And from those dull, stony eyes, there proceeded a look, ineffable, profound, lugubrious, imperturbable, constantly fixed upon one angle of the cell, which could not be seen from the outside; a look which seemed to concentrate all the gloomy thoughts of that suffering spirit upon some mysterious object.

Such was the creature who from her tenement was called the recluse, and from her coarse linen or sacking garment, the Sachette.

The three women (for Gervaise had come up to Mahiette and Oudarde) were looking through the window-place. Their heads intercepted the feeble light of the dungeon, apparently without at all calling the wretched creature's attention in that direction. "Let us not disturb her," whispered Oudarde; "she's in her ecstasy, she's praying."

Meanwhile, Mahiette was gazing with a constantly increasing anxiety upon that wan, withered, disheveled head, and her eyes filled with tears. "That would be very singular!" muttered she.

She passed her head through the bars of the window, and succeeded in obtaining a glance into that angle of the cell upon which the unfortunate woman's look was immovably fixed. When she drew her head out again, her face was covered with tears.

"What is that woman's name?" said she to Oudarde.

Oudarde answered, "We call her Sister Gudule."

"And I," returned Mahiette, "call her Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie."

Then, laying her finger upon her lip, she made a sign to the amazed Oudarde, to put her head through the bars as she had done, and to look.

Oudarde looked and saw, in that corner upon which the eye of the recluse was fixed in that gloomy absorption, a little shoe of rose-colored satin, decorated all over with gold and silver spangles.

Gervaise looked after Oudarde; and then the three women, gazing upon the unhappy mother, began to weep.

However, neither their looks nor their weeping had disturbed the recluse. Her hands remained clasped; her lips mute; her eyes fixed; and to any one who knew her story, that gaze of hers upon that little shoe was heart-rending.

The three women had not uttered a word; they dared not speak, even in a whisper. That deep silence, that deep forgetfulness, in which every object had disappeared, save one, had upon them the effect of a high altar at Easter or Christmas. They kept silence; they collected themselves; they were ready to kneel. They felt as if they had just entered a church on the day of the *Tenebræ*.

At length Gervaise, the most curious of the three, and therefore the

least sensitive, tried to make the recluse speak, by calling to her, "Sister! Sister Gudule!"

She repeated this call, to the third time, raising her voice higher every time. The recluse did not stir, there was not a word, not a look, not a sigh, not a sign of life.

Now, Oudarde herself, in a softer and kinder tone, said to her, "Sister, holy Sister Gudule!" There was the same silence, the same immobility.

"An odd woman!" exclaimed Gervaise, "that would not start at a bombard."

"Perhaps she's deaf," said Oudarde with a sigh.

"Perhaps blind," added Gervaise.

"Perhaps dead," observed Mahiette.

It is certain that if the soul had not yet quitted that inert, torpid, lethargic body, it had at least retired within it, and hidden itself in depths to which the perceptions of the external organs did not penetrate.

"We shall be obliged, then," said Oudarde, "to leave the cake lying upon the window-case; and some lad or other will take it. What can we do to rouse her?"

Eustache, whose attention had until that moment been diverted by a little carriage drawn by a great dog, which had just passed them, all at once observed, that his three conductresses were looking at something through the hole in the wall; and his own curiosity being thus excited, he mounted upon a curb-stone, sprang up on his toes, and put his great rosy face to the opening, crying out, "Mother, let me see, too."

At the sound of this voice of a child, clear, fresh, and sonorous, the recluse started. She turned her head with the dry and sudden motion of a steel spring; her two long, fleshless hands threw aside her hair upon her forehead; and she fixed upon the child a look of astonishment, bitterness, and despair. That look was but a flash.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed she, all at once, hiding her head between her knees, and it seemed as if her hoarse voice tore her breast in passing—"at least don't show me those of others!"

"Good-day, madame," said the boy, gravely.

This shock, however, had, as it were, awakened the recluse. A long shiver ran over her whole body, from head to foot; her teeth chattered; she half raised her head, and said, pressing her elbows against her hips, and taking her feet in her hands, as if to restore their warmth:

"Oh, the severe cold."

"Poor woman," said Oudarde, with deep pity, "will you have a little fire?"

She shook her head in token of refusal.

"Well," resumed Oudarde, offering her a flask, "here is some hippocrass, that will warm you. Drink."

She shook her head again, looked steadfastly at Oudarde, and answered, "Some water!"

Oudarde insisted: "No, sister; that's not a January beverage. You must drink a little hippocrass, and eat this cake leavened with maize, that we've baked for you."

She rejected the cake, which Mahiette offered her, and said, "Some black bread!"

"Here," said Gervaise, seized with charity in her turn, and taking off her woolen cloak—"here's a cloak rather warmer than yours, put this over your shoulders."

She refused the cloak as she had done the liquor and the cake at the same time answering, "A sack!"

"But at all events," resumed the kind Oudarde, "you must be aware, I should think, that yesterday was a holiday."

"I am aware of it," said the recluse. "For two days past I have had no water in my pitcher."

She added, after a pause, "It's a holiday, and they forget me; they do well. Why should the world think of me, who think not of it? Cold ashes are fitting to a dead coal."

And then, as if fatigued with having said so much, she let her head drop upon her knees again. The simple and charitable Oudarde, thinking that she was to understand, from these last words, that the poor woman was still complaining of the cold, answered her with simplicity, "Then will you have a little fire?"

"Fire?" said the Sachette in a strange tone—"and will you make a little, too, for the poor little one that has been under ground these fifteen years?"

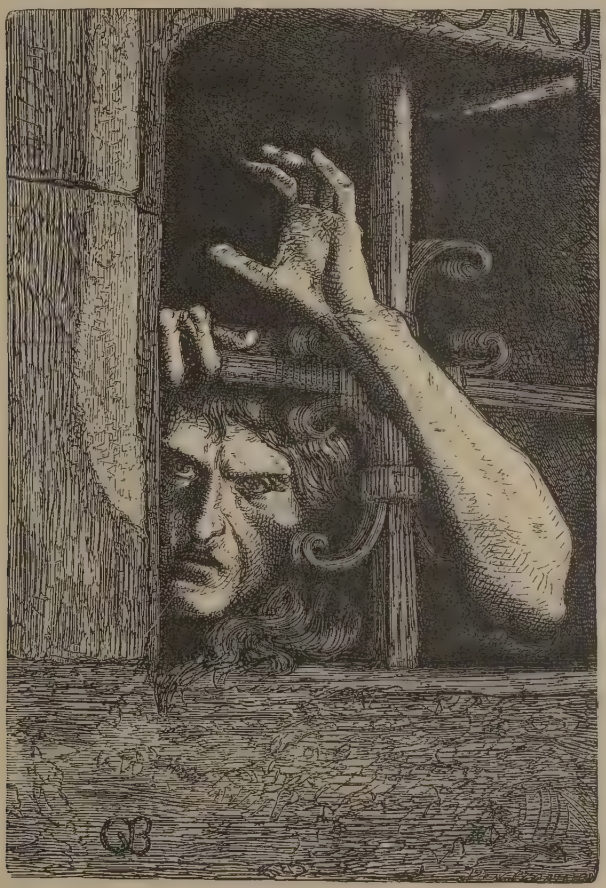
All her limbs trembled, her speech vibrated, her eye shone. She had risen up on her knees, she suddenly stretched out her white hands toward the child, which was gazing at her with an astonished look. "Take away that child!" she cried, "the gypsy woman's coming by."

Then she fell with her face to the ground, and her forehead striking the floor with the noise of a stone upon a stone. The three women thought she was dead. A minute afterwards she stirred, and they saw her crawl upon her hands and knees into the corner that contained the little shoe. Then they did not venture to look; they saw her no longer, but they heard a thousand kisses and sighs, intermingled with afflicting exclamations, and with dull strokes, like those of a head knocking

against a wall; then, after one of these strokes, so violent that it startled them all three, all was silent.

"Has she killed herself, I wonder?" said Gervaise, venturing to put her head between the bars. "Sister! Sister Gudule!"

"Sister Gudule!" repeated Oudarde.



"Ah, my God, she doesn't stir!" resumed Gervaise. "Is she dead, think you? Gudule! Gudule!"

Mahiette, whose utterance had been choked until then, now made an effort. "Wait a moment," said she; and then, putting her head to the window, "Pâquette!" she cried, "Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie!"

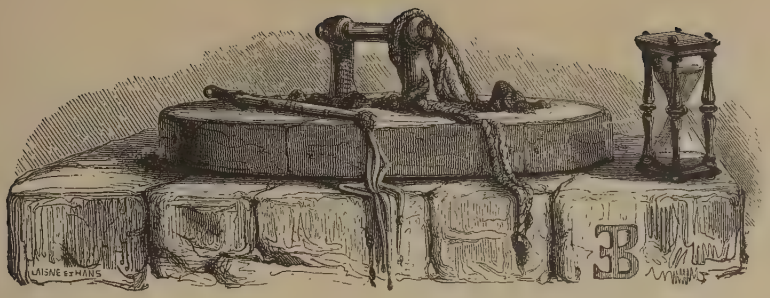
A child that should blow unsuspectingly upon the ill-lighted match

of a petard, and make it explode in his face, would not be more frightened than Mahiette was at the effect of this name thus suddenly breathed into the cell of Sister Gudule.

The recluse was agitated in every limb; she rose erect upon her naked feet, and flew to the loop-hole with eyes so flaming that Mahiette and Oudarde, their companion and the child, all recoiled as far as the parapet of the quay.

Meanwhile, the sinister visage of the recluse appeared close to the window-grate. "Oh, oh," she cried, with a frightful laugh, "it's the gypsy woman that calls me."

At that moment, a scene which was passing at the pillory, arrested her haggard eye. Her forehead wrinkled with horror, she stretched out of her den her two skeleton arms, and cried out, with a voice that rattled in her throat:—"So, it's thou again, daughter of Egypt! It's thou that call'st me, thou child-stealer! Well, cursed be thou! cursed! cursed! cursed!——"



## CHAPTER IV

### A TEAR FOR A DROP OF WATER

THE concluding words of the foregoing chapter may be described as the point of junction of two scenes which, until that moment, had been simultaneously developing themselves, each upon its particular stage; the one, that which has just been related, at the Trou-aux-Rats; the other, now to be described, at the pillory. The former had been witnessed only by the three women with whom the reader had just now been made acquainted; the latter had had for spectators the whole crowd which we have seen collect a little while before upon the Place de Grève, around the pillory and the gibbet.

This crowd, whom the sight of the four sergeants posted from nine o'clock in the morning at the four corners of the pillory, led to expect a penal exhibition of some kind, not, certainly, a hanging, but a flogging, a cutting off of ears, or something in that way, this crowd, we say, had so rapidly increased, that the four sergeants, finding themselves too closely invested, had more than once been under the necessity of forcing it back by the application of their whit-leather whips and their horses' cruppers.

The populace, however, well drilled to the waiting for this sort of spectacle, showed themselves tolerably patient. They amused themselves with looking at the pillory; a very simple sort of structure, in truth, consisting of a cubical mass of stone-work, some ten feet high, and hollowed internally. A very steep flight of steps, of unhewn stone, called by distinction the *Ladder*, gave access to the upper platform, upon which was to be seen a plain horizontal wheel made of oak wood. The custom was to bind the sufferer upon this wheel, on his knees, and his arms pinioned. An upright shaft of timber, set in motion by a

capstan concealed within the interior of the small edifice, made the wheel revolve horizontally and uniformly, thus presenting the face of the culprit successively to every point of the Place. This was called "turning" the criminal.

It is clear that the pillory of the Grève was far from possessing all the attractions of the pillory of the Halles. There was nothing architectural, nothing monumental. There was no iron-cross roof — no octagonal lantern — there were no slender colonnettes, opening out against the border of the roof into capitals of foliage and flowers, no monster-headed gutters, no carved woodwork, no bold and delicate sculpture.

The spectator was obliged to content himself with those four faces of rough stone, surmounted by two side walls or parapets of stone still rougher, with a sorry stone gibbet, meagre and bare, standing beside them.

The entertainment would have been pitiful enough for amateurs of Gothic architecture. But it is certain that none could be less curious in this way than the good cockneys of the middle ages, and that they took but little interest in the beauty of a pillory.

At last the culprit arrived, fastened at the tail of a cart, and as soon as he was hoisted upon the platform, so that he could be seen from every point of the Place, bound with cords and straps, upon the wheel of the pillory, a prodigious hooting, mingled with laughter and acclamations, burst from the assemblage in the square. They had recognized Quasimodo.

As regarded himself, the turn of affairs was somewhat striking, to be pilloried in that same square in which, the day before, he had been saluted and proclaimed pope and prince of the fools, in the train of the Duke of Egypt, the King of Thunes, and the Emperor of Galilee. Certain it is, however, that there was not one mind among the crowd, not even his own, though himself in turn the triumphant and the sufferer, that clearly drew this parallel. Gringoire and his philosophy were absent from this spectacle.

Anon, Michel Noiret, one of their lord the king's sworn trumpeters, after having silence cried to the people, made proclamation of the sentence, pursuant to the ordinance and command of monsieur the provost. He then fell back behind the cart, with his men in their livery hoquetons.

Quasimodo, quite passive, did not so much as knit his brow. All resistance was impossible to him by what was then called, in the style of the chancellerie criminelle, "the vehemence and firmness of the bonds"; that is to say, that the small straps and chains probably entered

his flesh. This, by-the-by, is a tradition which is not yet lost; the handcuffs still happily preserving it among ourselves, a people civilized, mild, and humane (the galleys and the guillotine in parentheses).

Quasimodo had let them lead him, thrust him, carry him along, hoist him up, bind and rebind him. Nothing was distinguishable in his countenance but the astonishment of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf; he might have been taken to be blind.

They set him upon his knees on the circular plank, and stripped him to the waist—he made not the least resistance. They bound him down under a fresh system of straps and buckles; he let them buckle and strap him. Only from time to time he breathed heavily, like a calf, when its head hangs tossing about over the side of the butcher's cart.

"The dolt!" said Jehan Frollo du Moulin to his friend Robin Poussepain (for the two scholars had followed the sufferer, as in duty bound), "he understands no more about it than a cockchafer shut up in a box."

There was a wild laugh among the crowd when they saw, stripped naked to their view, Quasimodo's hump, his camel breast, his brawny and hairy shoulders. During all this merriment, a man in the Town livery, short and thick-set, ascended the platform, and placed himself by the culprit. His name was quickly circulated among the spectators; it was Maître Pierrat Torterue, sworn torturer at the Châtelet.

He commenced his operations by depositing on one corner of the pillory a black hour-glass, the upper cup of which was filled with red sand, which was filtering through into the lower recipient. Then he took off his parti-colored doublet; and there was seen dangling from his right hand a whip with long slender white lashes, shining, knotted, and

armed with points of metal. With his left hand he carelessly turned up his shirt-sleeve, about his right arm, as high as the arm-pit.

Meanwhile Jehan Frollo cried out, lifting his light-haired, curly head above the crowd (for he had mounted for that purpose on the shoulders of Robin Poussepain), "Come and see—messieurs! mesdames! They're going peremptorily to flog Maître Quasimodo, ringer to my brother monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas, a fellow of oriental architecture, with his back like a dome, and his legs like twisted columns!"

And the people laughed, especially the boys and girls.

At last the torturer stamped with his foot. The wheel began to turn; Quasimodo staggered under his bonds. And the amazement that was suddenly depicted upon his deformed visage redoubled the bursts of laughter all around.

All at once, at the moment when the wheel in its rotation presented to Maître Pierrat Quasimodo's mountainous back, Maître Pierrat lifted his arm, the small lashes whistled sharply in the air like a handful of vipers, and fell with fury upon the poor wretch's shoulders.

Quasimodo made a spring as if starting from his sleep. He now began to understand. He twisted himself about in his toils. A violent contraction, expressive of surprise and pain, discomposed the muscles of his face; but he breathed not a sigh. Only he turned back his head first on the right side, then on the left, balancing it backwards and forwards like a bull stung in the flank by a gad-fly.

A second stroke followed the first, then a third, then another, and another, and so on, without ceasing; the wheel continuing to turn, and the lashes to descend upon the sufferer. Soon the blood began to flow; it was seen trickling in a thousand streaks over the dark shoulders of the hunchback; and the keen lashes, as they whistled through the air, scattered it in drops among the multitude.

Quasimodo had resumed, in appearance at least, his former passiveness. At first he had striven, silently and without any great external shock, to burst his bonds. His eye had been seen to kindle, his muscles to contract, his limbs to gather themselves up, and the straps and chains to be strained to their utmost tension. The effort was powerful, prodigious, desperate, but the old thongs of the provostry resisted. They cracked; but that was all. Quasimodo sank exhausted; and, on his countenance, stupefaction was succeeded by an expression of bitter and deep discouragement. He closed his only eye, dropped his head upon his breast, and seemed as if he was dead.

Thenceforward he stirred not at all. Nothing could wring any motion from him, neither his blood, which continued to flow; nor the strokes of the whip, which fell with redoubled fury; nor the violence of

the torturer, who worked himself, and was intoxicated with his task; nor the keen whistling of the horrid lashes, sharper and more strident than any sting.

At length an usher of the Châtelet, clothed in black, mounted on a black horse, and stationed at the side of the échelle from the commencement of the punishment, pointed, with his ebony wand, to the hour-glass. The torturer held his hand, the wheel stopped, and Quasimodo's eye slowly reopened.

The flagellation was finished. Two assistants of the sworn torturer washed the bleeding shoulders of the sufferer, rubbed them with some kind of unguent, which immediately closed the wounds, and threw over his back a sort of yellow cloth cut in the form of a chasuble. Meanwhile Pierrat Torterue was letting the blood that soaked the lashes of his scourge drain from them in drops upon the ground.

However, all was not yet over for poor Quasimodo. He had still to undergo that hour on the pillory which Maître Florian Barbedienne had so judiciously added to the sentence of Messire Robert d'Estouteville — all to the greater glory of the old jeu de mots, physiological and psychological, of Jean de Cumène—*Surdus absurdus.*

So they turned the hour-glass, and left the hunchback bound down upon the wheel, that justice might be done to the end.

The people have hitherto been, in society, especially in the middle ages, what the child is in a family. So long as they remain in that state of primitive ignorance, of moral and intellectual nonage, it may be said of them as has been said of childhood—

"That age is a stranger to pity."

We have already shown that Quasimodo was generally hated, for more than one good reason, it is true. There was hardly a spectator among that crowd but either had or thought he had some cause of complaint against the mischievous hunchback of Notre-Dame. All had rejoiced to see him make his appearance on the pillory; and the severe punishment he had just undergone, and the piteous plight in which it had left him, so far from softening the hearts of the populace, had but rendered their hatred the more malicious by furnishing it with matter for merriment.

And accordingly the "public vengeance" being satisfied, the "vindicte publique," as it is called in legal jargon, a thousand private revenges had now their turn. Here, as in the great Hall, it was the women that broke forth with the greatest violence. They all bore malice against him; some for his mischievousness, others for his ugliness. The latter were the most furious of the two.

"Oh! thou face of Antichrist!" exclaimed one.

"Thou broomstick-rider!" cried another.

"What a fine tragical grin!" bawled a third, "and one that would have made him Fools' Pope if to-day had been yesterday."

"Good!" chimed in an old woman. "This is the pillory grin; when is he to give us the gallows grin?"

"When art thou to have thy big bell clapped upon thy head a hundred feet under ground, thou cursed ringer?" shouted one.

"And yet it's this devil that rings the Angelus!"

"Oh! deaf one-eye! hunchback! monster!"

"A face to make a woman miscarry, better than any medicines or pharmacies."

And the two scholars, Jehan du Moulin and Robin Poussepain, sang out, as loud as they could bawl, the burden of an old popular song—

A halter for the gallows rogue!
A fagot for the witch!

A thousand other pieces of abuse were showered upon him, and hootings, and imprecations, and bursts of laughter, and here and there a stone.

Quasimodo was deaf, but he saw clearly; and the public fury was not less forcibly expressed in the countenances of the people than by their words. Besides, the stones that struck him explained the bursts of laughter.

At the first he bore it all very well. But, by degrees, the patience which had braced up its fibres under the lash of the torturer, relaxed and gave way under these insect stings. The Asturian bull that has borne unmoved the attacks of the picador, is irritated by the dogs and the banderillas.

First, he cast slowly around a look of menace upon the crowd. But, bound hand and foot as he was, his look had no power to chase away the flies that gnawed his wound. Then he shook himself in his toils; and his furious efforts made the old wheel of the pillory creak upon its timbers, all which but increased the derision and the hooting.

Then the poor wretch, finding himself unable to burst his wild beast's chain, once more became quiet; only, at intervals, a sigh of rage heaved all the cavities of his breast. In his face there was neither shame nor blush. He was too far from the state of society, and too near the state of nature, to know what shame was. Besides, at that pitch of deformity, is infamy a thing that can be felt? But resentment, hatred, and despair were slowly spreading over that hideous visage a cloud that

grew more and more gloomy, more and more charged with an electricity which shone in a thousand flashes from the eye of the Cyclops.

However, that cloud was dissipated for a moment at the appearance of a mule which passed through the crowd, carrying a priest upon its back. From the first moment that he perceived that priest and that

mule approaching, the poor sufferer's countenance became milder. The fury which had contracted it was succeeded by a strange smile, full of a softness, a gentleness, a tenderness inexpressible. As the priest came nearer, this smile became plainer, more distinct, more radiant. It was as if the unfortunate creature was hailing the coming of a Saviour. However, the moment that the mule had come near enough to the pil-

lory for its rider to recognize the sufferer, the priest cast down his eyes, turned round abruptly, and spurred away his steed, as if in haste to escape humiliating appeals, and not at all anxious to be saluted and recognized by a poor devil in such a situation.

This priest was the Archdeacon Dom Claude Frollo.

And now the cloud fell darker than ever upon the face of Quasimodo. The smile was still mingled with it for a time; but it was bitter, disheartened, and profoundly sad.

The time was going on. He had been there for at least an hour and a half; lacerated, abused, mocked, and almost stoned to death.

All at once he made another struggle in his chains, with redoubled desperation, that shook the whole woodwork upon which he was fixed; and, breaking the silence which until then he had obstinately kept, he cried out in a hoarse and furious voice, which was more like a dog's howl than a human shout, and which drowned the noise of the hooting, "Some drink!"

This exclamation of distress, far from exciting compassion, was an additional amusement to the good Parisian populace that surrounded the pillory, and who, it must be admitted, taken on the whole and as a multitude, were scarcely less cruel and brutal than that horrible tribe of the Truands, to which we have already introduced the reader, and which, indeed, was itself neither more nor less than the lowest stratum of the people. Not a voice was raised around the unhappy sufferer, except in mockery of his thirst. It is certain that at that moment his appearance was yet more grotesque and repulsive than it was pitiable—with his reddened and trickling face, his bewildered eye, his mouth foaming with rage and suffering, and his tongue half hanging out. We must observe, too, that had there even been among the multitude any good, charitable soul of a townsman or townswoman, who should have been tempted to carry a glass of water to that miserable creature in pain, there reigned around the ignominious steps of the pillory so strong an air of infamy in the prejudices of the time, as would have sufficed to repel the good Samaritan.

At the end of a few minutes more, Quasimodo cast around him a look of despair upon the crowd, and repeated in a voice yet more heart-rending:

"Some drink!"

And again they all laughed.

"Drink this!" cried Robin Poussepain, throwing in his face a sponge soaked in the kennel. "Here, you deaf scoundrel; I'm your debtor!"

A woman threw a stone at his head, saying:

"That'll teach thee to wake us in the night with thy cursed ringing!"

"Well, my lad!" bawled a cripple, trying at the same time to reach him with his crutch, "wilt thou cast spells at us again from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame?"

"Here's a porringer to drink out of," said one man, hurling a broken

pitcher at his breast. "It's thou that, with only passing before her, made my wife be brought to bed of a child with two heads!"

"And my cat of a kitten with six legs!" screamed an old woman as she flung a tile at him.

"Some drink!" repeated Quasimodo for the third time, panting.

At that moment, he saw the populace making way for some one, and a young girl fantastically dressed issued from the crowd. She was

accompanied by a little she-goat with gilt horns, and carried a small tambourine in her hand.

Quasimodo's eye sparkled. It was the gypsy girl whom he had attempted to carry off the night before, for which piece of presumption he had some confused notion that they were chastising him at that very moment; which, however, was by no means the case, seeing that he was punished only for the misfortune of being deaf and having had a deaf judge. He doubted not that she, too, was come to take her revenge, and to aim her blow at him like all the rest of them.

In fact, he beheld her rapidly ascend the steps of the ladder. He was choking with rage and vexation. He wished that he could have crumbled the pillory to atoms; and if the flash of his eye could have destroyed, the gypsy would have been reduced to ashes before she could have reached the platform.

Without uttering a word, she approached the sufferer, who was vainly writhing about to escape her; and then, unfastening a gourd-bottle from her belt, she held it out to the poor wretch's parched lips.

Then from that eye, hitherto so dry and burning, was seen to roll a big tear, which fell slowly down that deformed visage so long contracted by despair. Perhaps it was the first that the unfortunate creature had ever shed.

Meanwhile, he forgot to drink. The gypsy made her little accustomed grimace with impatience; and held up, smiling, the neck of the gourd to the jagged mouth of Quasimodo.

He drank long draughts, for his thirst was burning.

When he had done, the poor wretch put out his black lips, undoubtedly to kiss the fair hand which had just relieved him; but the girl, who, remembering the violent attempt of the preceding night, was perhaps not without some mistrust, drew back her hand with the frightened look of a child afraid of being bitten by some animal.

Then the poor deaf creature fixed upon her a look reproachful and inexpressibly sad.

It would anywhere have been a touching spectacle, to see that beautiful girl, so fresh, so pure, so charming, and at the same time so weak, thus piously hastening to the relief of so much wretchedness, deformity, and malice; but on a pillory the spectacle was sublime. The people themselves were struck by it, and clapped their hands, shouting:

"Noël, Noël!"

It was at that moment that the recluse, through the loophole of her cell, observed the gypsy girl upon the steps of the pillory, and cast at her the dismal imprecation:

"Cursed be thou, daughter of Egypt! cursed! cursed!"

## CHAPTER V

### END OF THE STORY OF THE CAKE

ESMERALDA turned pale, and descended from the pillory, tottering; the voice of the recluse pursued her still.

"Come down, come down, Egyptian thief! thou shalt go up there again!"

"The Sachette's in her crotchets," said the people, muttering, but that was all they did; for this sort of women were feared, and that made them sacred. Nobody in those days was willing to attack any one that prayed day and night.

The hour had now arrived for carrying back Quasimodo; they unfastened him from the pillory, and the crowd dispersed.

Near the Grand Pont, Mahiette, who was going away with her two companions, suddenly stopped short.

"By-the-by, Eustache," said she, "what have you done with the cake?"

"Mother," said the boy, "while you were talking to that lady in the hole, there was a great dog came and bit of my cake—and then I bit of it too."

"What, sir!" cried she; "have you eaten it all?"

"Mother, it was the dog. I told him so, but he wouldn't listen to me. Then I bit a piece too—that's all."

"It's a shocking boy," said the mother, smiling and chiding at the same time. "What do you think, Oudarde; already he eats by himself all the cherries that grow upon the tree in our croft at Charlerange. So his grandfather says he'll be a captain. Let me catch you at it again, Master Eustache. Get along, you greedy fellow!"